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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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MODALITY IN BRITISH AND AMERICAN FOLKSONG: A RE-EVALUATION

By Edward L. Kottick

[Mr. Kottick is originally from Brooklyn. He had his undergraduate work at New York University (B.A.) and received an M.A. from Tulane University in 1959. At U.N.C. he has been a graduate student in music since 1959. His professional experience as a performing musician includes work with the Gershwin Concert Orchestra (trombonist), 1953; the G. E. Signal School Regimental Band, Fort Gordon, Georgia (conductor), 1953-55; New Orleans Symphony Orchestra and New Orleans Opera (trombonist); and the University of North Carolina Concert Band (assistant conductor), 1959-61. He has arranged several Purcell trumpet compositions for concert band. He wrote the following paper, here considerably condensed, for Folklore 185 in the fall semester of 1960-61.]

The turn of the present century saw a rapidly growing effort on the part of musicians and musicologists to collect and preserve the vast oral literature of folksong indigenous to their respective cultures. Cecil Sharp was one of the first to investigate systematically English folksong; Phillips Barry was an early collector in the United States; Bela Bartok subjected Hungarian and other Slavic folksong to close scrutiny. The pioneering efforts of these and other men soon led to the rise of a sustained interest in folksong. Collections appeared in profusion, along with explanations, theories, and analyses of folksong characteristics and origins.

For more than half a century one of these theories, the modal interpretation of British and American folksong, has withstood the tests of time and has become accepted in many quarters (though most assuredly not all) as an established fact. To state it briefly, the theory consists of two parts: first, that scales and the tonal material of folksong are organized according to the Medieval system of modality; and second, that folksong is modal music on the basis of supposed similarities to the modal music of the Middle Ages. (Here, as elsewhere in this paper, reference to folksong indicates that of Britain and America.) How often, therefore, in the literature of folksong, one meets with statements such as these:

For many years it has been common knowledge that folksong generally, and Anglo-Celtic folksong in particular, persists in approximately the tonality of the medieval modes.¹

[The Modes of folkmusic] are based on the prevailing tonal structure of medieval ecclesiastical melody, Gregorian chant, and are also called ecclesiastical or church modes and Greek modes.²

Sharp amassed a quantity of material which he was then able to submit to musical analysis; and he found that...these tunes were made from the ancient modal scales of preharmonic music....³

¹Bertrand Bronson, "Folksong and the Modes," MQ,XXXIII (1946), p. 37.

²Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend (New York, 1949), p. 740.

³Evelyn Wells, The Ballad Tree (New York, 1950), p. 270.

Before going any further with this discussion it would be useful to define four words which have been used several times already: modality and tonality, and mode and scale. Unfortunately, it is impossible to explain these terms fully within the confines of this short paper. Each is regularly used with two, three, or four different meanings, depending on the context in which it appears. For present purposes, the following explanation must suffice:

Tonality refers to a strong central tone of reference to which a piece of music relates. Most tonal music is harmonically oriented.

Modality, as used in connection with polyphonic music (music in which more than one voice sounds simultaneously), refers to a tonal organization which utilizes scales derived from modes, and which has a weak central tone of reference when compared with tonal music; as used in connection with monophonic music (one-voiced music), it refers to the tonal organization, which has a comparatively weak central tone of reference, of sacred and secular music of the Middle Ages. It is in the terms of the latter that the claim is made for the modal interpretation of folksong.

Modes are the building blocks of modal music; major and minor scales are the building blocks of tonal music. However, tonal music may also be constructed from scales which are modes, as will be shown later.

If the foregoing explanations seems somewhat confused, let the reader be assured that it is a gross oversimplification, and that the problem is really much more complex. It is to be hoped only that most musicologists would charitably, even though grudgingly, admit that my definitions are correct in the widest usages of these terms.

Returning to the original problem, let us first examine the contention that folksong is modal on the basis of certain supposed similarities to Gregorian chant. It must be admitted at once that some similarities do exist, and these are pentatonicism and the use of triadic intervals. However, it should be remembered that a great deal of the world's music exhibits pentatonic traits to more or less of a degree, with the almost sole exception of Western cultivated music. Thus, pentatonicism can indicate only a prima facie similarity of the two styles. And while triadic structure does appear in Gregorian chant, it can scarcely be compared with its regular usage as a harmonically oriented structural component of folksong.

Willi Apel describes the stylistic traits of folksong in the following manner:

Strict meter and measure, clear and regular phrases, well defined tonality (sometimes with traces of modality), definite form, triadic intervals, etc., are features [of British and American Folksong] which have their origin in the rationalized vocabulary of art music, and which have, in the course of one or two centuries, sunk down to the lower classes in a characteristic process of seepage..⁴

⁴Willi Apel, Harvard Dictionary of Music (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), p. 275.

Examining these points of style one by one, it becomes evident that folksong and Gregorian chant are far more dissimilar than the modal interpretation admits. Folksong is characterized by a more or less strict rhythmic flow, while Gregorian chant admits of great rhythmic freedom. The phrase structure of folksong is usually fairly regular (see the example following), while that of Gregorian chant is most subtle and irregular. Formal structure in Gregorian chant is far less clearly defined than in folksong. The regular usage of triadic intervals in folksong has already been discussed, and more will be said on this point in the analysis which follows.

The second contention of the modal theory is that the tonal organization of folksong is similar to that of Gregorian chant: that is, that folksong is modal in the monophonic Medieval sense of the word. If this were true then one could expect that folksong would not exhibit a relatively strong central tone of reference, and would not be harmonically oriented. Analysis indicates that the reverse is true.

Example: I'm Seventeen Come Sunday⁵



Examining the music with respect to the qualifications mentioned, we find that it is indeed modal (Mixolydian), but that it is an example of a modal scale used in a tonal frame of reference: that is, it exhibits a degree of harmonic orientation foreign to modal monophonic music. The structure of the song consists of three equal phrases (the last extended by one measure). Phrase one is in the tonic and cadences to the dominant; phrase two is one the dominant and cadences on the dominant; phrase three begins on the subdominant and returns to the tonic. Here we see the regularity of phrase structure, the insistence on tonic, subdominant, and dominant tonal-harmonic implications, and the outlining of the triad, which are more characteristic of tonal than of monophonic modal music. These harmonic relationships become somewhat clearer when the harmonic orientation of the melodic line is examined:

⁵Cecil Sharp, English Folk Song: Some Conclusions (London, 1936), p. 65.

Measure no:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Implied harmonic structure:	DF#A ——— ACE				ACE ———				GBD ——— DF#A (A)CEG				DF#A
Implied harmonic progression:	1 ——— V				V ———				IV ——— I				V I

It is true that there are instances in this example where underlying harmonic structure is not clear, or is open to interpretation. This is only natural, and it should be understood that the above analysis constitutes neither an harmonic dissection nor a harmonization of the material, but is merely an attempt to clarify the essential qualities of the music. It can scarcely be expected that the analysis of one piece of music is sufficient evidence to prove the point in question. Yet, if the reader will submit other folksong to similar analysis, he will find that in general similar results will be obtained. Needless to say, an analysis such as the one demonstrated would hardly yield a similar result if it were applied to a Gregorian chant.

One further point: there is little to be gained by arguing over terminology so long as one defines his terms of reference. One may, if he wishes, characterize folksong as modal music if he makes it clear that the reference is limited to the use of scales based on modes, and certain vestiges of Renaissance modal harmonic practices. On the other hand, folksong may be thought of as tonal music by virtue of a comparatively strong tonal center and an harmonic orientation.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this discussion is the question of why a certain percentage of folksong should exhibit traces of modality, at least to the extent of utilizing modal scales. Two folksong theorists, Bertrand Bronson and Bela Bartok, have undertaken to answer this question in a most articulate fashion. Bronson attempts to explain why traces of the old style still exist in folksong:

In the long run, what counts is the sequence of notes that the folksinger has in his ear, that strike him as familiar and satisfying. For the most part, these must always be the sequences he has heard and sung most frequently. When the sequences common to one mode are reemphasized and enforced upon the consciousness by being repeated in other modes, they double and triple their chances of becoming ingrained and habitual patterns in folksong.⁶

Bartok's statement is an explanation of the process of acculturation:

It should be admitted that practically every recent European peasant music known today arose under the influence of some kind of "national" or "popular" art music..... Let us start by admitting that among the peasant class of a certain country there exists a certain traditional, more or less primitive musical style. This peasant class is in constant contact with more cultured classes...Two opposite tendencies assert themselves among peasants: one is to preserve old traditions..., and the other is toward

⁶Bronson, op. cit., p. 41.

imitation. Instinctively, the peasant looks upon the more favorable circumstances of the upper classes as embodying an ideal condition ...and he endeavors at least to imitate some of the outward signs of this condition...And when contact between the peasant and the idealized upper classes is frequent enough, the peasant--perhaps unintentionally--gets hold of many cultural products of these classes. But peasant life being, comparatively speaking, self contained and secluded, these foreign, borrowed elements undergo a certain transformation..., spread, and endure.⁷

One could extend Bartok's field of reference to include not only the contact of a folk with a cultivated music, but also the contact between primitive, folk, and cultivated music. Each exhibits a demonstrable influence on the other; each owes at least some part of its change and progression, no matter how small or how slow, to the other.

Thus, on both theoretical and analytical grounds, it would seem that there is little basis for a modal interpretation of British and American folksong. It is untenable to assume that a folkmusic could exist for so long, side by side with a more urbane, more complex, more advanced cultivated style, without absorbing many of the elements of that style. The music speaks for itself.

⁷Bela Bartok, Hungarian Folk Music, trans. by M. D. Calvocoressi (London, 1931), pp. 1-2.

ANNOUNCEMENT

An Analytical Index to NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, I-VIII, now in preparation by Theodore Barry Buermann, of St. Louis, a graduate student in the University of North Carolina, will be published about December 1, 1961. Running to over fifty pages uniform with this, it will index authors and contributors, titles, subjects, first lines of songs, and geographical provenience. The Index will be sold to regular members of the NCFS and subscribers to NCF for 50¢, to others for \$1. Order blanks will be sent out with notice of dues next November, but orders in advance by mail, with remission of the proper amount, will be received during the summer of 1961. Address as below.

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Editor
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710 Greenwood Road
Chapel Hill, North Carolina, U.S.A.

THE LUCY POND: A NORTH-GEORGIA PLACE-NAME LEGEND

By William Joseph Free and Jewell B. Reeve

[Mr. Free is from Chattanooga. He took his B.A. from the University of Chattanooga in 1958 and his M.A. from the University of North Carolina in 1959. He is a candidate for the Ph.D. in 1962.

[His informant for the following legend is his aunt, Mrs. Jewell B. Reeve, of Calhoun, Georgia, who is a collector of legendary and historical lore, some of which she has published in local newspapers. She is preparing a book of Georgia folklore and history.]

The lover's leap (Motif-Index A 985) is one of the most popular types of American Indian folk legend. The unhappy story of the suicide of an Indian maiden, or of a couple whose love is blighted by tribal war, parental disapproval, or rejection by the loved one, is a familiar part of the local mythology in all parts of the country. The story was used by the poet William Cullen Bryant as early as 1824 in his "Monument Mountain," and it has been repeated many times in oral and literary tradition. Although the places involved are often called merely "lover's leap," as is the case with an example recorded on Rock Face mountain in Alexander County, North Carolina,¹ many times the lovers give their names to the point of their departure from this earth.

A variation of the tale, in which an Indian maiden kills herself by drowning rather than by jumping from a high place, provides the name of a pond in a section of Gordon County, Georgia, with the picturesque name of Sugar Valley. The pond is located about ten miles north of the New Echota Cherokee community, which was established as the capital of the Cherokee nation in 1820. The entire area, including the Georgia Blue Ridge mountains to the northeast, is alive with Cherokee place-name legends, including the grave mound of a pair of disappointed lovers at Dead Man's Gap in Habersham County, one mile below Tallulah Falls and the village of Nocoochee, an Indian princess eloping with the chief of a hostile tribe was killed and buried with her lover.²

According to the Sugar Valley variant of the tale, a Cherokee warrior and his woman had a daughter who, the woman insisted, should be named Lucy, a name she had heard from the whites who had started an Indian school to the north. When she grew up, Lucy fell in love with Horn, the stalwart son of the chief of the tribe. But Horn was haughty and proud and paid no mind to Lucy. Lucy was heartbroken. One night in her despair she walked through the woods to the bottomless pond in the valley, lowered herself into the still, green water, and sank out of sight. The warriors searched far and wide for Lucy, but could find no trace of her. Then one day a group of women who had gone to a spring in the valley some two miles from the pond saw something rise out of the water. It was Lucy's body. Her head was covered by a black iron wash pot which, the legend has it, the Great Spirit placed over her head to hide the shame written in her face. Thus the pond was christened the "Lucy Pond." It and the spring became centers

¹Stith Thompson, "Folk Tales and Legends," The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (Durham, 1952), Vol. I, p. 631.

²James Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1897-98 (Washington, 1900), p. 416.

of local legend, and residents of the area believe that the two are connected by an underground stream.

Offshoots of the same legend have contributed other place names in the area. One of the mountains bounding the valley is named Horn Mountain, after the scornful brave who drove Lucy to her watery grave. There is also a legend concerning Lucy's father, who, heartbroken over the loss of his daughter and over the expulsion of the Cherokees from North Georgia, shot himself on a sand bar in the middle of the Oostanaula River and was buried by white soldiers, who marked his grave with logs. There is still some speculation in the area as to the location of the old warrior's grave.

The contact which Lucy's mother had with a white Indian school to the north possibly refers to the highly successful Baptist mission school at Brainerd, Tennessee, now a suburb of the city of Chattanooga. The school was begun in 1817 and at one time boasted of over 100 students. It became well known for its strict discipline and good academic quality.³ A similar school was started at Oothcaloga, Georgia, near Calhoun, in 1821; but Oothcaloga was not to the north of Sugar Valley, and it seems likely that, if there is a factual basis for contact with a white school to the north, the school at Brainerd is the one referred to.

Water played a large part in the folklore of the mountain Cherokees. The mountains of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia abound with legends of strange and miraculous happenings in rivers, streams, and ponds. Lucy is not the only submerged maiden in North Carolina folklore. Another legend has it that the first whites visiting Toccoa Falls in the Blue Ridge mountains about six miles from the South Carolina line saw an Indian woman walking beneath the surface of the water under the falls; she later appeared sitting beneath the water on a rock at the top of the falls.⁴ But Lucy does seem to have the distinction of being the only aquatic maiden to come up with a wash pot over her head.

³Ibid., pp. 107-8.

⁴Ibid., pp. 418.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Story from the Durham Herald, August 18, 1958:

1 OF 4 DANGEROUS
ESCAPEES CAUGHT;
MANHUNT STILL ON

WEST JEFFERSON (UPI)--One of four "dangerous" prisoners who escaped from a road gang near here was recaptured Tuesday, and a widespread manhunt continued into the night for the others.

Late Tuesday night, authorities reported two suspects were being chased in the vicinity of US 421 on the North Carolina-Tennessee state line.

Brothel Eugene Long, 23, of Gastonia was captured Tuesday while driving a stolen truck in Wilkes County.*

*No wonder that, with the bad start implied in his name, Eugene Brothel came to a bad end.

QUAKER MINUTES


By Hazel Griffin

[An instructor in English at North Carolina State College, Miss Griffin has contributed to North Carolina Folklore several articles relating to the folklore of her native region, east Carolina.]

In the early days of the Friends Society in North Carolina the members kept close watch over the conduct of one another. Matters of deportment, such as gambling, engaging in cock fights, holding of and trafficking in slaves, the rearing of children, and the carrying out of civic responsibility, were carefully watched over and discussed openly and freely at the monthly and quarterly sessions. Full reports of the sessions were recorded in the minute records, which have been carefully preserved by the society.

Here is an excerpt from the Jack Swamp Monthly Meeting held in the northern part of Northampton County on "the 5th day of the 4 mo 1794." The minutes are from Vol. I, 1794-1812, and are now kept in the Woodland, North Carolina, Friends Meeting House, the Jack Swamp Meeting House having closed in 1829.

The minutes are of the first session held at Jack Swamp.

Two members, John Patterson and David Marinoon [sp. for Meriman], were appointed to "make the necessary Enquiry" into the conduct of a member who wished to transfer his membership and were told, "if they find nothing to obstruct," to produce a certificate at the next meeting. 

"The Querries were Read and answered to in writing by which things appe Prettywell.

"1st Meeting Pretty well attended by the greater part. Yet there appears a Slacknefs in some attending on weak dayes the hour observed & unbecoming behavior mostly guarded against.

"2nd A good degre of love and Unity preserved amongst us. Tale bearing Discouraged, and where differences arise endeavours are used to end them.

"3rd Plainnefs pretty well kept to by most part by friends yet some are too Deficient therein those that have children Endeavours to train them in the Principals of our Religion Endeavouring to use Restraints for their preservation.

"4th No complaint of anyones useing to Excefs or being concerned in gaming or Lotteries.

"5th None trade in slaves nor hold them as such and those that have them under their care Endeavours to use them well as their abilities will admit of.

6th Friends mostly live within Bounds no complaint

8th No Lawsuits. Some neglect keeping Wills the other part of the advice appears to be mostly observed.

"William Patterson Son James Binford Son of Thomas and grandson Patterson are appointed to Represent the state of the meeting to the Quarterly Meeting the Meeting adjourns till next in the course."

THE SLEEPY LEGISLATOR

By Jack Bailey Moore

[A native of New Jersey, Mr. Moore received his B.A. Degree from Drew University in 1955 and his M.A. from Columbia University in 1956. After two years of teaching at West Virginia University, he entered the Graduate School of the University of North Carolina in 1958 and spent two years as a graduate student and part-time instructor. He is now instructor in English at Washington and Lee University and expects to complete requirements for the Ph.D. at U.N.C. in 1962.]

Vance Randolph, in his Who Blowed Up the Church House? (New York, 1952), p. 43, tells the story of "Deacon Spurlock and the Legislature." The aged Deacon, known as the "Snoring Solon," enjoyed napping during some of the windier speeches delivered in the Missouri legislature. Once he fell asleep during debate of a bill to jail farmers who caught fish with seines. The Deacon was against the bill, because many of his friends used seines in fishing, but he slept through the debate, waking during discussion on a bill to prevent people from running houses of prostitution. Thinking the previous bill, which had already been defeated, was still before the house, Spurlock jumped up saying, "Why, lots of the folks down in my district don't have no other way of making a living."

In the notes to his collection, Vance Randolph states that his informant for the anecdote "thought it might be a true story." Maurice Halpert, who also supplied notes for the book, added nothing to this, but later noticed, as did other folklorists, a variant in B.A. Botkin's A Treasury of New England Folklore (New York, 1947), p. 165.

The story is actually one of our very oldest political anecdotes. Possibly the earliest extant version is tucked away in The American Museum or Repository, an early American magazine, for August, 1787, p. 200. This early version deserves reprinting because of both its unavailability and its age. Readers may care to compare the complete version in Randolph, to see how basically few are the changes the story has undergone during its journey of over 150 years and a thousand or so miles.

"A member of the general court of Massachusetts, who, from accustoming himself to take a nap after dinner, when at home, could not dispense with the custom, when attending to give laws to a mighty people, not long since occasioned much sport in the house, by the following incident. A day was assigned for the second reading of a lumber act: as this interested our sleeper, he requested a friend, who sat next him, to waken him, if the discussion of the bill should be introduced, while he was asleep. This his friend promised him: but happening to go out for a few minutes, the bill was called for; and, after a short debate, was committed. Immediately after, the bill for preventing fornication, was brought on. This occasioned some debate, during which the sleeper's friend returned. Finding the lumber-bill was dismissed, he thought he might indulge his friend in his nap. However, as ill luck would have it, he trod upon the toe of this votary of Morpheus, who supposed it a signal for his waking: immediately rousing himself, he rubbed his eyes, and looking about, perceived a pause in the debate--on which he arose, and addressed the speaker as follows: "Sir, I wish to speak a few words on the bill now in question. If affects, Mr. Speaker, my constituents very much: for above half our town get their living by it."

MORE NORTH CAROLINA RIDDLES

By Joseph D. Clark

[A frequent contributor to North Carolina Folklore, and a long-time wheelhorse member of The North Carolina Folklore Society, Professor Clark, of North Carolina State College, needs no further identification.

[A propos of Professor Clark's third paragraph, below, the Editor of North Carolina Folklore records the fact that he has recently collected from Mrs. E. E. Lanphere, of Chapel Hill, a riddle-lullaby, "Peri Meri Dictum Domini" (with music), which she learned, some sixty years ago, from her country-doctor father in Nebraska, inherited by him from Maryland and Virginia ancestors of the eighteenth century; and which Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States, sang to his girl babies at Princeton about the same time that it was being sung to Mrs. Lanphere by her father. The Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of a tape recording from Mrs. Eleanor Wilson McAdoo, third daughter of Woodrow Wilson, Santa Barbara, California, containing her account of President Wilson's singing of the song and the singing of it.

["Peri Meri Dictum Domini" developed out of a song recorded in an English Ms. of the fifteenth century. The fifteenth-century song and "Peri Meri Dictum Domini" have two riddles in common, both of which we find in Professor Clark's "A Riddle Song."

[Ambitious graduate students or other researchers are cordially invited to follow Professor Clark's suggestion.]

In the December, 1957, issue of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, there appeared under my name a brief introduction to a list of thirty-two riddles, which I had collected through the generous aid of my first-year students at North Carolina State College. In this number of the journal, I am offering these same riddles in a new arrangement, with more than one hundred other riddles and variants of them, which were contributed also by my freshmen during the past two years. Space and time do not permit individual acknowledgment of the genuine assistance of these students, who come from all sections of North Carolina. Suffice it to state that such help is invaluable in the collecting of many types of folklore.

The arrangement of the listed riddles, mainly alphabetical in order, is based upon the similarity in questions and answers. The listing also involves a limited comparison with similar riddles and their variants in two well-known scholarly compilations: Archer Taylor, ENGLISH RIDDLES FROM ORAL TRADITION (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1951) and THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, I (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1952). As the reader will note in the references to entries in the works by Messrs. Taylor and Brown, the riddles herein presented are traditional as well as modern and are related to national and international usage.

At the end of the compilation there are two riddle songs, and these are associated with printed versions of them. A study of the songs in this relationship should prove to be interesting because of the influence of the oral tradition upon the phrasing, the specific details, and the general borrowing from previous versions. It is obvious that a grouping of several riddles within a unified song is a rarity. This fact ought to provoke further investigation of the riddle as it has been adapted to song.

I. RIDDLES

1. A. What is it that you have a house full and a yard full of, but you cannot get a dishpan full? (Taylor, 1649) --Air
- B. Yard full, world full, house full, but you can't get a basket full. --Air
- C. A house full, a hole full; you can't catch a bowl full. (Taylor, 1643-4; Brown, 96) --Smoke
- D. All around the house and can't catch a cupful. (Taylor, 1643-4) --Smoke
2. Down in a dark dungeon,
I saw a bright light,
All saddle, All bridle, All ready to fight.
- Silk was the saddle and brass was the bow.
I've told you his name three times,
And now you don't know. --All
3. What is more innocent than a lamb? (See "The Devil's Nine Questions") --Baby
4. A. What is that which no man wishes to have, yet no man would wish to lose? (Taylor, 1593; Brown, 93) --Baldhead
- B. He's got it. He don't want it. Yet he wouldn't take the world for it. (Brown, 93) --Baldhead
5. Ittie, dithy, dotty, it has two heads and one body. (Taylor, 30) --Barrel
6. What is the more you put in it the lighter it gets? --Barrel with holes in it
7. What is the biggest diamond in the world? --Baseball diamond
8. A. What has eighteen legs and catches flies? (Taylor, 271) --Baseball team
- B. What has eighteen black legs and catches flies? --Negro baseball team
9. A. What has four legs, a head, and a foot, and can't walk? (Taylor 75, 307) --Bed
- B. Four legs up, four legs down,
Soft in the middle and hard all around. (Taylor, 69, 1429) --Bed
10. Button, button, what goes around a button? --Billy Goat
11. A. First it's white, then it's green,
Then it's red, then it's black all over.
(Taylor, 1373, 1378, 1385, 1561; Brown, 75-6, 91) --Blackberry
- B. Green as grass and grass it ain't,
Red as blood and blood it ain't,
Black as ink and ink it ain't. --Pokeberry

12. I have leaves, but I'm no-tree. I sometimes have tables, but I'm no banquet hall. You can digest me if you try hard enough, but I'm no food. Who am I?
--Book
13. What is black on the outside, white on the inside? Cock up your leg and stick it in. (Taylor, 1417)
--Boot
14. Hippy, tippy, upstairs,
Hippy, tippy, downstairs;
Goes all over the house
Comes back and sits in the corner.
(Taylor, 695, 697-8; Brown, 43)
--Broom
15. Tippy, tippy upstairs,
Tippy, tippy downstairs,
If you don't mind
Tippy will bite you.
(Taylor, 338; Brown, 23, 24 [for hornet])
--Wasp
16. What is yellow, weighs one thousand pounds, and flies?
--Two 500-pound canaries
17. Little Nannie Etticoat in her white petticoat and red nose,
The longer she stands the shorter she grows. (Brown, 39, 40)
--Candle
18. The man that made it didn't need it;
The man that had it didn't want it;
The man that used it didn't know it.
What is it? (Taylor, 1729-35)
--Castile
20. A. What has four legs and can't walk? (Taylor, 306)
--Chair
B. What has four legs, but cannot walk? (Taylor, 305)
--Table
21. Why is a dirty child like flannel?
--Because it shrinks from washing
22. A. Big at bottom, little at top,
Little thing in the middle goes jiggety-gog. (Taylor, 1445-7)
--Churn
B. Big at the bottom, little at the top,
Something in the middle goes flippedy flop. (Taylor, 1445-7;
Brown, 82)
--Churn
C. Big at the bottom, little at the top,
Pretty little thing that goes flippity flop.
--Churn
D. Flat on the bottom, round on the top,
Something in the middle goes flippity-flop.
--(Butter) churn
E. Big at the bottom, and little at the top,
Something in the middle goes flippy-flop.
--(Hand) churn
23. A. What has two hands and a dirty face and can't wash it? (Taylor, 283)
--Clock
B. What runs, but never walks? (Taylor, 321; Brown, 15, 20)
--Clock

24. What time is it when it's 13 o'clock? --Time to get your clock fixed
25. Why did the cow jump over the moon? --Cold fingers
26. Why did the little boy take his water colors to bed with him? --He wanted color dreams
27. What has teeth, but cannot eat? (Taylor, 299) --Comb
28. What has eyes and can't see? (Taylor, 317) --Cook stove
29. What has ears, but can't hear? (Taylor, 285 with corn) --Cornfield
30. What has four legs, two eyes, has fur like a coyote, howls at the moon, and is made of cement? --Coyote; I just threw the cement in to make it hard.
31. What has 10,000 legs and can't crawl? --Five thousand crippled children
32. What kind of fruit does the electric plant grow? --Currents
33. Why did the Indian bury his horse at the bottom of the cliff? (Brown, 188) --Because he was dead.
34. Why can't a man living in Newark, N. J., be buried west of the Mississippi? --Because he is not dead.
35. What is sharper than a thorn? (See note, 3.) --Death
36. What is meaner than woman-kind? (See note, 3.) --Devil
37. What is the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole? --All the difference in the world
38. A. What is it that the more you cut off the longer it gets?
 (Taylor, 1692-3, 1695 with grave; Brown, 100, 99 with hole) --Ditch
 B. What is it that the more you cut it, the longer it gets? --Ditch
39. What did the little boy say when his dog fell over the cliff? --Doggone
40. Why is the dog's tail like the heart of a tree? --Because it's farthest from the bark.
41. When is a door not a door? (Brown, 165) --When it is ajar.
42. Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world? --Because its capital is always dublin' (Dublin).
43. What is softer than silk? (See note, 3.) --Down
44. A. Why was the man drinking on the roof of the tavern? --Because the drinks were on the house.
 B. Why did John take a ladder to the home of a friend? --His friend's drinks were on the house.

45. A. Twelve men came riding by,
Twelve pears hanging high;
Each took a pear,
And left eleven hanging there. (Brown, 120)
--One man's name was Each.
- B. Five pears hanging high,
Five men passing by;
Each takes a pear.
How can four pears be left hanging there? --One man's name is Each.
46. I was walking through the fields of grain,
I picked up something that was good to eat.
It was neither flesh nor bone,
And I kept it till it walked alone.
(Taylor, 1237-8; Brown 60-1) --Egg
47. The old woman patted it and patted it, the old man dropped his pants and
jumped at it. (Taylor, 1741-2; Brown, 101) --Feather bed
48. What has long legs, short thighs, bald head, and no eyes?
(Taylor, 79-80; Brown 7) --Fire tongs
49. Three-part riddle:
What is white and goes clang, clang? --White clang clanger
What is green and goes clang, clang? --Green clang clanger
What is red and goes clang, clang? --Fire truck
50. What tune attracts the most interest? --Fortune
51. A. Round as a biscuit, black as a coal,
Has a long long tail and little small hole. (Taylor, 1302, 1361)
--Frying Pan
- B. Round as a biscuit, black as a coal,
A great long tail and a bustin' hide. --Griddle
52. What has four wheels and flies? --Garbage truck
53. Long, slick, black feller.
Pull his cod and hear him beller. (Taylor, 755; Brown, 46) --Gun
54. A. How far can you go in the woods? --Half Way
- B. How far can a dog run into the woods? --Half Way
55. What is higher than a tree? (See note, 3.) --Heavens
56. What is deeper than the sea? (See note, 3.) --Hell
57. What is live on both ends and dead in the middle? (Taylor, 1432; Brown,
81) --Horse, plow, and man.
58. What has four legs and flies? --Dead horse
59. A little i with a dot over it. --i

60. How do you spell hard water with three letters? (Brown, 137) --Ice
61. What lives in winter and dies in summer and hangs upside down? --Icicle
62. Jack and Jill went up the hill; each had \$1.25. Jill came down with \$2.50.
 --Do you think they went up for water?
63. Why is a nut like a regiment? --It has a kernel (colonel).
64. Love I sit, Love I stand,
 Love I hold fast in my hand. (Brown, 104)
 --She killed her dog and used its hide to make seat, shoes, and gloves.
65. What does a cow have four of that a girl (woman) has two of? --Legs
66. Why was George Washington buried standing up? (Brown, 188)
 --Because he couldn't lie.
67. What is the hardest riddle of all? --Life, because we all have to give it up.
68. Roams the fields and the forests, but at night is on the shelf.
 (Taylor, 447, 449, 450-2; Brown 25-28) --Cow's milk
69. Does a cow give buttermilk? --What else can a cow give but-'er-milk?
70. What has four eyes and can't see? (Taylor, 328; Brown, 21) --Mississippi
71. What has five eyes (i's) and is always wet? --Mississippi River
72. What is the difference between a person who has been to Niagara Falls, one
 that hasn't, and a ham sandwich? --One has seen a mist, and one has
 missed a scene. I added the ham sandwich for you to bite on.
73. What is it that never was or never will be? (Taylor, 1628)
 --Mouse's nest in a cat's ear
74. I am very polished, but sometimes as brutal as can be. Some curse me,
 others praise me, and yet I treat all alike. Who am I? --Mirror
75. A. What has an eye, but cannot see? (Taylor, 282) --Needle
 B. What has only one eye? --Needle
76. Old Mother Twitchet had but one eye,
 And a long tail that she let fly:
 And every time she went through a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
 (Taylor, 532-3; Brown, 36-7) --Needle and thread
77. A. What is black and white and read all over?
 (Taylor, 1498; Brown, 85) --Newspaper
 B. What is black and white and red all over? --Sunburned zebra
78. A. If you have two coins in your hands and they total fifty-five cents, and
 one is not a nickel, what are they? --Fifty-cent piece is not a nickel.

79. A. If you had ninety sick sheep and one of them died, how many would you have left? --Eighty-nine
- B. If I had twenty sick (six) sheep and one died, how many do I have? --Nineteen
80. If papa bull eats three bales of hay a day, and mama bull eats two bales a day, how much hay will baby bull eat a day? --No such thing as mama bull
81. How many letters in the alphabet? --Twenty-four; L and M got kicked out for smoking
82. If a frog is in the bottom of a thirty-foot well and moves up three feet a day and falls back two at night, now long will it take him to reach the top? --Twenty-seven days because he will be out and won't fall back
83. If six birds were sitting on a fence and you shot one of them, how many would be left? --None
84. Twenty birds are sitting on a fence; ten of them take a notion to fly away. How many are left on the fence? --Twenty; they took a notion to fly, but didn't fly
85. There are ten copycats. If one jumps off a cliff, how many will be left? --None, because they are copycats
86. How many animals of each species did Moses take along on the ark? --None; it was Noah's ark
87. Washington's wife was washing windows while Washington was winning wars. How many w's in it? --None
88. What is colder than an icebox at the North Pole? --Two nudists in a rumble seat
89. As I was goint to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives--
How many were going to St. Ives? (Brown, 123) --One
90. A farmer had an apple tree that contained apples. He went to the tree to pick his apples, yet when he left the tree he had taken no apples off and left no apples on the tree. --The tree contained two apples. He picked one apple and left one apple on the tree
91. A. Why did the chicken cross the road? (Brown, 186) --To get to the other side
- B. Why does a chicken go back and far across the road? --To get to the other side
92. What side of a cat has the most fur? (Brown, 174) --Outside

93. Why did the little boy take his cow to church?
--He had heard they had a new pastor
94. What can one man carry upstairs that a thousand men can't carry downstairs?
--Pen
95. How do you spell blind pig?
--Pg (leave out i)
96. What has (many) eyes and cannot see? (Taylor, 277)
--Potato
97. What goes up and down and never hits the ground?
--Pump handle
98. What can a dog have that nothing else can have?
--Puppies
99. What is long and slim and slender, tickles where it's tender, has no ears, has no nose, but tickles where the hair grows?
--Razor
100. What has four hundred legs, is green, and eats rocks?
--A 400-legged, green rock eater
101. What is big, black, has eight legs and eats rocks?
--A big, black, eight-legged rock eater
102. What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?
--One sews seams nice; the other seems so nice
103. What does a man do standing up, a woman sitting down, and a dog on three legs?
--Shake hands
104. What has a tongue and can't talk, a heel and can't walk, and eyes and can't see? (Taylor, 296, 311; Brown, 1)
--Shoe
105. Long, slender, slimy, slick thing. (Taylor, 1466)
--Snake
106. What is whiter than milk? (See note, 3.)
--Snow
107. What is full of holes and still holds water? (Taylor, 1424, '459)
--Sponge
108. Why did the little boy put his mother under the doorsteps?
--He wanted a stepmother
109. What word is composed of five letters, from which if you take two one remains?
--Stone equals one
110. What is round as a saucer, deep as a cup, yet all the water in the Mississippi can't fill it? (Taylor, 1321, 1333)
--Strainer
111. What goes all the way around the house and looks into every window, but doesn't make any tracks? (Taylor, 1921)
--Sun
112. If a plane were flying from Canada to Mexico and crashed in the United States where would you bury the survivors?
--You don't bury survivors
113. What is the similarity of a teacher and a train conductor?
--One minds the trains and the other trains the minds

114. Twenty white horses on a red hill;
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still. (Taylor, 503; Brown, 33) --Teeth and gums
115. What is louder than a horn? (See note, 3.) --Thunder
116. I am not in water or in air, but I am in a potato. Peaceful men should praise me, for I end every set-to. Who am I? --To (syllable)
117. The name I had before being born is of no use to me when I am born. If you wait for me, perhaps you shall see me; but no matter how hard you try, you'll never see me today. Who am I? (Taylor, 97) --Tomorrow
118. Mr. One Leg sit in Mr. Two Leg lap,
Mr. Two Leg sit in Mr. Three Leg lap,
Mr. Four Leg came and got Mr. One Leg,
Mr. Two Leg took Mr. Three Leg to make
Mr. Four Leg bring Mr. One Leg back. (Brown, 32)
 --Two-leg man sitting on a three-leg stool, eating a hambone
119. A man was in a solid-lead room. He had nothing but a long rod and there were no doors, windows or any kind of exit. How did he get out?
 --He broke the rod into two pieces. Two halves make a whole, and he climbed out through that.
120. A. What will go up the chimney down, but won't go down the chimney up?
 (Taylor, 1604; Brown, 94) --Umbrella
- B. What can go up the chimney down, but can't go up the chimney up?
 --Umbrella
- C. What goes up, but never comes down? --Umbrella
121. A. What runs and runs and never walks,
 And has a tongue and never talks? (Taylor, 314, 316, 455; Brown 18-9, 31) --Wagon
- B. What has a tongue, but cannot talk? (Taylor, 316; Brown 19) --Wagon
122. Why did the little moron pass by the medicine cabinet?
 --To keep from waking up the sleeping pills
123. As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
 All the king's horses can't pull it up.
 (Taylor, 1315, 1317-8; Brown, 68, 71-3) --Well
124. If you were to throw a white stone into the Red Sea, what would it become?
 --Wet
125. What goes all around the house and makes one track? --Wheelbarrow
 (Taylor, 174; Brown, 8)
126. In at every window and every doorcrack, round and round the house and never a track.
 --Wind
127. What has panes and no aches? --Window

128. What are twins? -- Womb mates
129. What is one five-letter word that is never spelled right? -- Wrong
130. What has three feet and can't walk? -- Yardstick
131. I belong only to you; yet others use me much more than you do. I was here before you and shall still be here when you are no longer here. Who am I?
(Taylor, 1582-3) -- Your name
132. What is the coldest place in a theatre? -- Z row

II. RIDDLES IN SONGS

A. THE RIDDLE SONG

(Contributed by Kenneth Nichols, student at North Carolina State College, from Marion, McDowell County, North Carolina, 1960)

I'll give my love a cherry that has no stone,
I'll give my love a chicken that has no bone,
I'll give my love a story that has no end,
I'll give my love a baby that has no crying.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a story that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no crying?

A cherry when in blossom has no stone;
A chicken when it's pipping has no bone;
The story of I love you has no end;
And when my baby's sleeping, there's no crying.

Note: Shorter versions of this song are set to music under the title "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" (Child, 46), IV, 25-6 (12, A, B, C), THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE. It also appears in very similar form (12A) on p. 49 of volume two of this collection. A comparison of the song above with the parallels in the Child and Brown compilations indicates the following likenesses: the essential details in lines 1-2, 5-6, and 9-10, as given above, are the same in both Child and Brown; the phrasing in the Brown version in volume two is much the same, excepting the substitution of ring for story. Despite these likenesses, there is sufficient evidence in all the versions involved to show the power of the oral tradition in modifying details and style. (Mr. Nichols states that this song is sung by members of his family.)

B. THE DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS

(Contributed by T. W. Pritchett, student at North Carolina State College, from Rt. 2, Elon College, Alamance County, North Carolina. 1960)

"Oh, you must answer my questions nine,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety;
As you're not God's, you're one of mine,
And you are the weaver's bonny."

"What is whiter than the milk?
Sing ninety-nine and ninety.
And what is softer than the silk?
And you are the weaver's bonny."

"Snow is whiter than the milk,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,
And down is softer than the silk,
And I am the weaver's bonny."

"O what is higher than a tree?
And what is deeper than the sea?"

"Heaven's higher than a tree,
And Hell is deeper than the sea."

"What is louder than a horn?
And what is sharper than a thorn?"

"Thunder's louder than a horn,
And death is sharper than a thorn."

"What's more innocent than a lamb?
And what is meaner than woman-kind?"

"A babe's more innocent than a lamb,
And the devil is meaner than woman-kind."

"O you have answered my questions nine,
And you are God's, you're none of mine."

Note: This riddle song shows distinct borrowing from "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," No. 46, A and B versions, in F. J. Child, ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1904). Only three of the questions and answers given above are found in the Child versions, namely, those referring to the tree, the sea, and the woman. In the Child versions, however, we find the following line, as modernized: "And the devil is worse than a woman's wish." Besides these similarities, there are weak echoes of other details in the Child variants, such as silk, horn, and other structural elements in the song above.

[It is interesting to note that this ballad is not in the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. A.P.H.]

Further comparison of "The Devil's Nine Questions" should be made with "Riddles Wisely Expounded," No. 1 (A, B, C) in the text by Child. These three versions undoubtedly had significant influence upon the oral production of "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" as well as upon the song given above. Similarities in style and subject matter are obvious in all of the versions involved.

NORTH CAROLINA NEGRO ORAL NARRATIVES

By J. Mason Brewer

[Recently removed from Texas to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he is professor of English in Livingstone College, Professor Brewer, after publishing such books as The Word in The Brazos: Preacher Tales and Dog Ghosts, and numerous folkloristic articles, has planted his feet firmly on North Carolina soil. At the forty-ninth annual meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society, last December, he charmed an audience that filled the Virginia Dare Ballroom with his "North Carolina Negro Oral Narratives." In a shorter lecture, with fresh material, he repeated his success at the Thirteenth Carolina Folk Festival in Chapel Hill on May 5, 1961. Following is a revision of the Folklore Society paper.]

There is probably no oral literature in America as varied and as localized as that of the American Negro. Although it has stemmed from a common African heritage, foreign cultures and indigenous traditions have wielded a powerful influence on the Negro's comment on his American existence.

This is especially true of that phase of his lore labeled folk narrative, which, although retaining certain communal traits and characteristics of its aboriginal background, has nevertheless been strongly flavored by American regional factors.

It is not surprising, then, that the North Carolina Negro's stock of oral narratives should vary to some extent from those invented in other sections of the South.

A detailed recital of all the forces that have been at work conditioning the North Carolina Negro's story-telling is not necessary, but it is advisable to preface this paper with a few general observations that may help to shed light on the nature and scope of the tales related by North Carolina Negroes.

I discovered early on field trips made to widely scattered districts of North Carolina that North Carolina Negro culture-carriers consider themselves superior to Negro tradition-bearers in neighboring, or nearby states, especially South Carolina and Georgia.

Another significant thing I noticed on my collecting jaunts was that North Carolina Whites were fond of telling humorous jokes and purported comic true-relations about Negroes, with whom they or some of their ancestors were closely associated, and vice versa. North Carolina Negroes enjoyed spinning yarns about alleged ridiculous and stupid experiences of White North Carolinians.

A favorite in the North Carolina Negro's array of folk tales is the "Migrant Son" theme, in which a boy leaves home and goes to another section of the state in order to make a living. The first year after he leaves home he writes his father and tells him how well he is doing, stating that he has put a feather in his cap. He repeats this type of letter writing for three years, but on the fourth year he writes his father to send him some money to "come on home" -- that he is broke.

Conspicuous for its absence among present-day North Carolina Negro Traditional narratives is the once extremely popular Animal Tale, on which rests the fame of Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus.

The tale type in the living tradition of the North Carolina Negro that exhibits most conformity to tales told by Negroes in other Southern states is the religious anecdote, which beyond a reasonable doubt exists in greater abundance than any other type of American Negro oral narrative. It still plays a prominent part in the life of the contemporary Negro community, and continues to maintain its position as the most prolific specimen of Negro anecdotal materials.

Worthy of attention, also, in connection with North Carolina Negro folk-narrative, is the fact that the "Old Time," or "Other-Worldly" theory, which dominated Negro oral literature during the Slavery and Reconstruction Periods, has practically disappeared. It has been replaced by what we may term "Reality Thinking." The North Carolina Negro's folklore, for the most part, today is controlled by his hopes, his problems, his observations, and his struggle to gain respectable citizenship for himself. As is true elsewhere in the United States, and as the tales in this collection will prove, folklore is constantly in the making among North Carolina Negroes.

Included in this limited repertoire of North Carolina Negro oral narratives culled from folk pockets throughout the length and breadth of the state are examples of all of the types of traditional and personal narrative referred to above:

(1) The group-property anecdote -- the tale of and from Negroes. (2) Miscellaneous folkloristic compositions --

- (a) Individual experiences of Negroes told in the first person,
- (b) Individual experiences of Negroes told in the third person,
- (c) Traditional tales and anecdotes about Whites told by Negroes,
- (d) Individual experiences about Negroes told by Whites in the third person.

Source material in Negro folklore is no longer confined to the lower-stratum Negro; the upper-stratum Negro, who, heretofore, has seemingly regarded his folklore as a stigma on the race, is gradually beginning to recognize the sociological and cultural values inherent in its peculiar nature.

The informants whose contributions appear in this offering range from the unlettered Negro to the college-trained Negro, and from the Negro teen-ager to the Negro patriarch.

As far as possible the narratives in this discourse have been recorded in the exact words of the narrators.

Traditional Narratives Religious Tales and Anecdotes

From Marion:

(1) Written down by Rev. James L. Hunt

The Hypocritical Sister

One Halloween Night after the party broke a little boy stopped by the church to get his mother. The boy had worn a Devil's suit and mask, and still had it on when he entered the church. When he opened the door everybody ran out except one old lady. She said, "Wait a minute, Mr. Devil! I have been in this church for fifty years, and believe it or not, I have been on your side all the time."

From Mocksville:

(2) Written down by Robert Cuthrell

Uncle Henry's Logic

"Boy," said Uncle Henry a deeply religious Negro, addressing his nephew, "How come you never reads the Bible? Don't you know you should read the Good Book and keep up with its teaching?"

"I never does read de Bible," replied the modernistic nephew, "'cause I figures it jes' for de white folks and not fer niggers. That's what I thinks."

"Boy, you're jes' ignorant," exclaimed Uncle Henry. "Der Bible is for all good people, an' the color of dey skin don't make no difference. Where did you git de idea dat the Bible ain't for niggers?"

"Well," replied the boy, "fur as I can read, dey ain't no niggers in de Bible - nothing but white folks. That's why I says it's a white folks' Bible, and not for niggers."

"You jes' proves what I been sayin' dat you is ign'ant," said Uncle Henry, "cause if you have read the scripture you must 'a' read 'bout one nigger name' Demus - Niggerdemus."

From Rockingham County:

Written down by Alexander Robertson

The Down Family's Prayer

This is how it began. When the father went to bed he always said, "God bless Mama Down, Son Down, Daughter Down, and Baby Down."

When the mother went to bed she always said, "God bless Daddy Down, Son Down, Daughter Down, and Baby Down."

When the Son went to bed he always said, "God bless Father Down, Mother Down, Sister Down, and Baby Down."

When the daughter went to bed she always said, "God bless Father Down, Mother Down, Brother Down, and Baby Down."

When the Baby went to bed it always said, "God bless the whold Down Family."

From Durham:

Written down by Joseph C. Biggers

The Preacher and the Runaway Lion

One Sunday an old preacher was telling his congregation about belief and faith in prayer before the eleven-o'clock services began. He had been informed just a few minutes before that a lion had broken loose from a nearby zoo. So he was telling the members of his audience to have faith in God, and not be afraid of the lion if they should run across him on the way home after services. "If you pray hard enough," he said, "fear not, for the lion outside will not bother you." He shouted very loudly, "Fear not, for thou art with me; watch, and I will show you a way to git out; I have the faith in God that all y'all should have."

But after the services were over, before the preacher had gone more than a few yards from the church-house steps, he was met by the lion. The preacher got down on his knees, and said, "Oh Lord! please hear my prayer. You saved Daniel from a lion, and I know you gonna save me from this here lion." His prayer was loud and sincere; but, all the same, he raised his head after a while to see what the lion was doing. To his surprise, he saw that the lion was also kneeling with his paws clasped over his eyes. So he said, "Brother lion, are you praying wid me?"

The lion looked up at him and replied, "No, brother, I's saying mah grace befo' meat."

From Rowan County:
Told by Grady E. Moss Sr.

The Preaching of the Sinful Brother's Funeral

A man's brother died. He was so wicked that none of the preachers in the community would preach his funeral. So his brother went around into all of the neighboring communities to see if he could find somebody to preach the sinful brother's funeral. Finally, he succeeded in finding a raggedy and hungry preacher who had no church, and who told him he'd preach his brother into Hell for \$2.98, into Purgatory for \$3.98, and into Heaven for \$5.00. So the live brother told him he'd pay him \$5.00 to preach the dead brother into Heaven. The man then took the preacher out to his house, in his horse and buggy. When they got there all the relatives and friends of the sinful brother was there. So the hired preacher began to conduct the funeral services. He preached for about thirty minutes, but just before he reached the end of the sermon he turned to the dead brother's brother who'd hired him, pointed his finger at him, and said, "Well, brother, I'se got him jes' one step out of Heaven now; so I tells you what I'll do - for another fifty cents I'll preach him right on into Heaven."

"I ain't gonna pay you another cent," replied the live brother, looking up at him. "If he cain't step dat other one step into Heaven, he can jes' go on to Hell."

From Mocksville:
Told by Robert Cuthrell

The Preacher and the Board Meeting

A country minister ended his sermon, and then announced that he would like to have all the Board to remain for a few minutes. A stranger in the village who had worshipped at the church that morning made his way to the front pew and seated himself with the deacons and elders.

The minister approached him and said, "My dear sir, perhaps, you misunderstood. I asked that only the Board remain."

"Well, that included me too," replied the stranger, "'cause I was never mo' bo'ed in mah life."

From Rowan County:
Told by Grady E. Moss, Sr.

One Wasn't Sad

A little boy had for a long time been asking his father to buy him a bicycle; but every time he'd ask his father to buy him a bicycle his father'd reply, "I'll git you one as soon as I git straightened out."

The little boy asked his father this question every day for two years. His father's reply would always be the same, "I'll git you a bicycle as soon as I git straightened out." But one day the little boy's father died, and he still had'nt bought the boy the bicycle he had been asking for. So at the funeral services, when the little boy's mother and all of his father's relatives and friends were crying, the little boy was laughing out loud, and clapping his hands with glee.

His mother, noticing his actions, turned to him angrily and said, "What's the matter with you - laughin' out loud, and clappin' yo' hands like that at yo' papa's fun'al, when everybody else is sad?"

"I'm laughing 'cause I'm happy," replied the little boy. "You see, papa said as soon as he got straightened out, he was gonna git me a bicycle an' he's sho straightened out now."

PART II

Secular Tales and Anecdotes

From Marion:

Told by The Rev. James L. Hunt

Rocks Aren't Always Rocks

A Negro was walking down a country road one night with a sack on his back. A constable saw him, and asked him what he had in the sack. "The Negro replied, "Rocks."

The constable took the sack and looked in it, and sure enough it was full of "Rocks" - Plymouth Rock chickens.

From Marion:

Told by the same informant

Jesse James and the Buried Money

It is said that Jesse James, the famous robber, robbed a bank one time in North Carolina, right after slavery times, and wanted to hide the money, but he knew not where to hide it. His brother Frank told him to hide it in the colored graveyard, because all the ex-slaves were afraid of dead folks, and the money would be safe there.

What Jesse and Frank did not know was that a Negro runaway from justice was hiding out in the graveyard, and that when he saw Jesse and Frank coming he went and climbed up in a tree and hid.

Jesse buried the money and put a sign over it which read, "Dead and Buried." After Jesse and Frank left, the Negro dug up the money, took it, and made his escape.

When Jesse returned for the money several months later the sign read, "Risen and Gone."

From Rowan County:

Told by Grady E. Moss, Sr.

She Kept Her Business to Herself

One time an old colored woman went up to a ticket window and said, "Gimme a ticket!"

"A ticket to where?" asked the ticket agent.

"Jes' gimme a ticket," replied the old lady. "Don't stand dauh and argue wid me - jes' gimme a ticket."

"Whah you goin'?" asked the ticket agent.

"I don't know where I's goin'," replied the old lady - "jes' go on and gimme a ticket like I axed you to."

"I can't give you no ticket unless I knows where you's goin'," said the ticket agent.

About this time a Negro man who was standing behind the old woman touched her on the arm and said, "Go on, Auntie, and tell the man where you're goin'."

"I aint gonna do no sich a thing," replied the old woman. "Dat's de trouble wid you niggers now, always tellin' wite folks all yo' business."

From Mocksville:
Told by Robert Cuthrell

How Come "Henry"

The new colored parson visiting one of the sisters in his church for the first time was puzzled to hear her call her children Eenie, Meenie, Minie, and Henry.

"Why you name dat last boy Henry?" inquired the parson.

"Cause," replied the sister, "us don' want no Mo."

From Rowan County:
Told by Harry Neely

The Tobacco Stacker's Mistake

One year during tobacco-stacking time a tobacco grower near Winston-Salem brought some Negroes up from Georgia to stack his tobacco for him. The reason he did this was that he could hire the Georgia Negroes cheaper.

The Georgia Negroes had heard about how bad Winston-Salem Negroes were. So every Saturday when they got their week's pay they would slip off, two or three at a time, and go into town and buy guns, knives, and wine. The reason that they could not stay in town long at a time was that they worked all day Saturday - they just got paid off at ten o'clock in the morning.

There was one of 'em who never went into town, but who'd always send by some of the others for a quart of Eleven Star wine every Saturday. He kept up this practice for about four weeks. But finally, on the fifth Saturday after they had started to work on the tobacco farm, he decided that he'd go into town hisself and git his Eleven Star Wine. When he got there he went into the first store he saw, which was a hardware store, and told the owner that he wanted a bottle of Eleven Star Wine. The man said, "We don't have nothin' but hardware here."

So the Negro said, "Well, gimme a bottle of that."

The Negro Visitor to Charlotte

A Negro from New York City visiting Charlotte shortly after the first sit-

down demonstration at Greensboro walked into a white store in Charlotte and sat down at the lunch counter. A waitress, seeing him take a seat, said, "We don't serve colored here."

"I don't eat colored, either," replied the visitor. "I wanted a hamburger."

From Kannapolis:

Told by Marselene Smith

The Migrant Son

One time a boy thought he was a man, left home, and went to another part of North Carolina to find work. The first year after he was gone he wrote his father and said, "Father, I bought me a car, so I stuck a feather in my cap." The second year after he was gone he wrote his father and said, "Father, I'm running a farm for a fellow this year, so I stuck another feather in my cap." The third year after he was gone he wrote his father and said, "Father, I bought me two mules, a cow, some hogs, and a plow this year, so I'm sticking another feather in my cap." But when the fourth year rolled around he wrote his father and said, "Father, I'm broke; please send me some money to come home on."

His father read the letter, then went and got a pencil and some paper and wrote him saying, "I don't have no money to send you to come home on, so why don't you just take all them feathers out of your cap and cover yourself with them, and fly home."

From Cherokee County:

Told by George Maye

The Cherokee Indian Soup Line

In the hills of North Carolina where the Great Smoky mountains begin, there is an Indian Reservation for the Cherokee Indians controlled by the Federal Government.

Right after the First World War, during President Hoover's administration, when there were some really tough times, and soup-lines were being formed all over the country, a soup-line was formed on this Cherokee Reservation, where all the Cherokees and passers-by were served except Negroes.

One time a Hungry Negro passed through that section, got in line with the others, and waited to be served. In front of him were a Cherokee Indian, a Chinaman, and a Japanese.

There was a Government man checking the nationality of all those passing through the soup-line. So when the Cherokee got to where he was the government agent asked him what his nationality was. The Cherokee replied, "Me Cherokee." When the Chinaman reached him and was asked his nationality, he replied, "Me Chinese." When the Japanese got to where the government was, and was asked his nationality, he replied, "Me Japanese." The Negro was next. So he walked over to where the man checking the races was standing, and when asked his nationality replied, "Me Spookanese."

Why I Left Georgia

I had no mother and father when I was nine years old; so I went to live with my Uncle and Aunt in Jasper County, Georgia.

One day my Uncle sent me with a note to one of his neighbors who lived about two miles from our house. I had to cross fields and woods in order to get to the neighbor's house. First there would be a field, and then a stretch of woods.

When I went through the woods I was scared, because the trees were so thick until it looked like it was dark all the time; but I made it over to my Uncle's neighbor's house and delivered the note without seeing anything, and without hearing anything. But when I got half-way back to my uncle's house I suddenly heard a whistle. I wondered who could be whistling at me out there in the woods; so I stopped and looked around in all direction, but I didn't see anybody. Since I didn't see nobody I started walking toward my Uncle's house again, but I hadn't gone very far when I heard the whistle again. This time I turned around and looked good in the direction from which the whistle came, and - to my great horror, and surprise - I saw a coachwhip snake standing straight up and whistling. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. I started running towards my Uncle's house, the snake right in behind me. Finally I gave out and had to stop and rest. When I stopped to rest the snake caught up with me, and stood up straight again, and whistled. I was so frightened that I looked the snake straight in the eye without batting an eyelid. I must have charmed him instead of him charming me, because pretty soon he stretched hisself out on the ground again, stopped whistling and passed by me without harming me, and went on into an adjoining field. I then ran on home scared out of my wits.

My Aunt and Uncle were not at home when I got there; so I got a writing tablet, a pencil, and an envelope and wrote my grandmother in Salisbury to send for me, telling her that I wanted to come and live with her. She wrote back and told my aunt and uncle to get me ready and send me to live with her. My Uncle and Aunt wondered why I wanted to leave, but they got me ready and sent me on to my grandmother's anyway. I never told the reason for my leaving Georgia until ten years later when I had reached the age of nineteen and went back to visit them. Now I tell everybody why I left Georgia.

Negro Individual Experiences (Told in the third person)

From Cherokee County:
Told by Lonnie Moore

The Carpenter Crew Member and the Railroad President

One time when I was workin' for the Southern Railroad as a member of the carpenter crew near Camden, South Carolina, they had a big flood on the Congaree River that washed out some of the railroad trestles. The mosquitoes wuz awful bad there in the swamp, and most of the carpenter members took malaria fever. Some of them had it worse than others.

One of those who had chills and fever very bad was a great big black fellow from Shelby, North Carolina. He got so sick that he went around telling everybody that he was going to ride the next train out of Camden. It happened that the president of the Southern Railroad, "Mr. Four Acres" was there at the time, having come down from Washington to see what was needed to repair the railroad tracks. So he overheard this big fellow from Shelby sayin' he was going to ride the next train out of there. When the president heard him make the remark he turned to him and said, "You aren't going anyplace; we need all of the men we've got to repair this railroad trestle, and you're going to stay right here."

"No, I aint either," replied the big fellow. "I said I was riding out of here on the next train, and that's what I'm going to do."

"Do you know who you're talking to?" said the railroad president. "I'm Mr. Four Acres, and I say you're not going anyplace."

"I don't care if you're Mr. Fifty Acres," replied the big fellow; "I'm still riding the next train out of here."

The big fellow left all right, but he didn't ride the train. He walked all the way from Camden to Shelby, North Carolina, and hadn't been home no time before he died from the attack of malaria he had.

From Yanceyville:
Told by Harison Neal

The Cotton Farmer

Fred McCullough, what jes' passed a little while back, tol' me dis here, but dis ain't no story, hit's de truth. Fred used to love to tell it all de time, and he'd jes' crack his sides a-laughin' 'bout how he got out of South Carolina.

You know settin' 'round lissenin' to old people talk you kin learn lots of things if you'se a chap- dat is if you don't look up in a grown person's face - a chap aint supposed to look up in a grown person's face less'n dey signed you to come on, they'd whip you to death about that when I was comin up.

Any way gittin' back to Fred McCullough, and how he got out of South Carolina, when a push come to a shove. Fred say him an' two more fellows was croppin' on a cotton farm down in South Carolina, whut was owned by Mr. Bub- Ub- Um, and that Mr. Bub- Ub- Um have a store where dey trade, and a office where he figger up how much cotton dey done raise evuh year. Dey always comed out in de hole, and' have to stay on de farm till dey raise enough bales of cotton to break dead even.

Fred say dat de fus' three years him and "Roun' House" and "Dennis" raise cotton on Mr. Bub-Ub-Um's farm dat dey didn't no way come clear. He say dat Mr. Bub-Ub-Um would take out his pencil, and a piece of paper in de little narrow office he had, and when dey tell 'im how many bales dey done made dat year he say, rubbin' his chin wid his hand; "Well, lemm'e see. You know you done putty good dis year. You jes' lacked five bales of breakin' dead even. Maybe nex' year, you'll break dead even."

W'en de fo'th year roll roun hit was a putty good crop year an' dey made more cotton than ever before. So Fred say when August time come - de time to settle up, and be hired for another yeah. Roun House was de first one to go up to Mr. Bub-Ub-Um's office, to settle up. So when he got there Mr. Bub-Ub-Um say, "Well 'Roun' House, how many bales did you make dis year?"

"I made seven bale," say Roun' House.

"Well, now, considerin' dat you ain't had nobody to help you but yo' wife dat was real good," say Mr. Bub-Ub-Um, "but you jes lack three bales of bein' straight. Maybe next year you'll git straight."

Dennis was de next 'un go to settle up wid Mr. Bub-Ub-Um. So when he go to settle up Mr. Bub-Ub-Um say, "Dennis, how many bales did you raise this year?" Dennis say, "Awh done raise ten bales." "Well, well," say Mr. Bub-Ub-Um, strokin' his chin wid his hand lack he always do, "you did fine, Dennis, you had a lot of help dis year - six big children to hoe, and chop, and pick; so you broke dead even".

"Well that's good," say Dennis. "Since I done broke dead even I think I'll go to work some place else. Maybe I kin hit it off a little better." So Dennis pack' up his clothes an' lef'.

De las 'un to go settle up wid Mr. Bub-Ub-Um was Fred. So Fred done raise twelve bales of cotton, but he aint gonna tell Mr. Bub-Ub-Um he raise but ten bales, and hold back two. So when he go back to settle up, Mr. Bub-Ub-Um ask him how many bales of cotton he done raise dis year. Fred tell he done raise ten bales like Dennis. So Mr. Bub-Ub-Um say, "Well, well, you done putty good dis year too, Fred. You broke dead-even." "Well dat's good" say Fred, "but dere's two mo' bales I didn't tell you 'bout." "The Hell you did," yelled Mr. Bub-Ub-Um grabbin de sheet o' paper he figurin' on tearin' hit up, an' pointin' his finger in Fred's face. "Don't you never do nothin like that again nigger. Have me refigurin' yo' crop all over so you can come out dead even.

Fred just walk on off and don't say nothin, but that same night when hit done come to be pitch dark Fred tuck two of Mr. Bub-Ub-Um's best mules an' a fine Jersey cow, filled a sack full of Mr. Bub-Ub-Um's bes' chickens, an' started out walkin' towards Spencer. He come straight on here to Spencer an' lived heah de rest of his nachul bawn life.

Traditional Negro Tales about Whites

From Mocksville:

Told by Robert Cuthrell

Jes' Plowed Off

Durin' World War II, Governor J. Melvin Broughton was up in the hindmost part of an extreme Western North Carolina county selling Victory Bonds. Sighting a mountaineer in a field directing a plow attached to a mule, the Governor approached him. "Good morning, Sir. I'm Governor Broughton of your state."

"Never heard tell of ye," was the rejoinder. "Ever heard of President Roosevelt, and Mr. Churchill?" said the governor. The mountaineer shook his head. "Ever heard of Pearl Harbor?" said the governor. "Naw, I ain't never heard tell of her neither," said the plowman.

"Well, said the governor, I'm selling Victory Bonds so we can win the war for President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, and avenge Pearl Harbor."

"Gid dap," said the plowman to his mule, leaving the governor standing there at the other end of the field.

The farmer's wife was waiting for him with a drink of water at the other end of the field. When he go to where she was waiting for him she said, "Who's that feller standing down at the other end of the field."

"Some feller by the name of Broughton," replied the plowman. "He's got a friend named Roosevelt, who got in a mess with a gal named Pearl Harbor, over on Church Hill, and he axed me to sign his bond, so I jes'plowed off."

From Kannapolis:

Told by Samuele Hopkins

One Sunday morning a white man got off the bus in Kannapolis, and got into a taxicab driven by a white man. He asked the taxicab driver to take him to the Church of God. "I aint never heard of no church like that here in Kannapolis,"

said the taxi driver, "but I'll try to find it for you." So saying the taxi driver started his car up and left the bus station. He drove first to the Lutheran Church, and said, "This here church belongs to Mr. Cannon." Then he went to the Presbyterian church, and said, "This here church belongs to Mr. Cannon too. Then he drove to the Baptist Church and said, "This here church belongs to Mr. Cannon!" He then drove on to the Methodist Church, and said, "This church belongs to Mr. Cannon, too." Then he added, looking back at the visitor, rather sadly, "Mister, Ah don't believe God's got no churches here. All these churches belongs to Mr. Cannon."

From Caldwell County:
Told by Bert Roberts

Why Dooger Changed His Text

Dooger Woods was quite a character. He was pastor of the Sugar Hill Baptist Church in Caldwell County, but had been born and raised in the adjoining county, Wilkes County, which was called by people living in Caldwell County, because of its bigness, "the State of Wilkes."

One of the most talked-of characters in Caldwell County was a Negro preacher by the name of Dooger Woods. He was a good friend of my father's and grandfather's, and, I could say, of mine too, because I knew him quite well, and used to talk to him all the time when I was a boy.

It is said that Dooger was unable to read and write, but he had a good memory and a powerful voice. My grandfather said that one Sunday morning when Dooger got ready to deliver a sermon that he had prepared he looked out into the congregation and saw a Negro man from Wilkes County named Edward who knew him before he started preaching and was a sinner. So, as grandfather tells it, as soon as old Dooger saw Edward he said: "Now, brothers and sisters, you knows sometime a preacher fix hit in his mind what he gonna preach about before he gits to de Church an' after he gits dere he see somebody or sump'n an' switch his mind clear around about what he gonna preach about. Dat's de dickment I find myself in dis mornin'. Hit done come to me right out of de blue to change my tex'; so I'm gonna change my tex' dis mornin' to the second chapter of de Book of Edward, which say, "To all dem dat sees me and knows me say nothin' and do nothin' till I sees 'em later."

From Caldwell County:
By the same informant

Dooger and the Brogan Shoes

Another incident in the life of Dooger that my grandfather liked to tell about was the time he gave Old Dooger a pair of brogan shoes. About a week after my grandfather gave the shoes to Old Dooger he met him one day and asked him how he liked the shoes. Old Dooger had 'em on; so he looked down at the shoes and said to my grandfather, "Well, I tells you 'bout these here "Judgement Blocks" [shoes]. Dey's all right, and I sho thanks you for 'em but I gonna tell you about 'em. When I walks up hill dey hurts my toes, when I walks down hill dey hurts my heels, and when I walks on the level ground dey hurts all over."

This discourse would not be complete unless it included at least one anecdote told about the late Daddy Grace, national folk-figure, and founder of the House of Prayer movement, which originated in Charlotte, North Carolina, and spread throughout the entire nation.

Race Betting

The same day that the motorcade of cars comprising the funeral procession of the late Daddy Grace's remains left Charlotte on the way to New Jersey, a Negro chauffeur and his employer, from Louisiana, who were on exceptionally cordial terms at all times, stopped in the vicinity where Daddy Grace's Charlotte House of Prayer was located.

They had got out of the car and were standing on a corner waiting for the cars to pass when they spied a little boy with a slingshot, "You know something," said the Negro's employer, who liked to play pranks on his chauffeur, "I'll bet I can throw higher than you can throw with a slingshot."

"I'll bet you can't," said the Negro. "Well, all right, let's borrow that little boy's slingshot and see who can throw the highest. The one who throws the highest will have to pay the other five dollars." "All right," said the Negro chauffeur. "That's a bet; so you go on and throw first."

The white man took the slingshot from the little boy and put a rock in it, wound up, and threw it into the sky. One minute, two minutes, three minutes four minutes, five minutes passed, before the rock fell to the ground.

The Negro was at a loss to know what to do now, because he had no idea that his boss could throw a rock as high as he did. At any rate he took up the slingshot, put a rock in it, and started twirling the slingshot around and around, repeating at the same time, "John, git out of the way! Peter, git out of the way! Gabriel, git out of the way! Moses, git out of the way! Noah, git out of the way!" And when he said this the white man grabbed him by the arm and said, "Wait a minute. Here's your five dollars. Put that slingshot down before you knock the Hell out of God."

But the Negro's employer was not through betting yet. He turned to the Negro and said, "Let's make another bet: Let's stand here on the corner a while and watch the cars go by. I'll bet you that Negroes own more Cadillacs than whites. So I tell you what let's do: For every white man that drives a Cadillac past here I'll give you a dollar, and for every colored man that drives a Cadillac past here you give me a dollar. "All right," replied the Negro. "Let's get started." So they began to watch the cars that passed.

The first Cadillac that passed was driven by a Negro; soon another Cadillac passed, and it too was driven by a Negro. After a while a third Cadillac passed driven by a Negro. And then, all at once Daddy Grace's funeral motorcade leaving Charlotte for New Jersey passed, and every car in it numbering fifty in all, was a Cadillac. The Negro was so disgusted he didn't know what to do. He took out his purse and started counting out one-dollar bills, saying to his boss: "Here, let me give you these fifty-three dollars rat now. That's the way it is with Niggers - they'd rather die and go to Hell than to see another colored man make some money."

From Fayetteville:

Told by an anonymous narrator.

One time a man in Fayette county had been mentally ill, and confined to a hospital for a long number of years.

The children in the community called him "Crazy John," and were afraid of him; so when he was released from the hospital and allowed to come home everybody in the neighborhood was afraid to leave home at night or go near his place.

Crazy John had nineteen children, and a very hard-working, religious wife. Some of his children still lived at home, but most of them had left home and moved away.

Shortly after Crazy John got home he wrote his children and told them he wanted to have a homecoming, and wanted all of his children to come home to it, because he had a present for all of them locked up in his trunk. The time he asked his children to come home was during what was called "Cucumber Picking Time," in the early spring. In order to avoid the heat, the farmers would get up about four o'clock in the morning to pick their cucumbers.

One morning Crazy John's family got up early like the rest of the people in the community to pick their cucumbers. The only members of the family left at home were Crazy John, his wife, and his smallest boy, twelve years old. His wife remained home to cook breakfast for the children who were on their way to pick cucumbers, and the boy to chop wood for his mother to cook with. Crazy John was up too; so he told the kid (Little John he was called) to go on out to the field and help his brothers and sisters pick cucumbers, saying he would chop the wood for his mother to cook breakfast with. So the boy started out to catch up with his brothers and sisters, who were still in sight. But the boy hadn't gone far before he heard a piercing scream. The others heard it, too, and the oldest boy at home ran back to the house, and Crazy John shot him in the back, just missing his spine. When the boy reached the house he found his mother's head beaten to a pulp. Crazy John told his oldest daughter if it wasn't a pity he would shoot her.

Then someone in the neighborhood called the police, and they came out and arrested Crazy John, whom they found walking down the road with a shotgun in his hand. They caught him and took him to jail, and later carried him to the state institution at Goldsboro for the mentally ill.

When they opened "Crazy John's trunk they found nineteen shotgun shells, and written on the paper they were wrapped in was the statement, "For my nineteen children."

DOGBED

By Richmond Blackmer, Jr.

In the winter of 1961, shortly after a small fire in a storeroom of the Wilson Library of the University of North Carolina, I was struck by a word used by the foreman of a labor gang who were cleaning up after the fire. It was a cold day, and all of the men had worn trench coats or overcoats of some description. Donning his own trench coat, the foreman ordered the others: "Pick up your dogbeds, boys, and let's go."

"What did you mean by that expression--'dogbeds'?"--I asked him.

"Their overcoats, of course," the foreman replied.

"Where'd you pick it up?"

"Down in Chatham County where I was raised; heard it all my life."

I was born and reared in Tennessee, but my father, who was born and reared in Rowan County, North Carolina, and lived in this state until he left law school at U. N. C. about 1909, regularly used the word dogbed in talking to workmen on railroad construction jobs in Tennessee.

[Dogbed is not listed in Professor George P. Wilson's "Glossary" section of his chapter "Folk Speech" in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, I (Durham: Duke University Press, 1952), or in Professor Norman E. Eliason's "Appendix A -- Word Uses," Tarheel Talk (Chapel Hill: U. N. C. Press, 1956). Dogbed may be compared with flea bag. Are any of the readers of North Carolina Folklore familiar with dogbed meaning overcoat? If so, please give the Editor particulars -- when, where, and by whom used. --Editor's note.]

"A SNAKE CAN'T STRADDLE A LOG"
Some Localisms, Provincialisms, and Proverbial Sayings
From Chapel Hill

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

According to Professor Norman Eliason (Tarheel Talk, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1956, p. 123), North Carolinians have indubitably if not indisputably originated two contributions to the common English vocabulary. Bunkum (in shortened form, bunk) is used and understood wherever English is spoken or written. "It adds perhaps no great lustre to North Carolina that buncombe originated here," remarks Professor Eliason, "but that it did is maintained by the D[ictionary of] A[merican English] and corroborated by Governor D. L. Swain." And he adds a footnote: "Some years ago (in American Speech, 1938, p. 291) a doubt was raised, but by a Virginian, and need not be taken seriously." Scuppernong is known and understood wherever the grape of that name (formerly called "the Hickman Grape") is grown and enjoyed. "The Governor of North Carolina said" (or the governors in reverse order, depending on whether a North Carolinian or a South Carolinian claims credit for his state for this profound witticism) is universally understood wherever and, until bottles dwindle low, whenever Anglo-American (and even other nationals including the Scandinavian) tosspots forgather. Edward VIII is said to have been familiar with it even when he was Prince of Wales. Between Raleigh and Durham, on old U. S. 70, there is a farmhouse by the side of the highway which has been pointed out to me as the site, if not the original structure, of a tavern, a comfortable half-day's distance in stagecoach days from the capital, and which is said to be the scene of the historic meeting between the two governors held for the purpose of discussing a cause célèbre involving a politically important fugitive from justice.

Chapel Hill is a seat of learning, not only interested in the scientific aspects of language, but potentially capable of creating it and/or giving currency to it. The townsmen and the gownsmen do not exclusively speak and write gobbledygook or academese. As for myself, in practical matters perhaps a rather unobservant and slightly transcendental-minded old professor, I am, and have always been, sensitive to the piquant, the lively, the spontaneously eloquent, the verbally comic, the extravagant, the semantically surprising in human expression, spoken, written, gestured or mimed, drawn, painted, or photographed.

Following are a few locutions -- call them localisms, colloquialisms, provincialisms, proverbial sayings -- what you or other philologists will -- anything that the reader likes -- which I have heard or read only in Chapel Hill, but some of which, I strongly suspect, have outside origin and currency.

1. All the way to Rockingham

This is probably a square-dance call:

All the way to Rockingham
To eat cornbread and possum ham.

When I began this essay I was sure it was in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (Vols. I-III, Duke University Press, 1952), of which, with the late Professor H. M. Belden, I edited the ballads and folksongs volumes; but now I can't find it there. Nevertheless, I have heard it since I came to North Carolina in 1929, and most of my Tarheel students know it, as a proverbial saying. Why Rockingham, down in the southwest corner of the state, should be famous for these delicacies I do not know. I do know that neighboring Anson County disputes Rockingham's precedence. Perhaps it is a derisive saying or song (what the Germans call Geiszerlied, Spottlied, Scherzlied, u.s.w.). Margaret Prescott Montague once wrote me a charming letter about such an old song, known in "the

mountains of West Virginia, " making fun of the regional white trash of that area:
Go for to milk, and milk it in a gourd,
Set it on the bench and cover it with a board --
That's the way they do in the Tuckahoe crew.

2. Fair to middling.

The death, in the spring of 1961, of Mrs. Booker, of Chapel Hill, recalled a familiar phrase of her previously deceased husband, Doctor Johnny Booker, as nearly everyone (students, who both feared and loved him, included) called that elegant, debonair Virginia gentleman, Heidelberg-and-Hopkins scholar who was much more interested in caning sense into freshmen, cultivating the rudiments of taste in sophomores, and currying and scaring the daylights out of Ph.D candidates, than in turning out articles for ELH and PMLA. He looked uncannily like Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States, and was often mistaken for the revenant of that great man. To a casual inquiry about his health, state of mind, or disposition, "How are you, Doctor Johnny?" he invariably replied, even after he had suffered the first ominous stroke, "Fair to middling." And if he was seated at the time and not otherwise absorbingly employed, he would shoot his fine starched-linen cuffs with their opulent gold links and, tapping a "Richmond Straights" cigarette on the box or the desk or his left thumb, he would light it and look quizzically at the interlocutor through flashing pince-nez glasses and repeat, "Fair to middling."

To Doctor Johnny, a particularly virulent brand of moonshine (North Carolinese, blockade) liquor, brought to Chapel Hill in charred oak kegs but yet warm from the still, and known as "White Lake" (from its place of origin near the Coast), which in prohibition times he proudly supplied himself with for long sittings on summer evenings with his friends, such as Louis Graves, DeRoulhac Hamilton, George Coffin Taylor, Edwin Greenlaw, and W. C. Coker, on the lawn of the Old Battle Place on Senlac Road, was better than "fair to middling." It was "stronger than gyar (gar) broth" (concerning which, see my article on the subject in North Carolina Folklore, December 1955), but "milder than milk from the breast of the Blessed Damozel" (Doctor Johnny taught the Pre-Raphaelites).

When he was a shy young assistant professor, Doctor Johnny goaded himself into active participation in the general-faculty meetings in vogue in those days (now displaced for all practical purposes by a smaller but higher-powered university senate locally called the Faculty Council), and made it a principle to speak at every faculty meeting and share in the forensics, no matter what the subject. Into every speech he managed to introduce the word "concatenation."

3. Good God in Goldsboro

Years ago, a frequent golf companion (sometimes worthy opponent, sometimes not silent partner) of mine was Freddie B. McCall, a longtime member of the University of North Carolina Law School Faculty. Half a dozen or more accidents, contingencies, situations, circumstances, or disasters -- such as a missed critical putt, a 250- or 300- yard tee shot, a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder, the sudden explosion of a covey of quail from the rough, a loudly-hooted horn in a passing automobile, somebody's stepping on a copperhead snake, a player's being narrowly missed or hit by a wild slice or hook, a stumble in a sinkhole, tripping on a root (he was much in the rough) -- anything exciting, exasperating, startling, prodigious, preternatural, supernatural, outrageous, or wildly comical -- found adequate expression in his loud exclamation, "Good God in Goldsboro!" (Sometimes varied by "Great God in Goldsboro!"), then followed by a whoop or a violent expulsion of breath.

Many North Carolinians, including Goldsborians, who usually smile sheepishly, admit knowledge of it and confess that they sometimes use it.

4. Let's Go Home and Beat Our Wives

Another member of a foursome with whom I often played had a routine for ending a particularly hot, exhausting afternoon of golf, or a disastrous game: "Well, gentlemen, I'm very much pooped and fatigued. Let's go home and beat our wives." Then, if he felt extraordinarily low he would give his golfbag a vicious kick. (He was a Middle-Westerner, from Iowa. I do not believe that, however provocative the hot weather, however exasperating his game, however rankling his defeat, he ever actually beat his wife.)

5. Making three tracks

My lawyer-companion's own peculiar way of describing his physical exhaustion or his discomfiture, even shame and humiliation, over the loss of the game or over conspicuous failure on his own part was, "Boys, I'm making three tracks! - one wide, two narrow."

6. Ox, Ox, sly as a fox --

In The Zane Grey Theatre, CBS, Thursday, June 15, 1961, Burl Ives appeared in a play summarized in "Previews" thus: "A former Confederate soldier who has spent long years in prison, Ox has only one thing in mind, revenge on his old commanding officer." In one scene a small, freckled-faced boy, after hesitantly accepting peanuts from the recently-returned ex-convict Ox, spat out a mouthful of the nuts, turned, and derisively shouted something over his shoulder at the outcast. Imperfectly understanding what had been said, and suspecting that it was some sort of proverbial saying, I asked my nine-year-old grandson, from Lexington, Virginia (and therefore an authority on children's rimes) what the little boy's words were. He replied instantly, glibly, and with evident relish:

"Ox, Ox, sly as a fox --

I hope you catch the chickenpox."

I asked, "Did you ever hear that before?"

"Sure," he replied.

"Where did you hear it?"

"On television. Didn't you?"

"How long have you known it?"

"All my life."

I could not remember having heard it before.

Have my readers of North Carolina Folklore heard it? If so, will they please write me when, where, and by whom.

On the bottom of the typed sheet recording this usage, I have room to add that Bill Jenkins, to be identified more formally below, tells me he has heard it many times. Bill's from Lincolnton, heart of the only Yankee (Republican) congressional district in North Carolina (perhaps to be gerrymandered into the Democratic domain by the 1961 North Carolina General Assembly). So Bill may have heard it from a descendant of the Pequod's crew who fled to the mountains to cool off from his thirty lashes.

7. Parebile them water creases.

During my first year in Chapel Hill, I lived in an undistinguished section of the village, near the open fields, from which I could hear quails calling in the corn. One of our neighbors, a plain and ignorant woman, right Tarheel 24 carats, with a heart of gold, called one of my children over to her house and sent my wife a basket of water cress, with this verbal direction, "Tellyourmammy to be shore to parebile them water creases." Though I couldn't remember having ever seen or eaten water cress in Mississippi, I knew what it was, and was of course perfectly familiar with "parebile," but I had never heard the whole locution.

8. Routs

One spring afternoon thirty years ago, I drove my family in our Chevy to the high hill west of what is now University Lake and was known as Collier Cobb's mountain (said by that eminent geologist to be of volcanic origin). As we approached the base of the mountain we found the road increasingly rough. There we met a prominent citizen of Carrboro, driving his family back home. We stopped and chatted. At parting he warned me, "Watch out for them routs; you might bust a spring." Until I reached the worst place, I wasn't sure whether he meant "roots," "routes," or "ruts." Soon a chassis-straining bounce told me what he meant.

9. "Put 'em down!"

Shortly after I had had a course in Middle English at the University of Chicago under Dr. James Finch Royster, then head of the department of English and dean of the graduate school of the University of North Carolina, I joined the staff of the department of English at Chapel Hill. At that time I did not connect Dr. Royster with a saying that I occasionally heard when I went into my classroom. Someone would bark out, "Put 'em down!" and there would be a shuffling and clumping of feet on the front rows. Later, a student explained the saying.

On account of his departmental and diaconal duties, Dr. Royster was frequently late for a lazy sophomore class that he delighted in needling. One day he was later than usual. When he walked to his desk, he saw on the far edge of it a huge pair of feet, of football-guard or -tackle proportions, blocking his view of the center rows of seats. The owner had gone to sleep while the class were debating whether the professor would give them "a grat" (that is, would not show up for class within the prescribed fifteen-minute maximum). He had not heard the warning of his more wakeful classmates.

A small, agile man, assured and graceful in his movements, and always ready and witty of speech, the professor wrapped his handkerchief around his hand and bopped the offending feet.

Coming slowly out of his dream of a recovered fumble or an intercepted pass, the boy rubbed his eyes and with astonishment recognized the features of the prof. "Ugh," he sighed.

Now daintily tapping a foot, the prof said, "Put 'em down and let me see your face."

Reddening, the 'varsity man hastily straightened up and dropped his feet.

The prof pressed his handkerchief to his eyes and with well-simulated horror snapped, "Put 'em back!"

10. Strackback

A University of North Carolina woman student told me of an incident that occurred on a bus from Chapel Hill to Asheville last Easter. While she was reviewing for a Chaucer examination, she heard an expression which might have come out of Chaucer, or which Chaucer would have understood. Two country women were enthusiastically discussing their grandchildren, stating with some pride the number of children they had and boasting of the prolificness of these many children. Hence a detailed discussion of the characteristics and physical qualities of the grandchildren ensued. One woman said that most of her oldest son's children "looked lack" her son, but his "littlest 'un were a strackback to his gran'pappy."

11. Thirteen languages

In the 1930's there was at the University of North Carolina, in the Department of Germanic Languages, a philologist of the old German-university breed, ein echter Deutscher und Schüler. (Ph. D. Leipzig, 1912). Enjoying the respect of his colleagues for his erudition, and great fame among the students for his linguistic prowess, he was alike the terror of lazy undergraduates who drifted or were departmentally shanghaied into his classes, and of graduate students facing the reading-knowledge German examinations as a preliminary to candidacy for a higher degree. The latter always tried to maneuver to take the examination under a more lenient member of the staff, reputedly offering fantastic bribes to the department secretary, the university mimeographer, or the building janitor -- anyone thought to be in the know -- for information about the identity of the next examiner. Lazy and "dumb" undergraduates had no alternative but to drop his courses.

The Herr Doktor had a very copious English vocabulary, and doubtless spoke grammatically faultless and idiomatically correct sentences. But he had learned to speak English late in life, and he was therefore the victim of strange mispronunciations (typically, v for w, w for v, t for th) and of stranger speech tunes. Irreverent loafers swore, too, that in impassioned utterance -- and the professor was a very passionate man -- he forced late-comers, who had to sit on the front row, to don their slickers or raise their umbrellas. Vehement gesticulations and grotesque facial contortions often disturbed attention to the sense of his discourse.

Yet, he was a famous linguist, and he became a legend on the campus of U.N.C. Many tall tales were told about him.

One day as he stalked from Saunders Hall, a group of young undergraduates sitting on the front steps, probably discussing the latest casualty of the preceding deutsche Lektüre und Konversation, hushed their chatter at his passage and with awe watched his disappearance around the corner of the building.

One of the number uttered a proverb attached to Professor Metzenthin's name: "Boys, there went a guy knows thirteen languages an' can't talk a damned one of 'em."

12. Thirty lashes with a wet noodle

In June 1961, at a Chapel Hill dentist's office in which convenient appointments are sometimes difficult to make, I was talking with the dentist's secretary, Cookie Smith, a young matron whom I had known for years, and with whom I felt to be friends. Like her other friends, I called her Cookie; I haven't any idea what her real Christian name is. I explained, with mock solemnity, now that I am not meeting classes this summer, and don't wish to be bothered any more than necessary, and then only at my pleasure, by tooth doctors and such -- I explained that I wanted a perfectly convenient date, and a flourish of trumpets on

arrival, and concluded with, "What can you give me?"

Leafing through her appointments book, Cookie looked up and replied, "Thirty lashes with a wet noodle."

"What?" I sharply asked. I wasn't sure about what she had said. I suppose I am a bit hard of hearing. "What did you say? How's that again?"

"I said, 'Thirty lashes with a wet noodle.'"

"Where did you get that expression, young woman?" (I was now a folklorist.)

"From my husband."

"Where do you reckon he got it?" (This is regular folkloristic routine.)

"How should I know?"

"Where did you pick him up? He wasn't a fly-by-night, was he? Didn't the guy grow up somewhere? Where was he raised?"

"In the mountains of North Carolina. I guess it's just an old mountain saying."

"Sounds more like something he learned from Captain Ahab of the Pequod."

"He was in the Navy o. k., but he wasn't on that ship, I guess."

When I asked my secretary, who is from Asheville, if she had ever head the saying -- I hadn't -- she said, yes -- from many men, many women, and many children, but chiefly from teen-agers and rather flashy dime-store clerks and so forth; she regarded it as an inelegant, not to say vulgar, expression and wouldn't be found dead with it on her lips.

13. Ugly as

During a telephone conversation with Mr. Joe Jones about permission to use an answer to the question "What do you know?" to be given below, Mr. Jones gave me this folk simile, with permission to use it: A woman was described as being "so ugly that she has to cover up her face when her baby sucks."

14. The usin' of

One of my lawyer golf companion's stories was about his father's first case as a young lawyer. A Negro came to the office with its freshly-painted sign for legal advice about recourse against a neighbor who had seized a hog for non-payment of a promissory note given in payment for the hog. "Did you sign a note agreeing to pay the vendor two dollars for the shote on December 1, 1896?" asked the lawyer. "Yassir, an' I fed him an' fattened him up, 'lowin' to kill him an' sell some o' de meat an' pay back de note wid dat. I kep' dat hawg fo' mont's, but de note crope up befo' de hawg was ready for killin', an' ol' Mose an' de constable crope up on me an' tuck him off." The young lawyer's face fell. "But did you fail to pay the note before the due date?" -- "Yassir." -- "Well," sighed the young lawyer, seeing his case fly out the window, "I'm afraid your neighbor's got you where the hair is short. Too bad. Can't do anything to help you. Sorry" (and he looked it). Seeing the young man's discomfiture, and wishing to comfort him by sharing a blessing, the Negro mused, "Well, jedge, atter all, fuh fo' mont's I had de usin' o' de hawg."

15. What air?

Dr. William T. Burns, Chapel Hill dentist, apropos of his secretary Cookie's saying about "thirty lashes," recalled an expression he heard in a Moore County dentist's operating room while an older dentist was treating a country woman.

After blowing out the old lady's cavity with compressed air, the dentist asked, "Did that air hurt?"

The woman piped out, "That 'ere what?"

From these gatherings made in Dr. Burns's clinic, it would seem that dentists' offices are as fertile a source of folklore as barber shops.

16. Whatta you know??

For the following I am indebted to Mr. Joe Jones, conductor of the "Chaff" column of the Chapel Hill Weekly, and to the Weekly. I quote Mr. Jones from the Weekly of June 12, 1961, p. 2.

"Friends meeting me on the street often say, 'Whatta you know, Joe?'

"My stock reply is, 'Plenty,' and their retort is usually, 'Well, tell me some of it,'

"Professor William S. Jenkins [of the U. N. C. Department of Political Science, Director of the Bureau of Public Records Collection and Research, and a noted Chapel Hill raconteur and maker of bons mots] is one of those who give the 'Whatta you know, Joe?' greeting. But the other day as we met in front of Rose's Store he said:

"This time I won't ask you what you know but I will tell you what an old colored fellow named Joe in my home town [Lincolnton, North Carolina] used to say when people asked him that. [In an addendum to the story, given by telephone, Professor Jenkins identified the 'old colored fellow' as Joe Weldon, the local chickens-and-butter-and-eggs pedler, a tall, windmill-armed, spraddle-legged old man somewhat lacking in his intellects, preternaturally solemn but capable of great excitement on occasion.] When they said, 'Whatta you know, Joe?' he would wave his arms over his head and make quite a to-do of saying in loud, vehement tones, 'I know . . . I know . . . I KNOW A SNAKE CAIN'T STRADDLE A LOG!'"

17. Wocks, wuts, and woots.

In the same telephone conversation referred to above, Professor Jenkins told a story about another Lincolnton worthy, George Rhyne, who could not pronounce the letter r. One day after a new postmistress had taken over, he asked for mail for George Wine. Guessing the Christian name, the postmistress looked through the W's five times and was compelled to announce that there was nothing for George Wine. Once there was a disastrous fire in Lincolnton, which greatly excited George. He told about it in vivid language: "The flames wapped over the top of the woof, and the wocks and the wuts and the woots was so bad in the woad that twawelegs couldn't get fwoo."

In this connection, Professor Jenkins recalled that old Joe Weldon couldn't pronounce an r either. Once when Bill was a schoolboy at Lincolnton and was telling Joe about how he has lost a hundred-yards dash in a local track meet, Joe tried to comfort him. "Well, Mr. Bill," he said, "aftew all hit ain't size what counts. If hit wuz, a cow could ketch a wabbit."

18. Yoked to death.

Most folklorists are familiar with the snowballing phenomenon in collecting. You hear or run into something that interests you. If you are a cagey old folklorist you don't put it down in your notebook and hide it and keep mum about it lest some TV funny man or hotspot singer get hold of it and beat you to the draw. You talk about it, bore your friends, and startle new acquaintances with it, tediously quiz people at dinner parties and perhaps after church. First thing you know, you find, either that it is tabu and people look queerly at you, or that it makes people wonder where you have been at all this time not to have heard or seen it, and you find yourself swamped with instances of occurrence and possibly new variants, or something else just as interesting. So it was with my line of investigation of "thirty lashes with a wet noodle."

My secretary was reminded by this saying and by one or two other bits of this paper, while she was typing it, of Mr. Crawford of Asheville.

A native mountaineer, Mr. Crawford did yard work for Mrs. Harvey C. Mills in that city. One day, after a job, he asked Mrs. Mills if she had a second-hand coat to sell. She said she did happen to have one. Mr. Crawford inspected it and asked the price. "One dollar." Mr. Crawford gave the garment another once-over, returned to Mrs. Mills one of the bills she had paid him with, took the coat, and went off mumbling vaguely. The next day he brought it back. He said: "Miz Mills, this here coat don't fit -- fer a dollar." He reflected a moment, then said, "I think hit mout fit fer fifty thents, thro."

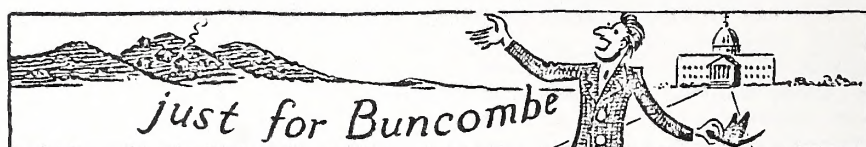
Back in the 1930's Mr. Crawford occasionally sold Mrs. Mills poultry from his little farm. One day when he brought chickens she looked closely at one carcass and said, "Mr. Crawford, why is this chicken's neck so long?" Mr. Crawford was tired, he had been working in the yard, and he lisped slightly. He replied, "W--w--well, I'll t-t-tell you, Miz Mills. Hit got hits neck caught in the cwick of the fence and h--h--hit yoked to death."

About the only possible sensible (if also boresome) conclusion to this essay on North Carolina speech as it funnels into Chapel Hill is that whatever piquancy, picturesqueness, or power of impact it has may be due to the physical characteristics of the Old North State, to the rugged individuality of its people, and to the ways in which its inhabitants, black and white, live and work and worship and have fun. Good living makes for good speech, sharp and strong. Freedom and independence make for courage and daring. A long history (1587 to 1961), during which, as Mr. Robert Frost once said in conversation here at Chapel Hill, Tarheels "were always leanin' against sump'n," then, stirred by a few leaders, got to hustling around and set up a school system, really took hold of an old university (chartered in 1789, erecting its first building, still standing and used, in 1793), established the nation's greatest tobacco and textile industries, built good roads, and "prepared to treat their visitors in a more hostile manner," worked out a reasonably humane *modus vivendi* for whites and blacks, learned to support their own cultural institutions, and began to study and understand their past -- this long history has enriched and mellowed language, made it zestful and flavorful. Tarheels are proud to live and die Tarheels, as they sing in the University of North Carolina alma mater:

I'm a Tarheel born and a Tarheel bred,
And when I die I'm a Tarheel dead.

Thirteenth Carolina Folk Festival

Sponsored by The Folklore Council



MEMORIAL HALL

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1961, 8 P. M.

PROGRAM

(No Encores)

Norman Cordon and Ike Greer, *Masters of Ceremonies*
Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Chairman of The Folklore Council*

1. Dance of Welcome. THE GLENN SCHOOL DANCERS, Durham, CATHERINE WYNNE, Director
Word of Welcome, ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON, Chairman of the University Folklore Council
2. DAN BROCK and SANDRA NORVELL, of Kentucky, and STARK SUTTON, Atlanta, Two Dukes and a Girl: Courtin' Songs
3. FORREST COVINGTON, of Burlington, Master TV Singer: Fine Ballads
4. RALEIGH RECORDERS, Directed by DUNCAN STUART: Music on One of the World's Oldest Instruments
5. J. MASON BREWER, Salisbury, Famous Negro Story-Teller
6. PHYLLIS KYLE STEPHENSON, of Virginia and North Carolina, in Great Traditional British Ballads
7. UNC MEN'S GLEE CLUB, JOEL CARTER, Director, JOHN K. CANUPP, President

-- INTERMISSION --

8. THE TRIANGLE SQUARES, of Chemstrand. Research Triangle: Alabama Jubilee and Western Square Dances
9. GUERRY MATTHEWS, Rock Hill, South Carolina, "Gladys the Cow" and Other Songs
10. Ex-Paratrooper CHRIS WREN in North-Sea Fisherman's Chanteys and Lullabies, and British Student Songs
11. HELEN SEWELL, Atlanta, German Seven-String Guitar
12. HERB SHELLANS, Brooklyn GI, and UNC Balladeer: Fancy Gap and Other Folksongs
13. MIKE HALL, Globe-Trotting Minstrel in Cowboy, Western, and Spanish Folksongs
14. Goodnight: THE GLENN SCHOOL DANCERS

Folk Song, Dance, Story, Instrumental Music by Topnotch Amateurs
Genuine, Fresh Folk Fancies From Far and Near

Staff: Glenn Vernon, *Production Manager*; Mack J. Preslar, *Sound*



THE THIRTEENTH CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL (See Program on opposite page.)

By A. P. Hudson, Chairman of the Folklore Council

Not since the old days, 1948-1958, when it was held on two successive evenings (if rain did not break it up), in Kenan Stadium under the directorship of Bascom Lamar Lunsford, "The Appalachian Mountain Minstrel Man," of South Turkey Creek, has there been a more successful Carolina Folk Festival than the Thirteenth, and not a better one of its kind was ever held in the former period. The success of the Thirteenth was of a different quality from that of the Medieval Period (the Kenan Stadium show having taken the place of an annual Dogwood Festival, held in the 1930's). In contrast with the wide-openness (in setting and in the character of the program), the Memorial Hall Festivals have been carefully planned in advance, programmed, and controlled and run off in a decorous auditorium, with speed and verve.

They have lacked the bleacherite and football-type of audience, with cries for "George! George!" (referring to a clownish mountaineer with a leer and a ten-gallon hat, who sang "Good Ol' Mountain Dew" with gurgles, grunts, and other incoherencies, but with a slamming good banjo accompaniment, and who also sometimes hogged the show or disturbed more dignified performers); the cries of night birds and the barking of dogs, and the roar of a plane passing overhead; the shine of stars and moon (when the skies were not dripping rain); and the smell of honeysuckle in Chapel Hill lanes. They have missed the indubitably high ratio of real "country" folk who, attracted by the Minstrel Man or drawn to Chapel Hill by their square-dance teams and their bands and solo dancers, made the Carolina Festival distinctly folk in a good sense. They have been deficient, too, in hillbilly in the best sense and also a great deal more deficient in "hillbilly" in the worst sense, both varieties pleasing different clienteles. But they have offered folk material of tested and known authenticity, with enough of the more recent "pop" stuff to loosen up a bit. And along with this they have presented performers who, reasonably close to the milieu of their offerings, have had the advantage of more education and travel, and have consequently developed a surer taste and a higher artistry than most of the old-timers exhibited. The Memorial Hall Festivals have, pari passu, steadily increased patronage by the sophisticated, educated people of the community who have not been spoiled by their education and been led to believe that "Folk Festival" means a lot of cavorting, caterwauling, cobpipe-smoking, tobacco-chewing yokels in overhauls and Mether Hubbards and poke bonnets, or synthetic, drugstore-cowboy costumes.

Six of the fourteen numbers on the program were presented by performers who had appeared on previous programs, some of them several times. These included the old master ballad-singers Forrest Covington and Herb Shellans, with favorites and a few new numbers. The Glenn School Dancers (eighth-graders), under the crisp and precise directorship of Mrs. Wynne, though they were a different lot, showed in two appearances, the same virtuosity that has distinguished her teams. The U. N. C. Men's Glee Club gave some turns that would have shone on an Ed Sullivan show at its best. Dan Brock, the Kentucky boy who appeared last year when he was a freshman, showed sophomoreic improvement and was ably assisted by his charming Danville, Kentucky, sweetheart (and immediately the audience's), Sandra Norvell, in a number of courtin' duets. The duo gave a fraternal brother, Stark Sutton, of Atlanta, a fine little tenor, a part of their time.

The new people were from many quarters, and exercised a great variety of talents. J. Mason Brewer, Negro folklorist from Salisbury, where he teaches

in Livingstone College, performed that difficult feat in a program primarily of music and dance -- held his audience in stitches, or rolled them in the aisles, with North Carolina Negro stories. The principal woman ballad singer was Phyllis Kyle Stephenson, of Newport News, not unknown to North Carolina television audiences, with her superb ballads of the "Child type," beautifully sung in a rich contralto and the best traditional style. Though she pleasingly sang two or three songs, Helen Sewell, of Atlanta, gave an unusual accent with her German seven-string guitar numbers, "Light o' Love" and "Jockey to the Fair." Guerry Matthews, who, at the last moment, was run into the spot originally given The Carolina Gentlemen, a band broken up by Uncle Sam's draft, and was asked to sing two songs, received encore after encore when she sang "Gladys the Cow" and "Hummingbird." A raven-haired, snapping-black-eyed South Carolina Hebe, like Mister Boll Weevil, she won her a home in Memorial Hall. Two men singers, Chris Wren and Mike Hall, both capable of going professional and succeeding (as they have already done in sporadic appearances), struck a high line, Chris with his lovely Northumbrian fisherman's songs, learned the hard way, on North Sea trawlers and in fishing villages; and Mike Hall, with "Boots, Six-Guns, Stetsons, and the Lilies Grow High" and some powerful Mexican songs. For the dance, The Chemstrand Triangle Squares gave the audience a rare spectacle in the sight of middle-aged to youngish couples, the majority of the men Ph. D. research scientists, doing precision square dancing with spirit and finesse. Perhaps the finest musical feature of the Festival was the performance of The Raleigh Recorders, who, with a variety of pitched recorders, one of the oldest and most beautiful folk musical instruments in the world, offered pavaues and other compositions originally folk or folk-derived, under the expert directorship and illuminating and piquant program comments of Professor Stuart.

Under the expert house management of Glenn Vernon, and the smooth sound-effects production of Mack Preslar, the task of Norman Cordon, Ike Greer, and the Chairman of the Folklore Council, who, being acquainted with most of the new performers, could more readily introduce them, was easy. There wasn't a hitch in the show, from beginning to end, and the audience responded generously to the offerings.

Memorial Hall was all but full on the fine May evening. The Thirteenth Festival, while giving away hundreds of complimentary tickets to performers, their drivers, and many students who helped in various ways, grossed over six hundred dollars. This, with a good balance from the Twelfth Festival, puts the Carolina Folk Festival definitely on the rails and gives it steam (or gas, as you please) to go places in the future. It will, when the fine publicity given the Thirteenth Festival by the University News Bureau, the Daily Tarheel, the Chapel Hill Weekly, the News of Orange County, the U. N. C. and the Chapel Hill radio stations, and the very attractive posters with cuts designed by John Allcott of the University Art Department and printed by the Orange Print Shop, comes to be equaled again and believed in surrounding towns, as it seems to begin to be believed in Durham, Raleigh, and Burlington. More and more members of the Folklore Society from afar, like Professor Joseph D. Clark (with his lady), should be coming to Carolina Folk Festivals in future. Two people in the audience came all the way from Minneapolis specially to attend it. Its fame is spreading.

DECATUR GILLIKIN¹

By Brent Blackmer

[This is from Brent's booklet, "This Is the Way It Was," submitted to her eighth-grade English teacher, Mrs. N. Jones, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for promotion to high school. Born in Nashville, Tennessee, of a family that has had interesting North Carolina connections, Brent now lives in Chapel Hill, where her father, Mr. Richmond Blackmer, works with the Inter-Library Loan Department of the U.N.C. Library.]

Decatur Gillikin was the best shot on the Banks. Decatur was eight feet tall and weighed eight hundred pounds, without shoes. He was the strongest man in the world, and he could shoot farther than anyone. He had such a strong pull on the trigger that the bullets would keep right on, going through anything in the way.

Decatur, named for a famous admiral in our navy, was marshal of Otway, North Carolina, and he kept that town as quiet as a church.

But one day Black Bill, a gunfighter from Currituck, came into town. Bill was so strong and so big that even the fastest guns on the Banks just laid down their shootin' irons and died when they heard Bill was coming to town.

But Decatur wasn't afraid at all. He put on his guns and walked out into the street.

Black Bill rode up and got off his horse. He said, "Are you Decatur Gillikin, the fastest gun on the Banks?"

Decatur said he was.

Bill said, "Then I'm gonna kill you."

Decatur said, "Now wait just a doggone minute. What's the use in us killin' each other? Let's see who can shoot the best first. But before we do, let's take a few snorts in Rip Down's bar." So they did -- a passel of snorts.

They decided they'd throw turpentine-barrel heads up in the air and then shoot at them. Black Bill sailed a head up in the air and shot it full of holes. Then Decatur tossed a head up and shot it all apart. They waited, but the head didn't come down. They figured it had lit somewhere else. They couldn't decide which one was the best shot; so they went to the saloon to have a few more snorts.

Have you ever wondered why the moon doesn't come out some nights? Well, the man in the moon takes a night off ever so often to go and see if anyone else is gonna shoot holes in the moon. Decatur didn't know it had been the moon he had shot up.

¹For other stories about Decatur Gillikin, see "Legends from Beaufort, North Carolina" by Tucker A. Littleton in North Carolina Folklore, VII (July 1959), pp. 14-16. --Editor's Note.

TWO LOW COUNTRY TALES

By Anton Borowsky (As Told to A. P. Hudson)

[A Low Country man (Charleston, The Citadel, selling and teaching, etc.), Anton has viewed his country and its people from afar as a soldier in Germany and Korea, and from the vantage-point of graduate study at the University of North Carolina. Of German parentage on both sides, he is a sort of triple-threat man about thirty years of age (married, with children) who is looking for a good job of teaching English and/or German, freshman composition, and yarn-telling. Anybody who wants a good, safe, sound man had better write him at 620 Palmetto Street, Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina -- quickly, pronto, oder blitzschnell.]

1. The Whale and the Lamp

Few people are briefed on the agricultural and sociological character of the Carolina Low Country. Around Charleston, the two most important truck crops are tomatoes (tomahtoes) and cucumbers. Until recently, Negroes, with the exception of white overseers, comprised the labor force. Now, however, a large percentage of common agricultural workers are migrants whose appearance and ethnological traits defy any specific racial or national appellation. Their language appears to be an olla-podrida of Gullah, Spanish, and West-Indian, perhaps -- very interesting, but practically incomprehensible except among themselves and to Gullah sharks. They swap tales which I, unschooled in scientific folkloristic terminology and taxonomy, am unable to classify. One of these I heard yesterday [June 1961] on the banks of the South Santee, not far from Archibald Rutledge's plantation. [Vide The Banners of the Coast, Old Plantation Days, Plantation Game Trails, Collected Poems, and a score of other delightful stories and poems, and numerous other articles and poems indexed in any good guide to fiction and poetry. -- Editor's note.]

Two different groups of laborers were working on the same farm. Each claimed its own champion fisherwoman. On a Sunday, when leisure permitted, the two groups sat around and chatted, each praising and advocating the prowess of its female fisher, each kidding (flying is, I believe, the term used in Beowulf) the other's champeen, and demanding that she prove her primacy. To settle the matter, since violent discord arose, the two champeens were called upon to relate their greatest piscatorial feats.

"Down in Floreeda, one day," began the first, after she had drawn the long straw, "I were feeshin' in de suhf. Well, Ah had me line in de watta 'bout t'ree or fo' minute when Ah git uh hit. Man! Dat wuh de bigges' hit w'at Ah ebuh been had. 'Near 'bout two owah hit done tek fuh me to git de creecha to de hill [shore]. Aftuh Ah got 'im up dat fuh, Ah gone git a man wid a pick-up truck tuh wrop a chain 'bout dat fush an' drag 'im up on duh beach. We take a pitchuh o' him. He shuh wuh tre-men-juz."

Here the lady stopped.

Number Two questioned Number One about the weight of the catch.

Number Two replied that she really didn't know, and was never able to find out, because no scales -- coal, hay, Highway-Department-truck, or railroad gauge -- was big enough to weigh the fish. "But," she added, "Ah tuck a pitchuh uh dat fush, an' duh pitchuh weigh' sixteen poun'."

Number Two then told her tale. She had slipped down to the beach one day -- this geste also occurred in Florida -- and threw her line into the water. In four

minutes she had pulled in an old kerosene household or boat lamp. It had the year 1898 embossed or stamped on the side. "An' dat lamp wuh still a-burnin'."

Lady Number Two rose up and shouted, "Dat's a dam' lie."

The second lady retorted: "Honey, Ah'll mek uh bogg'in wid you. Tek fifteen an' uh ha'f poun' offen duh pitchuh -- an' Ah'll blow out duh lamp."

2. Skinning a New Convert

The Reverend Izzy Zangwill (I'll call him, though that was not his real name) was a cultivated, humane, humorous Brooklyn rabbi, with a wife and two children, who for the sake of his health moved into one of the small Low Country towns to take a synagogue there. Like a gifted predecessor of another faith who, disappointed at court, was forced to take a cure in a sleepy parish in Devon, the rabbi at first missed the stir of Brooklyn and thought of the natives (non-Jewish) as little above the level of savages. But, like Robert Herrick, too, he was a shrewd and observant man, to whom Nihil humanum me alienum est was as true of Jewish as of Gentile culture (or lack of it), and he had a keen sense of humor -- humor at his own expense.

He soon became cognizant of the Holy Rollers (or Holiness) people and of their orgies of preaching, exhorting, confessing, walking the sawdust trail to the rough pine-board altar or pulpit, confessing their sins, relating their notable experiences, singing, dancing, foaming at the mouth, speaking in strange tongues, then in frenzy rolling on the ground -- these orgies frequently reaching a climax in baptizings in one of the still, black creeks. Not knowing exactly how he could establish his bona fides promptly, and unacquainted with the liberalism of these sects toward strangers who appeared genuinely interested in their worship, he was keenly eager to attend a baptizing that he heard was to take place -- grand-climactic of a week of shouting and rolling. So he went, a half hour early, to the reputed baptizing place and hid himself in the branches of a moss-festooned live oak that extended over the baptizing hole, and waited.

Here he at first watched proceedings below as closely as possible, at length growing weary -- for they were long drawn out. When, at last, the Hold Roller preacher began to baptize the converts, he felt that the payoff had come. But glimpsing a buxom-looking Low Country damsel in a shimmy approaching the water hole, and trying to adjust himself to see her better, he leaned over too far and fell crashing into the knot of converts gathered about the preacher -- fell in right in front of him. Without comment, the preacher instantly baptized him with the formula, beat the half-strangled rabbi on the back, and pushed him toward the creek bank. "Next," he said, eyeing the plump sister.

Since all present were deeply absorbed by the spectacle, for the damsel had been a notoriously "bad an' sinful gal," and her repentance was a triumph, the rabbi was able to leave the scene, dripping and disheveled and foreign-looking as he was, without challenge or comment.

When he slunk into his house, he met his wife, rushing at him. "My dear," he began, "I have just had an extraordinary experience. I ---"

Here his wife interrupted him, holding out her hand. "Izzy," she snapped, "I haven't got time to hear one of your interminable yarns. I've just discovered that the grocery store and other stores close for the long holiday, we're out of a thousand things, I've got to have forty dollars. Give me ---" The rabbi fished his wet wallet out of his wet pants and complied, and Mrs. Zangwill sailed out.

As he was on his way to his bedroom to change his clothes, he met his eighteen-year-old daughter, rushing in from the parlor. "My dear," he began, "I have had the most extraordinary experience. I've just ---"

"Hold it, pop. Ain't got time. Gotta have twenty for my deposit at Hunter College. Gimme." And the rabbi complied, and his daughter skipped out.

As the rabbi sighed and was about to sit down in his favorite chair and solace himself with a pipe, wet clothes or no wet clothes, his son, Solly, bounded in from the front. "Hello, son. Listen, son; sit down. I've just had the most hair-raising experience down on the Old Santee Slough. I had ---"

"Stow it, pop. I gotta run an errand in the car. Gimme your keys." And the rabbi complied, and the boy bounded out of the house.

That evening, when he had gathered his family around the dining table and made a silence and called it peace, he told the whole story.

He concluded: "Learn, my helpmeet and children, learn respect for the faith of your fathers. I hadn't been a Christian twenty minutes before three Jews shook me down for sixty dollars and my car keys."

AUTOMOTIVE RECAPITULATION

By Frances Mills Payne

[A native of Asheville, North Carolina, Frances is an English major in the University of North Carolina.]

The old lady from Altamont
Had everything she might want.
To the horror of her friends
She bought a Mercedes-Benz.

To this her friends did adjust.
Then she said, "There is one thing I must
Possess in the way of a car,
And that is a red Jaguar."

She bought one and drove it with verve
And said it was good on a curve.
Then she made a hasty bargain
For a light green Volkswagen.

So late in life the bug had bitten
That now she was completely smitten
With a long black Continental
For reasons sentimental.

Next it became her dream
To own a French Citroen in cream,
With a little chrome here and there
To match her silver hair.

Her friends gathered in a throng
To discuss if she were wrong
To spend her husband's estate
At such an alarming rate.

But the five cars stayed in her yard,
And the town and the friends dropped guard.
One day a noise overhead was heard:
She had bought a whirlybird.

THE KEYS OF CHARLOTTE CITY
(An Editorial)

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

I will give to you
The keys of Charlotte (N. C.)
Or Canterbury in Old England
If you will walk with me.

For several years, numerous and various members of the North Carolina Folklore Society have been raising the question whether a summer meeting is desirable and practicable. The matter, however, has not yet reached the stage of formal discussion at the annual meeting in Raleigh. By the end of these meetings everybody is emotionally so exhausted by the humor, wit, and pathos of the public program and the prevalent excitement of Culture Week that no one has felt like proposing another for the same twelvemonth. It is well known that other state folklore societies - the Florida, the Kentucky, the New York, the Tennessee, the West Virginia -- none so old as, and none better than, our own, or having more grist to bring to mill, or stronger ashes to the hopper -- regularly have a summer as well as a fall or winter meeting, and report that a good time is had by all, often with "dinner on the ground."

Custom and use, growing out of the Society's affiliation with the State Literary and Historical Society's and other Cultural Week activities, dictate that the big meeting (not necessarily the best) be held in Raleigh. And of course old (but forever young) Sir Walter is there to throw down his doublet, cloak, or (in North Carolinese) his dogbed* for us in The Virginia Dare Ballroom.

But there is no good reason why the Society could or should not meet in the summer. Latterly, we have had more program timber -- and good stuff too -- than we can use in one all-day singin' an' yarnin'. A summer meeting would, by giving more varied programs and more get-togethers, help keep interest alive in the long stretch between Decembers:

Last December,
I remember,
Wind blowed cold, babe,
Wind blowed cold.

It would be ideal for the "sunshine soldiers and summer patriots" in the rank and file, for schoolmarms and schoolmasters on the bum who wish to mix ballad tunes with book l'arnin' and culture with cheesecake, for collegians who feel that the world has ended with the annual Big Game on Thanksgiving and have no new one to look forward to until the Spring Germans, for professors who may wish to try it out on the dog. Then why not a summer meeting? In the language of John Keats at his worst, "Why in the name of Glory" can't we meet?

Assuming that there are no prohibitive objectives from the negative, we may ask, Where should or could a summer meeting be held? The answer is, Anywhere on a Big Road where we could snatch a samhandwich and hire or hook a hall.

But there are fittin', fittin'er, and fittin'est places. Where a more fittin' one than where the Society has a large cluster of members and a few active gleaners in the field, and where there are hostelryes galore, gaudy, and glittering, but not too grasping? Charlotte is such a center, and is said to have such

* Vide this issue, s. v. "Dogbed."

hostelries -- if not something as classy as The Tabard Inn, at least a place providing pleasant shelter and cool or warm air (according to the season), eatin's, ash trays, and spittoons, and lubrication for throats accustomed to such. (I know because, as I am to depose below, my wife and I tried one of them last fall, "And well we weren esed atte beste."

The following correspondence will open the question whether we shall have a summer meeting and, if so, where. It is published with written permission of The Hotel Wm. R. Barringer of Charlotte and of Miss Lynndy Lee Logue, Sales Manager, but without our usual charges for advertising.

Though the following letter was not the first pass of The Wm. R. Barringer from the supple and slender wrist of its Sales Manager, it evoked from the Secretary-Treasurer an admiring cry of "Touché!"

HOTEL WM. R. BARRINGER
Charlotte, North Carolina

[Crest omitted -- neat piece of heraldry]
Office of Sales Manager

June 16, 1961

North Carolina Folklore Society
Professor Arthur Palmer Hudson
710 Greenwood Road
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

What to do, Professor Hudson,

and where to go is often a puzzlement -- if you have never had the opportunity to visit Charlotte under the best possible auspices. But it need not be, if you will allow us to assist in the planning of your convention. I shall be most happy to furnish your association with suggestions about the interesting places to see -- from the Mint Museum to the industry-on--the-go complex of Charlotte. Charlotte has a wealth of resources, aesthetic, spiritual, and practical, and facilities, for amusement, edification, and moral improvement, keyed to the varying needs and desires of your membership. . . . And at The Barringer you may be sure that every endeavor will be made to render your meeting successful and enjoyable.

Sincerely yours,

LINNDY LEE LOGUE,
Sales Manager

To this smooth overture the Secretary-Treasurer replied as follows.

THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Office of the Secretary-Treasurer
710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, N. C.

June 19, 1961

Dear Miss Lynndy Lee Logue:

Your alliterated monicker provokes this informal manner of addressing you. It almost seduces me into omitting "Miss." But you might turn out to be a staid

matron or, worse, a finicky, formal spinster. And then the red rug, so invitingly spread for me in your high-power-pitch of the sixteenth instant, would be jerked from under me by your epauletted, white-gloved major domo.

Entirely in consequence of your previous sprightly promotion of the sybaritic charms and Lucullan luxuries of The Hotel Wm. R. Barringer, last November, between planes on our way to Charleston, my wife and I took a taxi at the Charlotte Airport and were driven to The Barringer (pardon the abbreviation) for dinner. There we saw realized in brick and stone a textile magnate's dream of The Waldorf Astoria or The Ritz-Carlton or The Shamrock, erected with Tarheel money on the rich red soil of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. Served in the somewhat sepulchral quiet of The Dining Room of State by The Captain of Waiters, assisted by at least a dozen of the First, Second, and Third Teams, we were solemnly and deftly served an excellent dinner, from soup to finger bowls. The earliness of our dining hour may have been the explanation of our almost exclusive privacy. But, enjoying it (we are simple country folk, accustomed to dining on rare occasions without orchestras, floor shows, and cigarette girls), we were pleased to note, before we took our leave, some unmistakable signs of pre-prandial preparations for Bigger Doings -- some civic-service or woman's club, we judged. My wife thought she could tell by the flowers, but I have forgotten how, or what her prognosis was. We made our getaway, scrupulously leaving some of our silver, and abstaining from the hotel silver and linen, before these distinguished guests arrived.

Our cabby to The Barringer, by the way, was worthy of The Barringer's commission to haul its guests around, and, it developed at some length, is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina (School of Education), who had seen his light and left North Carolina youth to find their light. He spoke with pride of The Barringer.

The whole episode produced a mixture of ideas in my mind which was catalyzed by your letter. Here is what I came up with.

Though The Barringer would, I am persuaded, provide a stimulating and appropriate setting for The North Carolina Folklore Society meeting, usually on the first Friday afternoon of December, custom and use (which are sacred in folklore) and the geographical location of Raleigh practically limit us to The Barringer's peer, The Sir Walter, and to association with the affiliate organizations meeting during Culture Week.

We should, however, experiment with a spring or summer meeting of the Society. May I, then (to use a good Tarheel word), banter you about meeting in Charlotte at The Barringer, with a view to referring your offer, if it seems favorable, to the Society?

To be practical: What would an afternoon (2-4 o'clock) use of an auditorium seating 200-300 people comfortably (i. e., in the summer, air-conditionally) cost us if the officers of the Society urged all members, in honor bound, in attendance to lunch and/or dine in your coffee shop, and all overnight attendants to book rooms at The Barringer? And what (if any) graft or gratuities, perquisites or privileges would The Secretary-Treasurer (that's me) enjoy?

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON,
Secretary-Treasurer

HOTEL WM. R. BARRINGER
Charlotte, North Carolina

June 21, 1961

[Crest omitted]
Office of Sales Manager

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Dear:

I send a note of unmetered cheer
To thank you for your clever letter --
One, upon answering, 'tis time I better.
(Waiving all formality)

Although my monicker is quite alliterated,
You, dear Sir, have thoughtfully obliterated
The fact that I could very well be
Young . . . gay . . . 'n' fancy free.
(Indeed, to this day 'tis such I be)

Neither staid, cold, nor confirmed,
My way into the world I have wormed --
Into this world of business bold,
With its letters brisk but not cold.
(I pray you, Sir, believe you me)

Your epistle has warmed my heart
And given my day a merry start.
And so with brain-searching, word-teasing purport
I set about speeding this retort.
(Making good use of my dictionar-ee)

I thank you for your tongue-in-cheek praise
Of our "deft" and "sprightly" ways.
Glad am I we've made a hit
With a fellow of such pretensions to wit.
(He'd charm the cagiest crows off a tree)

Though this meter is rough and unnamed,
And as a poet I'm not yet famed,
My sales pitch with propriety
May serve the N. C. Folk Society.
(And earn for me my advertising fee)

To pass from poetry to prose, from compliments to common sense. I feel sure that if the officers, collectively and individually, officially and personally, strongly suggested, even urged, the members to lunch with us, some arrangement could be made to waive the usual rental fee for the auditorium or hall used as a meeting place.

Would there be only session of the Society? If so, pray tell me how so much can be accomplished in such little time? Does your masterful wit express itself in administrative ability as well as in the art of blandishment and verbal expression?

As for you personally, if your Society will ask us to set up a block of rooms for a corresponding anticipated number of delegates who will be giving us the pleasure (and the profit -- what else is a good hotel run for?) of entertaining them as our guests--a block, mind you, a block of at least fifty (I put it in Arabic, 50) rooms, then, my good fellow, we shall feel most honored to compliment you. Again to be specific, I mean that The Hotel Barringer will give you and your good wife, on assurance of the lady herself that she is your wife according to the laws of the State of North Carolina, the keys to the Bridal Suite. And, Sir, I assure you that the Bridal Suite of our hotel is really something to write home about if you occupy it legally, and something to get into the papers if you don't.

Since golden lady sales managers must, as chambermaids, come to dust, and may even be bounced, I offer the next inducement conditionally. If I am still in the service of The Barringer in my present capacity (not a lower one, such as hat-check girl or chambermaid), I shall be most happy to have you and your wife (whom, knowing about the financial operations of college professors, I suspect to be the real Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folklore Society)* as my guests in the State Dining Room or a private dining room, as you might prefer.

This latter arrangement shall be entre nous. I mean I shouldn't wish you to blab about it.

I will check among the Higher Echelons of The Barringer to have the seal of approval stamped upon documentary memoranda of these arrangements.

Until such time as you shall hear from me again, I remain

Ever so unwittingly, ** A. P.,
Your devoted fan, Miss Lynndy Lee,

LYNN DY LEE LOGUE,
Sales Manager

THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Office of the Secretary-Treasurer
710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, N. C.

June 23, 1961

A Love Letter to Miss Lynndy Lee Logue

My dear Miss Lynndy Lee Logue:
Since when's it become the vogue
For a maidenly sales manager
To solicit custom for her
Proud hostelry in rime?
Ain't such an unnatural crime?

Though such, it is well done,
Like rubbing out guys for fun
In a very artistic way,
Regardless of profit or pay.
And for my humble part,
I'll comment on it as art.

*She is. Editorial note

** Editor's query: Could this be a misprint for "unwillingly"?

Your rimes are clever, not
Your meter -- it's not so hot.
Your figures of speech, like your own,
Are svelte. (So my bank's last loan.)
You committed one anacoluthon,
Which I won't tell the truth on.

But the matter's clear as glass.
I get you, my fluent lass:
"For a block of fifty bespoke
We'll set up a hall for your Folk,
With tea and macaroons,
Ash trays and brass spittoons."

I'll take your offer up.
With you in state we may sup.
By then you'll have seen how we,
In one day of jollity,
"Accomplish so much with wit."
We'll run you dizzy with it.

One point, however, Miss Logue:
I'd have you know I'm no rogue.
When I wrote of "graft" and such,
I wasn't serious -- much.
I merely wished to know
Your racket, and I do so.

A lordly poet of ill fame
Once propositioned a dame --
Though a duchess, he thought her game.
"For a thousand?" quote she. "For shame!"
Quoth he: "I thought you a pro.
Your price I just wanted to know."

In the words of an ancient song
You have my answer -- not long:

"When cockle-shells turn silver bells
And mussels they bud on a tree;
When frost and snow turn fire to burn --
Me 'n' my wife will dine with thee."

But I will pick up the check
And pay it, with a tip, by heck!
I'll be incorruptibull --
If you haven't upped the pull.

If for this you feel aversion,
I swear there's no aspersion
On Lynndy Lee's personal code --
Or her skill in composing an ode
That seduces elderly gents
To part with their dollars and cents.

In assurance whereof I invite
Miss Lynndy Lee Logue to write
A check for dollars two
For membership (journal too)*
In the Folklore Society,
And to post the same to me.

Now who's gonna be sellin' who --
You me, my sweet, or I you?
Me first. So come, my honey;
Show me the color of your money.
I send you of our latest a sample.
A glance or a peep will be ample.

My dear Miss Lynndy Lee,
In the summer of 'sixty-three,
May I see the Charlotte Mint
Which no longer coins a cent,
And taste The Barringer's tea,
And dance a jig with thee
(That is, if I could dance) --
And keep my change in my pants?

That year's the Jubilee
Of our Society,
And near enough to the Gold-
En one of wife and me.
With you we'll eat.
Brush up the Bridal Suite!

Yours affectionately and faithfully,

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON
Secretary-Treasurer
The North Carolina Folklore Society

So far as the author-editor of this essay is personally concerned, according to the folklore and the protocol of all civilized countries, the lady shall have the last word to say in these negotiations, before they reach the stage of formal discussion next December, when the same rule of etiquette will be observed with reference to the lady-members of the N. C. F. S. Miss Linndy Lee Logue's comment on and reply to the Secretary-Treasurer's last, sent by return post (the Charlotte-Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill plane waiting and throbbing at the Airport) reads (all personal allusions to the Secretary-Treasurer scrupulously deleted though cherished in his secret heart) as follows. (Note how cunningly Linndy Lee shifts to appropriate ballad stanza.)

HOTEL WM. R. BARRINGER
Charlotte, North Carolina

[Crest as before -- omitted]

June 23, 1961

ODE TO ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON, DEAR

While sitting in my office cozy,
Enjoying the peace and quiet,

*Copy posted under separate cover.

I heard a voice shout, "Mail call!"
'Twas exciting, I won't deny it.

A letter landed, from Chapel Hill,
All neatly clad in green.
I shouted to all, "Think what you will --
'Tis from my fellow keen!"

Laughter rippled in The Barringer,
From cranny to roof-garden's nook.
I was breathless, with nothing to say,
And doubtless was plum' shook.

Recovering from my syncope,
And taking keyboard in hand,
I set myself to answer you,
My fellow salesman grand.

('Tis like a play by Shaw -- I see
We're both done in by flattery.
I slip into couplets to save time
For thinking up a ballad rime.)

Before we're wearied by further thought
And the deal is carried through,
'Twere safer for both of us, I've thought,
To take a look at you.

In school old Vergil taught me to fear
Greeks bearing subscription slips.
I've signed one on the dotted line;
Might fall for other quips.

Enclosed a check for 2 you'll see,
With thanks for the publication.
And I am pleased that I shall be
Among your aggregation.

Hats off to the guy who sold me first,
When selling is my game.
Ne'er saw a bloke before who durst
Surpass my blarney's fame.

Now, if the blazing summer sun
Can keep you shaded at home,
Toward Chapel Hill and swapping fun
This willowy maid'll roam.

The date shall be at your leisure and pleasure.
But time is short and fleeting.
Believe me, I shall always treasure
Such a grand, eventful meeting.

I'm both amused and piqued to think
You fancy I've lost Round One.
I'll nail the old coon's hide to The Barringer.
Whose skunk shall last be skunk?

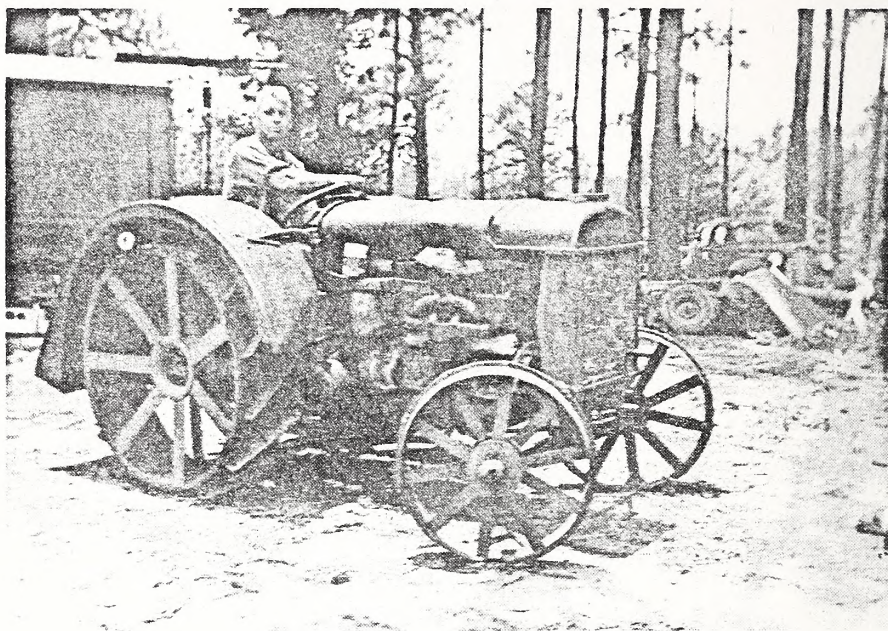
If the old prof thinks he stands "one-up"
He's in for a spot of bad luck.
He'll be like a shirt-tail young 'un teaching
His grandma to milk a duck.

Thus, dear fellow members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, the end result of these negotiations, if favorable and propitious for the Society, will be presented at the December 1961 meeting. In the meantime, whatever may seem best about the when and where of a second meeting, please consider the question of whether. Remember that our Golden Jubilee year is 1963. Shouldn't we be activating ourselves with a view to that? Will one meeting in 1962 be sufficient for preparations?

If you are offered the keys of Charlotte City or Canterbury, will you take a walk with us?

Miss Lynndy Lee waves one big key,
And gives the come-on to you and me.

"CUCARACHA": A TRACTOR FOR CASTRO
by dave and george brady



5546 Shakespear Road
Columbia, South Carolina
9 June, 1961

Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General U. S.
White House
Washington, D. C.
Dear Robert F:

Me an' ole george heard you was sarchin fer some tractors to giv to sum Castro or Kestro (or castrated) feller we think his front name is Fungelo or sumthin it s ho aint Fungo it mout be fungus, anyhow bein that me an george is done with the plowin till nex fall when the hoss gits well why i thought you mout could use ourn which we is sendin a pitcher uv

Lack everthing else we got she dont run so hot but me an george wants to be patriotic like everbody else an everbody nos you kin fix anythin. so you let me no c/o my address what you kin see on the front of the envelop when you want her an i need 3 days to far her up fer good.

george is my brother an hit tuck us too howers to rite this cause i aint too bright an george aint too fas looking up the words. can you git him a job. he are perty good.

Yrs.

DAVE AN GEORGE BRADY

PS--I sont you a pitcher uv her. even ef you dont want her let me know whuts comin off cause we wants to trade 22 CORE riders for a cottonpicker.

PS agin. --weve hearn tell that if a feller tuck a fredum ride to jackson miss he kin git a cottonchoppin job on the state prisun farm at parchman with rum and bord an lady visters on sunday only is thar anything to this rummer.

PS the 3rd time. --about cucaracha we low shes jes whut this feller Kastro needs only george sugges if we mek a deal with him we putt a bum unner the drivers seat anstart hit up with the storter or ef he would ruther start her by the han crook the bum oughter be putt even with his beard.

cc: Fungelo Castro

THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE

The Chicago Folklore Prize was established by the International Folklore Association and is awarded annually by the University of Chicago for an important contribution to the study of folklore. Students, candidates for higher degrees, and established scholars may compete for the Prize. The contribution may be a monograph, thesis, essay, article, or a collection of materials. No restriction is placed on the contestant's choice of topic or selection of material: the term "folklore" is here used in its broadest sense (e.g., American, European, etc., folklore; anthropological, literary, religious, etc., folklore).

It is permissible to submit material which has appeared in print, if such material is submitted within one year from the time of publication. Sufficient postage should be included if the contestant wishes to have his material returned. The successful contestant will be asked to donate his entry, if it is already printed, to the University of Chicago library; if the award goes to an entry submitted in typed form, the author is likewise requested to send a copy to the University of Chicago library if it later appears in published form.

Entries must be submitted before April 15, 1962 to the Chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, The University of Chicago, 1050 East 59th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois.

The Chicago Folklore Prize provides a cash award of about \$50.--. The recipient's name is published in the Convocation Statement in June.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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University of North Carolina Press,
1960 |
| Mr. George Kerson
1701 - 16th Street, N.W.
Washington 9, D.C. | for his book:
<u>Black Rock - Mining Folklore of
the Pennsylvania Dutch</u>
The Johns Hopkins Press, 1960 |
| Mrs. Harriett M. Pawlowska
c/o Harold A. Basilius
Director
Wayne State University Press
Detroit 2, Michigan | for her book:
<u>Merrily We Sing:
150 Polish Folk Songs</u>
Wayne State University Press, 1961 |

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

Arthur Palmer Hudson

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LOIS LENSKI'S USE OF REGIONAL SPEECH

By George P. Wilson

(Former secretary of the American Dialect Society, and author of the "Folkspeech" section in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore and of numerous dialect studies, Professor Wilson has retired from the faculty of the Woman's College of U. N. C. and is living in Greensboro.)

Lois Lenski's regional books are written in the speech of the inhabitants of the particular locale dealt with. Why do some authors use regional speech? There are a number of answers. 1. For scientific or linguistic reasons, that is, to show the actual characteristics of a certain local speech. Three current illustrations here are the publications of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, the Lakeland Dialect Society, and the Lancashire Dialect Society. 2. For artistic reasons, that is, to give local color, to portray characters not only as to their physical environment but also as to their speech. Some of the best writers have employed dialect for this purpose: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Drayton, Dekker, Burns, Tennyson, Dickens, George Eliot, Hardy, Barrie, Joel Chandler Harris. 3. For belittling persons. Two weekly magazines of unusually wide circulation resort to this method in an attempt to create a feeling of dislike for persons whom the editors of the magazines dislike. 4. For arousing sympathy toward the residents of a region or a class of people. Of course, a writer may use regional speech for more than one purpose.

In the early 1940's Lois Lenski began her regional series, using the local speech of each region for her characters, speech which she herself heard firsthand in these regions. In this way she hoped to make the people and their background more vivid to the reader unacquainted with the region. Because this was something of an innovation in children's literature, her use of regional speech was questioned at first. I am, therefore, attempting a sort of *apologia pro lingua vulgari* -- a defense of, if you please, and not an apology for her use of folk speech. Since what she says about this use of nonstandard English is better than what I could say, I quote her. In a letter to me in 1946 she wrote: "I do wish that you would write that (proposed) article on the value of dialect ... or that I might see you and talk it all over. I had been fighting a 'one-woman' dialect battle until I accidentally learned of your (American Dialect) Society. Some of my books have been 'banned' by public libraries because they are in dialect. Many children's libraries bristle at the sound of the word! But I've kept on using dialect -- in the hope of promoting greater understanding of different kinds of people, and I believe that I am breaking down some of the objections to it." And in her acceptance speech of the Newbery Award for 1946, she said: "I cannot conclude without a word as to the speech or dialect used in these books. We have as many kinds of American speech as we have regions---- Speech is so much more than words -- it is poetry, character, emotion. To give the flavor of a region, to suggest the moods of the people, the atmosphere of the place, the speech cannot be overlooked. When I remember the soft, velvety tones of the bayou French people, the way they transfer our English words into their native French rhythm, when I hear again the soft, lazy drawl of the Florida Crockers or the mountain people with fine Elizabethan phrases on their lips, it seems to me a sacrilege to transfer their speech to correct grammatical, School-Reader English, made easy enough for the dumbest child to read. To me this would be a travesty on all the beauty and character of these people.... There may be some children who will find this regional speech difficult reading. But I am willing to make this sacrifice, because of all that those who do read it will gain in the way of understanding 'the feel' of a different people and 'the flavor' of a life different from their own."

She is correct. In her books she tells about the climate, the occupations, the crops, the animals, the tools, the foods, the houses, the furnishings, the clothing, the education, the religion, the customs. Had she turned the speech of these people into standard English, she would not have been true to facts -- important facts -- that reveal people. A child who reads one of Miss Lenski's regional books gets the impression that he has visited the inhabitants of the region portrayed.

Some persons object to the use of dialect in children's books. They claim that dialect is difficult for an outsider to understand, that it is ugly, and that it may corrupt the speech of children.

In the first place, Miss Lenski's regional speech is not given in its "full strength," such as one may find in the works of Joel Chandler Harris or the publications of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, the Lakeland Dialect Society, and the Lancashire Dialect Society. Again I quote from her letter to me: "In (my books) I am using a simplified dialect of each region..." What George Eliot wrote on this subject is quite pertinent here: "It must be borne in mind that my inclination to be as close as I could to the rendering of dialect, both in words and in spelling, was constantly checked by the artistic duty of being generally intelligible. But for that check, I should have given a stronger colour to the dialogue in Adam Bede, which is modeled on the talk of North Staffordshire and the neighbouring part of Derbyshire.... It is a just demand that art should keep clear of such specialties as would make it a puzzle for the larger part of the public; still (a writer) is not bound to respect the lazy obtuseness or snobbish ignorance of people who do not care to know more of their native tongue than the vocabulary of the drawing room and the newspaper."

Is dialect ugly? In the quotation just given from Miss Lenski, she says that it is beautiful. Many other persons competent to judge agree with her. Burns wrote poetry in both standard English and Lowland Scots. Most readers of him will agree with the appraisal made of him by an early critic, Dr. David Irving: "The most beautiful of his poems are professedly written in the Scottish dialect...." A later critic, T. F. Henderson, points out a number of merits in Burns's vernacular poems: "... it is here that we have the best, the truest and the fullest revelation of his mind and heart. The sentiments, the thoughts and the moods they express are of a very varied ... character; ... they are set forth with a peculiar freedom and honesty and with rare felicity and vigour, while in the presentation of manners and occurrences, he manifests a vivid picturesqueness not surpassed ... by other writers of verse."

I doubt that children will be permanently influenced in the use of dialect by reading it. In a recent letter to me, 1959, Miss Lenski writes: "There is one time when I want children to use dialect. That is when they are dramatizing the stories, something I strongly encourage. To do this, they have to use the regional speech, so that they may enter truly into the life of the character, to really 'be' that person, and thus understand more deeply a life different from their own.... In many reports on the use of my books I have never once heard that children have been influenced to use dialect by reading them. On the other hand, the dialect has many times proven to be a real bond between child and book, and between child and author" Then she cites examples to show how children of certain regions were induced to read her books because they found in them regional words which they themselves used. These words served as connecting links and stamped her books as being truthful.

As for the notion that dialect is corrupt, the opposite generally holds. Corrupt means broken away from. Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, wife of the distinguished English linguist and authority on dialect and herself an authority, makes this observation: "The average Englishman has no accurate conception of what the term dialect really is, beyond the vague notion that the term covers a mass of barbarisms, corruptions, and mispronunciations of the King's English, devoid of order or system, and used by the illiterate rustic in a haphazard fashion.... But ... in very many cases it is the standard language which contains the anomalies and the corruptions, whilst the correct forms have been handed down in the dialects where systematic sound-laws and exact grammatical rules have been regularly developed and carried out unhampered by the arbitrary rules of fashion, or the regulations of stereotyped spelling 400 years behind the pronunciation." Folk speech is not so much ungrammatical speech as it is characterful speech. And in spite of some modern forces tending to normalize speech in America -- more and faster means of travel, movies, radio, and television -- folk speech continues to be used in many sections.

Here are some dialect expressions which Miss Lenski employs that are quite old, some being older than the standard English equivalents. Afeard goes back to about 1000, whereas afraid is first recorded in 1330. Shakespeare uses afeard over thirty times. Learn meaning to teach is found in 1200. Many early English writers used it frequently. Even the modern Tennyson has it in "Mighty the Wizard who ... learned me Magic." Holp (or hope) as the past tense and past participle of help is historically a better form than helped. To use helped is as "corrupt" as to use drinked, runned, or writed. In Cymbeline we find: "You holp us, sir, as you did mean indeed to be our brother." Thar for there is found in Alfred the Great around 888. Yarb for herb is very old. Ralph Higden has yerbes in the first half of the fifteenth century; Tyndale used it in 1526. Sich for such was used in 1250. Nary is the same as the poetic form ne'er a, ne'er being a contraction of never. Shakespeare writes: "Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you?" One word frequently heard among the uneducated and sometimes the semi-educated of the South is hit, which is the uncontracted form of it. In colloquial speech we often use 'im, 'er, and 'em, contracted forms of him, her, and hem. Hit was first recorded in 878, it in 1200. Queen Elizabeth I employed both forms, but hit more often than it. Many Southerners whose speech has not been tampered with use the salutation hey rather than hi. Hey first appears in 1225, hi in 1475. Miss Lenski's use of hey for Southerners instead of hi shows how accurate she is in recording speech. In the preface to one of her books, Corn-Farm Boy, she writes: "This book is as true and honest as I could make it. All the incidents have happened in real life to some living person. None are distorted or exaggerated.... Pages of conversation were taken down verbatim."

As a collector, publisher, and editor of dialect, I regard word-lists and discussions of dialect as immensely important. But I also regard as highly important the accurate use of dialect in written narratives, such as Miss Lenski's. Each folk word or phrase when used in context becomes more meaningful than when listed in a glossary. The three English dialect societies, which I mentioned above, publish narratives in dialect. A study of Lois Lenski's regional speech may "learn" young folk and older folk a great deal about our language -- the meaning of its words, its grammar, its pronunciation, and sometimes its spelling.

The fact that her books are popular both in America and abroad is proof not only that they have merit as narratives but that their regional speech is not a deterrent to comprehending them. I can say now that the early objections to the dialect in her books have faded away and been forgotten as her regional books have found a permanent place in our current literature for children, and have established her as one of America's best-loved authors of children's books. Her books are not only widely read in all English-speaking countries, but they have been translated into at least eight foreign languages: Burmese, Czech, French, German, Norwegian, Portuguese, Sinhalese, and Swedish.

Dr. Leland B. Jacobs, a professor of Education and a specialist in children's literature, gives high rating to Miss Lenski's regional books: "... undoubtedly her most distinguished contribution to the field of children's literature has been her regional fiction, in which she has pioneered and has achieved a level of creative accomplishment that gives her the distinction of being the most widely known contributor in this genre today."

SUPERSTITIONS FROM NORTH CAROLINA

By Joseph D. Clark

(At North Carolina State College Professor Clark has for years been collecting from his thousands of students proverbs, riddles, folk similes, and superstitions. His last article in NCF, "More North Carolina Riddles," appeared in July. In preparing the present article he has been in correspondence with Professor Wayland D. Hand, editor of the two volumes on superstitions in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore.)

Part One

The superstitions listed in the compilation below were collected and submitted by my first-year students in English at North Carolina State College during 1955-56 and 1960-61. The pads on which the names and addresses of the contributors are recorded indicate that these students come from many of the counties of the State of North Carolina and therefore show the persistence of superstitions beliefs and customs in this part of the nation. To all of these unnamed students I am indebted not only for their interest in the subject matter but also for their generosity in making it available in this article.

The more than five hundred entries in the compilation are arranged under captions gratefully borrowed from The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, VI (Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina), as edited by Dr. Wayland D. Hand and published in 1961 by the Duke University Press. The presently available chapter headings of the seventh volume, to be published with an index of both volumes in 1962, are also being used with the compilation. As far as possible at this time without the use of the index, all entries in the list of superstitions are correlated numerically with entries in The Brown Collection; they are also arranged in keeping with similar subject matter that is so ably classified by Dr. Hand. To this competent editor, to the late Dr. Frank C. Brown, and to the distinguished scholars of Duke University much credit must be accorded for providing this landmark of regional superstitions. It is a vast storehouse of folklore for the scholars in the field, both here and abroad.

To those who wish to study more intensively some of the historical backgrounds and motifs of many of the superstitions recorded herein as well as those in The Brown Collection, it is suggested that they check comparable details in Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk Literature, I-VI (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1955-58). By way of illustrating the immense value of these volumes, the following brief list of motifs is sufficient for comparisons with related entries in the compilation of this article.

Birds furnish omens, B147.2
Owl as bird of ill-omen, B147.2.2.4
Cat as beast of ill-omen, B147.2.1.2
Crickets as good omens, B147.3.1.1
Animals pray, B251.4
Animals worship infant Jesus, B251.1.1
Werewolf (man or woman changed to wolf), D113.1.1
Butter (milk) transformed to blood, D474.5
Magic mistletoe, D965.4
Magic four-leaf clover, D965.7
Magic circle, D1272
Magic numbers, D1273.1
Three as magic number, D1273.1.1
Three on a match, D1273.1.1.1
Seven as magic number, D1273.1.3
Hazel used by Druids for divination, D1311.4.1.2
Magic object breaks spells, D1396

Magic object cures fever, D1502.3
 Fairy as magician, D1711.5; D1719.5
 Magic results produced by wishing, D1761
 Fairies give money, F343
 Gifts from Fairies, F349

Superstitions, as generally understood, are beliefs about cause-and-effect relationships which cannot be verified by systematic investigation. In their widespread and interrelated history, both nationally and internationally, superstitions are perpetuated by the illiterate and the literate. Although the uneducated classes are given the credit for perpetuating most of such unfounded beliefs, the fact of the matter is that the supposedly educated are frequently guilty of maintaining preposterous concepts that appear to be less grossly untrue to reality. In the perspective of history, the social process of evolution reveals that a rational explanation of life is in constant warfare with the outworn views of bygone ages. Such tenacity of irrationality is evident more or less on all levels of society--vocational, educational, professional, political, economic, and scientific. With no intention of disparaging any great human advancement into a more viable existence, it is obvious that the final truth is not yet recorded. Witness the struggle of mankind to establish the theory of evolution, or the consecration of the godly to cleanse the temples of their unholiness, or the foresight of the intelligent to till the fields with scientific power rather than with magic and sleight of hand. The hand of the dead--the superstitious--has too often barred the windows to new light. In one of his great poems, James Russell Lowell expressed pithily the consequences of blindness to the advancement of knowledge: "Time makes ancient truth uncouth." In the towers of learning, the Einsteins are always supplanting the respected Newtons.

This view of the validity of superstitions belief is, however, subject to some modification. Although many superstitions have already lost much of their original meaning, there is sufficient evidence to show that the originals of them had a certain degree of rationality about them. The fallacy in this type of reasoning lay in a false inference. For example, the notion that the breaking of a mirror will bring bad luck was originally associated with the complete destruction of the soul of the person thus mirrored. Another illustration of this sort involves the original motivation in castrating an animal when the signs were in the feet, but not above the waist. The purpose was to prevent excessive bleeding. A final example of the wrong explanation is related to the belief that picking up a stone, spitting under it, replacing it, and then rising up will cure the hiccoughs. What the holders of such belief failed to recognize was that the cure was obtained by stooping, thus restoring the glottis and the diaphragm to normal function. Despite the mistaken cause-and-effect relationships involved in these instances, it is apparent that there was a substantive value in the original motivation.

Superstitions are manifested in multitudinous ways, from the most patently simple to the most abstruse and occult, from the natural order of man and his environment to the supernatural realm of spirits. In the quest by man to explain the riddle of the universe, to rid himself of fear and anxiety, to placate the anger and curse of the unknown, or to fulfill his hopes for greater comfort and assurance, he has thus made his existence a satisfying make-believe in lieu of more reasonable explanations. The procedure in effecting this attitude is reflected in some of the paragraphs that follow.

The manifestations of superstitious beliefs, being varied and intertwined in language structure as well as in details of thinking, may be classified under a few major headings, namely, magic and the closely allied categories of signs, tabus, and animism. In fact, it is easy to transfer some of the superstitions from one category to another by rephrasing the grammatical structure. For the purpose of giving more specific comment, each kind is being treated separately.

The folklore of superstition abounds in magic, being expressed through charms, talismans, amulets, rites, rituals, fetishes, spells, and words themselves--a sort of verbal sleight of hand,

legerdemain or prestidigitation. The principal types of magic are contagious and homeopathic or imitative. The former type is well illustrated by the following entry from *The Brown Collections* (5546): "If you carry a lock of hair of a person, you will have power or control over that person." The latter sort involves the reciprocal relationship between like and like, such as the use of a heart-shaped leaf to cure heart troubles or the use of a liver-shaped leaf to treat liver ailments. This pseudo-science of magic, often employed in the manipulation of both the natural and the supernatural, is somewhat related to mythology and the sacrilegious aspects of worship. Furthermore, conjuring as connected with witchcraft, casting of spells both physically and verbally, divining with wishbones and forked sticks, charming the hearer with the repeating of sensuous words, the stamping of white horses, and the practising of weather rituals such as hanging up a snake to produce rain are apt examples of the general scope of magic.

In olden times magicians, who were recognized by king and priest, excelled in tricking the gullible, particularly with physical acts and necromancy. Aaron fooled the Egyptians when he threw down a rod and produced a serpent; the alchemist in the Middle Ages promised the conversion of baser metals into the precious, and then ran away with the down payment of the victim; and Faustus in Germany conjured the folk with all the tricks of hell and heaven. In this century, the art of deception is more subtle—in certain types of advertising, palmistry, political propaganda, and plain lying. Repetition of senseless words and slogans can sell many a nostrum to the unwary who are ready to be plucked. The ensuing examples of magic are sometimes the tricks of the trade, often displayed by the vulgar and occasionally by the polished.

- A heart-shaped leaf is good for your heart. (47)
- A liver-shaped leaf is good for your liver. (50)
- Hang a horseshoe over the door for good luck. (81D)
- Throwing pennies into a wishing well will grant a wish. (82)
- If you make a wish on a falling star, it will come true. (171A)
- If you stamp a white horse, you'll have good luck. (116)
- Draw a ring around a cricket and it can't jump. (87)
- Kiss a red-headed person and it will cure fever blisters. (43)
- If you bite your tongue as a bee or wasp approaches, the insect can't penetrate you. (56)
- To get rid of a wart, rub a penny on it and throw away the penny.
The person finding the penny will get the wart. (59H)
- Good luck to tear corners off a two-dollar bill. (119A)
- If you steal someone's dishrag and hide it, then your warts will
go away. (59E)
- If you grease a pneumonia patient's feet, the disease will go
out through the feet. (51)
- Hang a (dead) snake, belly up, in a tree to make it rain. (241B)
- Fire may be talked out of a burn if one recites a certain verse
from the Bible. (39)
- If the hem of your dress turns up, kiss it and you will get a new
dress. (100)

A widely prevalent form of superstition is associated with signs, tokens, symbols, omens, and portents. Often related to the marvelous aspects of nature, they have been variously interpreted as good or bad. This outlook was common among the ancient Greeks, who sent their priests to the oracles to get the meanings of the flights of birds or of the signs on the exposed entrails of a sacrificed cow. If the auguries were propitious, religious ceremonies and national policies could be fulfilled with satisfaction. Similarly, the early Hebrews, as recorded in the Bible, were acutely conscious of the many signs of Jehovah's power, such as the burning bush, the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. These ancient tokens, along with any accompanying rituals, ultimately were brought under question by fearless prophets and scholars as they sought more reasonable explanations. Perhaps in these times of critical analysis, the honest skeptic would advise all persons who believe that moles on the neck are a sign of wealth

to consult a surgeon or secure for themselves a lucrative job. In the light of modern thought, like questions may be raised about some of the following signs and portents.

- Moles on the neck mean money by the peck. (111)
- Corn thick with silks means cold weather. (243)
- A falling star means that someone has gone to heaven. (197G)
- When a dog howls at the moon, someone in hearing distance will die. (189C)
- Dropping a jug of milk is a sign of death. (191)
- Wean a baby when the sign is right, and it won't cry. (8)
- Pull teeth when the sign is in the feet and not in the head. (55A)
- Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue for good luck after marriage. (182)
- If you dream of snakes, it is a sign of enemies. If you kill them in your dreams, you have conquered them. (131)
- A swinging spider means company is coming. (152)
- If a rooster crows near the door, you'll have a visitor. (153)
- An itching foot means you'll tread on strange land. (143A)
- A whistling girl and a crawling hen are sure to come to no good end. (31B)
- Breaking a mirror is a sign of seven years of bad luck. (94C)
- A five-leaf clover means bad luck unless you give it away. (175)
- Rain in three days when a horse shakes with gears on. (239)
- Eating turnip greens, hog jowl, blackeyed peas, and peaches on New Year's will bring health and wealth during that year. (66B)
- When a dove sings, winter is over. (237)

A large segment of superstitions is embraced under the word tabu, an interdiction to restrict or warn a person about committing certain acts. The tabu is of three types--inherent, imposed, and derivative. Originally it was a sacred prohibition, imposed by priests and royal figures, to uphold religious and national customs or beliefs; and, as such, it was usually enforced through fear of social disapproval. Today there are vestiges of ancient tabus, which are denoted by special signs and rituals to aid one in avoiding pollution, danger, disappointment, hardship, misfortune, and death itself. This thou-shalt-not approach is relied upon heavily by some religious groups, some guardians of the law, and some parents who have abdicated responsibility for more creative leadership. The persistence of the tabu is amply illustrated in the entries immediately below. These prohibitions, stated either explicitly or implicitly, are sometimes accompanied by counteractants, as in the last few on the list.

- Bad luck to spin a chair on one leg. (92)
- Bad luck to open an umbrella in the house. (95B)
- Bad luck to go in one door and out another. (108)
- If someone makes a mark across your path, it is bad luck to step across the mark. (127)
- Bad luck to cross baseball bats. (134)
- Don't have your hair cut in March; it causes headaches all the year. (46)
- If you sleep outdoors and the moon shines on you, you will become a lunatic. (16)
- If cut during the dog days, the cut will not heal until dog days are over. (40)
- If one eats fish and drinks milk, he will become sick. (63)
- If you touch a toad (or frog), you will get warts. (58B)
- Sing before breakfast; cry before supper. (69)
- Shoes under your bed cause restlessness. (52)
- If one kills a toad, poverty will strike him. (142)
- To put a hat on the bed means no money. (104A)
- Whatever you do on New Year's Day you'll do the rest of the year. (75A)
- Don't dump ashes on New Year's Day. (73A)
- Don't wash clothes on New Year's Day, or you will wash for a corpse the coming year. (79C)

Taking up ashes after the sun goes down means bad luck. (73B)
 Never cut firewood from trees which have been struck by lightning. (257)
 If someone steps over you, you will have bad luck unless he steps back over you. (26)
 Don't start a piece of clothing on Friday unless you can finish it. (105A)
 Turn your hat around if a black cat crosses your path. (146G)
 Step on a crack and it will break your mother's back; step on seven straight, and it will mend her back. (25F)
 If you go out of the house and forget something and have to return for it, sit down and cross your legs before leaving again. (144B)

Another closely related aspect of superstition is animism, animatism as some prefer to call the term, one of the oldest forms of belief in the history of mankind. It is characterized by ascribing conscious life, will power, or human prescience to inanimate objects, plants, animals other than human, heavenly bodies, and a host of imaginary spirits, fairies, werewolves, goblins, sandmen, ghosts, witches, and devils. Such objects and creatures are supposed to exercise their occult influence over the destiny of man: to curse him with evil, to bless him with prosperity, or to manipulate him without his every knowing that he is being controlled. Their mysterious powers, sometimes totally unrelated to human affairs, are exemplified in the following list.

For every star there is an evil. (196)
 Rivers stop at midnight on Christmas Day. (231)
 Marriages and hangings go by destiny; matches are made in heaven. (186)
 If you enter a barn at midnight on Old Christmas (January 6), you'll see the animals kneeling in prayer around the manger. (228I)
 A horse hair in water will turn to a snake. (282B)
 Predict weather by a chicken's crooked breastbone. (236)
 A charmed person can find water with a forked stick. (221A)
 The rain crow can tell of coming rain. (240)
 Knock on wood for good luck. (223A)
 If you rub a splinter taken from some part of your body, the place won't be infected. (54)
 If you show the moon a new piece of money, you will live a year longer. (118)
 Fairies trade money for teeth. (110G)
 Place your tooth beneath the pillow, and the sandman will lay some money. (110I)
 If the broom handle is across the doorsill, a witch won't cross it. (77)
 The sandman will put sand in your eyes. (214)
 Only a silver dart will kill a werewolf. (217)
 Headless Hattie rides on the full of the moon. (219)
 When it is raining and the sun is shining, the devil is beating his wife. (208A)

The foregoing comments on and illustrations of the interlocking and overlapping categories of superstitious customs and beliefs bear close relationship to their varied forms of structure. Formal expression of superstitions has a wide gamut in grammar and rhetoric. Simple and complete declarative sentences, with occasional elliptical structures, are predominant. These direct forms are followed, in a more or less relative order, by simple imperative sentences; complex sentences, with conditional clauses introduced by *if*, *unless*, and other conjunctions; gerundive and infinitive phrases; expressed or implied uses of the expletive *it*; and introductory prepositional phrases. Since superstitions require positive expression, the interrogative sentence is very rare.

This direct, objective, and frequently unreserved language structure is observed in the figurative and proverbial qualities of some of the ensuing entries. Phrased with straightforward and unabashed gusto, each of them has a crispness so appealing to the unquestioning mind.

As wise as an owl. (285)
Ears burning is a sign of gossip. (124A)
Happy the bride the sun shines on. (181)
Sassafras tea is a cure for asthma. (37)

It should be noted, too, that poetic devices that once were extensively prominent in folklore occur on a minor scale in this compilation. The following instances have a word magic, made conspicuous by alliteration, rhyming, repetition, wonder, and romance.

Moles on the neck mean money by the peck. (111)
The seventh daughter of the seventh daughter is psychic. (17)
Rainbow in morning, sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight. (123A)

Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
See my true love tonight. (170A)

In conclusion, one must wonder about the acceptance of superstitious customs and beliefs as well as other forms of deception without verification. As commented on heretofore, some folk have received aid from these beliefs. Faith of this kind has had its psychosomatic value in establishing a sense of order and confidence in the mysteries of existence. It has given an assurance about life in spite of the false inferences about the cause-and-effect relationships of certain phenomena. How widely such faith is held today is problematic. To a great body of people, superstitions are viewed with humor, whimsicality, and idle curiosity. On the other hand, a sizable group of folk avoid activities on the thirteenth or on Friday the thirteenth; or planting anything on rotten Saturday, the day after Good Friday; or planting potatoes unless the moon has the proper sign; or castrating animals if the zodiacal sign is not in the feet; or walking on both sides of a post unless they can counteract the impending evil with the magic words--"Bread and butter." Similar persistence of such faith is evident in many levels of human society. For example, during the first half of the nineteenth century, sophisticated doctors engaged in wholesale bloodletting, which was extensively abandoned when it failed to eliminate the causes of ailments. Although some bloodletting is practised today, it is for more scientific reasons. The important concern of the physicians nowadays is to get the blood plasma back into someone's body--another innovation that provokes wonder about the proper remedies in 2000 A.D.

The reader may be puzzled by this discussion and compilation of beliefs that are current in this enlightened age. Perhaps he can find consolation in the words of Hamlet to his most loyal of friends:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.¹

¹ Hamlet, Act I, Sc. v, ll. 165-6.

Part Two

I. Birth, Infancy, Childhood

1. Babies brought by storks. (Brown, 1)
2. Babies found under a cabbage leaf.
3. Babies come from tree stumps. (Brown, 3; cf. 4)
4. A pregnant Miss--to the younger children in the family--has swallowed a watermelon seed.
5. When biscuits and cakes burst on the top, it is a sign that someone is pregnant.
6. A. Babies born when moon is full.
B. Infants are more likely to be born on a full moon.
C. More babies are born with the coming of a new moon.
7. Eating the afterbirth of a newborn baby by the father brings good luck.
8. Wean a baby when the sign is right and it won't cry. (Cf. Brown, 81)
9. A pregnant woman who looks at a rabbit will have a hare-lip baby. (Brown, 110)
10. Rub nose in butter on birthday.
11. If you can kiss your elbow, you will change sex. (Cf. Brown, 152-3)
12. Put an onion in your pocket and the baby will be a boy.
13. If a baby first moves on the left side it is a boy, and vice versa.
14. Everything is controlled by the stars. (Cf. Brown, 242)
15. Don't sleep in the moonlight. (Cf. Brown, 884)
16. If you sleep outdoors and the moon shines upon you, you will become a lunatic. (Cf. Brown, 219, 2759-60)
17. The seventh daughter of the seventh daughter is psychic. (Cf. Brown, 222)
18. A. Don't cut a baby's hair until he is a year old; bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 231)
B. Bad luck to cut a baby's hair before it is a year old.
19. Don't cut a baby's fingernails (with scissors) until it is a year old. (Cf. Brown, 227, 232-4, 252-4)
20. A baby has to fall off the bed one time prior to his first birthday, or he won't grow up. (Cf. Brown, 256)
21. Children who play with matches wet the bed. (Cf. Brown, 278)
22. Never permit a child to name a doll for a loved one or a friend. Whatever happens to the doll will happen to the namesake.

II. Human Body, Folk Medicine

23. If one points his finger toward a graveyard, the finger will rot off. (Cf. Brown, 580)
24. Cut nails while in bed, and you will have bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 588-90)
25. A. Step on a crack and you will have bad luck.
B. Step on a crack and break your back.
C. Step on a crack, break your mother's back.
D. Walking on the cracks in a sidewalk will break your mother's back.
E. Stepping on a crack in the sidewalk breaks your mother's back.
F. Step on a crack and it will break your mother's back. Step on seven straight and it will mend her back.
26. If someone steps over you, you will have bad luck if he does not step back over you. (Cf. Brown, 614-17)
27. When you first see the new moon, see it with empty hands, for it is a sign of good luck. (Cf. Brown, 653)
28. Count all the stars you can and that is your father's age.
29. A. Bad luck to sweep under a sick person's bed. (Cf. Brown, 701-3)
B. Don't sweep under the bed if person is sick.
30. Don't sweep under anyone's feet.
31. A. Crowing hens are signs of bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 709)
B. A whistling girl and a crowing hen are sure to come to no good end.
32. A. A rabbit's foot is good luck. (Cf. Brown, 745)

- B. A rabbit's foot means good luck.
- C. A rabbit's foot brings luck.
- 33. The rabbit brings eggs at Easter.
- 34. A. An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
- B. An apple a day will keep the doctor away.
- C. An apple a day will keep the doctor away; an onion a day will keep everybody away.
- 35. Eating nuts improves the brains.
- 36. An asthmatic dog (Mexican Chihuahua) will cure asthma (he takes it from person).
- 37. Sassafras tea is a cure for asthma.
- 38. Wearing a hat in the house makes you baldheaded. (Brown, 843)
- 39. Fire may be talked out of a burn if one recites a certain verse from the Bible. (Cf. Brown, 992-4)
- 40. If cut occurs during dog days, cut will not heal until dog days are over.
- 41. Feed a cold and starve a fever. (Cf. Brown, 1101-3, 1410-1)
- 42. If you keep a purple ear of corn in your house, it will keep away fevers.
- 43. Kiss a red-headed person and it will cure fever blisters. (Cf. Brown, 469-74)
- 44. Smoking stunts one's growth.
- 45. Cut hair on the night of a full moon. (Cf. Brown, 1554-5)
- 46. Don't have hair cut in March; it causes headaches all the year.
- 47. A heart-shaped leaf is good for your heart.
- 48. A. Hold breath and count to ten to cure hiccups. (Cf. Brown, 1660-1, 1663-6)
- B. A scare will cure hiccups. (Cf. Brown, 1673-4)
- C. Cold knife on back to cure hiccups.
- D. To cure hiccups, stoop over, pick up rock, spit under it, and rise up. (Cf. Brown, 2426--warts)
- E. Squat and spit on a stone to cure hiccups.
- 49. Sandman brings sleep.
- 50. A liver-shaped leaf is good for your liver.
- 51. If you grease a pneumonia patient's feet, the disease will go out through the feet.
- 52. Shoes under your bed cause restlessness.
- 53. Bad luck to put shoes under the bed.
- 54. If you rub a splinter taken from some part of your body, the place won't get infected. (Cf. Brown, 2221-2)
- 55. A. Pull teeth when blood sign is in the feet and not in the head.
- B. Have teeth pulled by the sign of the moon.
- 56. If you bite your tongue as a bee or wasp approaches, the insect can't penetrate you.
- 57. Ginger and honey tea will cure stomach ulcers. (Korean origin)
- 58. A. Warts come from frogs (Cf. Brown, 2410, 2413-4)
- B. If you touch a toad (or frog), you will get warts.
- C. Warts come from toads.
- D. Toads cause warts.
- E. You will get warts from picking up a toad.
- 59. A. Rubbing an old bone on a wart will cause it to disappear. (Cf. Brown, 2443-9)
- B. Steal a piece of fatback meat and rub it on wart and then hide it to take off warts. (Cf. Brown, 2458-74)
- C. Spit tobacco juice on a wart to get rid of it. (Cf. Brown, 2557)
- D. Rub green tomato on a wart, and it will go away. (Cf. Brown, 2558)
- E. If you steal someone's dishrag and hide it, then your warts will go away. (Cf. Brown, 2587-2612)
- F. Steal old dishrag and hide it; it will take off warts.
- G. Sell a wart for a penny; buyer gets the wart. (Cf. Brown, 2675-83)
- H. To get rid of a wart, rub a penny on it and throw away the penny. Person finding the penny gets the wart. (Cf. Brown, 2684-6)
- I. Burning straws will remove warts.
- J. Lemon juice will remove a wart.
- 60. If you see the full moon through the branches of a tree, it will bring bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 2761)

61. If you bite your fingernails, you will have worms.
62. Combing your hair at night makes you forgetful. (Cf. Brown, 2767)
63. If one eats fish and drinks milk, it will make him sick. (Cf. Brown, 2819)
64. If one eats watermelon and ice cream, it will make him sick.
65. If you eat watermelon after drinking whiskey, it will kill you.

III. Home, Domestic Pursuits

66. A. On New Year's Day cook something that swells for a prosperous year. (Cf. Brown, 2826-33, 3405-8)
 - B. Eat turnip greens, hog jowl, blackeyed peas, and peaches on New Year's to bring health and wealth during that year.
 - C. Hog jaws, cabbage, and blackeyed peas for New Year's dinner will bring luck.
 - D. Eat collard greens at New Year's to have paper money all year.
 - E. Eat cabbage and peas on New Year's Day for prosperity. (Cf. Brown, 3357)
 - F. Eating dry peas and hog's jowl on New Year's Day brings good luck.
 - G. Hog jaw and blackeyed peas on New Year's Day means a good new year.
 - H. Have blackeyed peas and hog jowl to eat on New Year's Day.
 - I. Eating blackeye peas and hog jowl on New Year's bring prosperity.
 - J. If one eats peas and hog head on New Year's Day, peace and happiness will prevail throughout the year.
 - K. Good luck to eat blackeyed peas on New Year's Day.
 - L. Eat blackeyed peas at New Year's to have pennies all year.
 - M. Good luck to have blackeyed peas for dinner on New Year's Day.
 - N. Eating corn bread, blackeyed peas, and hog jowls on New Year's Day brings good luck.
 - O. Cook blackeyed peas and hog head on New Year's Day and have plenty to eat all year.
 - P. Rice and peas on New Year's Day bring good luck.
 - Q. Cook blackeyed peas on New Year's Day and be prosperous all year.
 - R. To insure good luck for the whole year, eat blackeyed peas and hog jowl on New Year's Day.
 - S. If you eat blackeyed peas and hog jowl on New Year's Day, you will have plenty of money during the new year.
 - T. Eating cabbage on New Year's Day brings a prosperous new year.
 - U. Money cooked in blackeyed peas on New Year's means you will have money all year.
67. Singing at table will bring bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 2842-3)
68. Bad luck to talk at the dinner table.
69. Sing before breakfast; cry before supper. (Cf. Brown, 468, 2844-52, 3086-91, 3125-6)
70. A. Bad luck if you drop the salt. (Cf. Brown, 2880-3)
 - B. Spilling salt is bad luck.
 - C. Spilt salt means bad luck.
 - D. To knock salt over means bad luck.
 - E. Throw salt over your shoulder to bring good luck.
 - F. If you spill salt, you'll have bad luck if you don't throw salt over your left shoulder.
 - G. If person spills salt, he must throw some over his shoulder to prevent bad luck.
 - H. Throw a pinch of salt over your left shoulder after spilling it.
 - I. When a salt shaker is overturned, throw some salt over your left shoulder to keep away bad luck.
 - J. When passing salt at the table, never accept if from the person. Have the person place salt on table; then you can take it. (Cf. Brown, 2885)
71. Bad luck to borrow salt. (Cf. Brown, 2886-8)
72. A. Put salt on a bird's tail to catch it.
 - B. You can catch a bird by putting salt on its tail.
 - C. Birds are caught by putting salt on their tails.
 - D. If you can throw salt on a bird's tail, you can catch it.
73. A. Don't dump ashes on New Year's Day. (Cf. Brown, 2900-11)

- B. Bad luck to take ashes out of fireplace between Christmas and New Year's Day. (Brown, 2907, cf. 2900-06, 2908-11)
 - C. Don't take up ashes between Christmas and New Year's Day.
 - D. Carry ashes out of wood stove before twelve o'clock, or the house will burn down. (Cf. Brown, 2900-11)
74. A. Bad luck to take ashes out of a stove before the sun rises. (Cf. Brown, 2901-2)
 - B. Taking up ashes after the sun goes down means bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 2901-2)
75. A. Whatever you do on New Year's Day you'll do the rest of the year.
 - B. Don't do anything on New Year's that you don't wish to do all year.
 - C. What you do on January 1 you will do all year.
76. Bad luck to jump over a broom. (Cf. Brown, 2931)
 77. If the broom handle is across the doorsill, a witch won't cross it.
 78. When you move, carry your broom in first.
79. A. No bed clothes should be washed between Christmas and Old Christmas. (Cf. Brown, 2937-9)
 - B. It is bad luck to wash clothes between Christmas and New Year's Day.
 - C. Don't wash clothes on New Year's Day, or you will wash for a corpse during the coming year. (Cf. Brown, 2938, 2940)
 - D. If you wash clothes within three weeks after Christmas, you will wash someone out of your family. (Cf. Brown, 3574)
 - E. Don't wash clothes on New Year's Day.
 - F. Bad luck to hang clothes on the line between new Christmas and old Christmas.
 - G. Unlucky to change bed clothes between Christmas and the New Year.
80. Bad luck to move to a new home on Friday. (Cf. Brown, 2951)
81. A. Horseshoes represent good luck. (Cf. Brown, 2963-4)
 - B. A horseshoe means good luck.
 - C. Hanging up horseshoes is good luck. (Cf. Brown, 2961-4)
 - D. Hang a horseshoe over the door for good luck.
 - E. Good luck to hang a horseshoe over a door.
 - F. A horseshoe over a door is good luck.
 - G. If you tack a horseshoe over the door, you will have good luck.
 - H. Horseshoe over the door for good luck, and turned up so luck will not run out. (Cf. Brown, 2961-4, 4479)
 - I. Horseshoe on the wall means good luck.
 - J. Finding a horseshoe and throwing it over your shoulder brings good luck.
82. Make a wish when you go somewhere new, and it will come true. (Cf. Brown, 2966-8)
 83. Throwing pennies into a wishing well will grant a wish.
 84. Wish on a load of hay for good luck.
85. A. Never carry a shovel or hoe into a house, or your family will suffer. Worse luck if you carry the one on your shoulder. (Cf. Brown, 2975-9)
 - B. Bad luck to bring a hoe into the house. (Cf. Brown, 2983)
86. A. A cricket in the chimney corner signifies good luck. (Cf. Brown, 3010-11)
 - B. Crickets in one's home bring him luck. (Cf. Brown, 2992)
87. Draw a ring around a cricket and it can't jump.
 88. Your mother will die if you kill a cricket. (Cf. Brown, 2993, 3009)
 89. If you pass anyone on the stairs, it is bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 2998)
90. A. Lighting three cigarettes on one match is unlucky. (Cf. Brown, 3024-5)
 - B. It is bad luck to three people to light cigarettes from one match.
 - C. Bad luck to light three cigarettes off same match.
 - D. The third one that lights a cigarette on the same match will have bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3024-5)
91. A. Bad luck to spin a chair on one leg. (Cf. Brown, 466-7, 3041-2, 3044)
 - B. To spin a chair on one leg is bad luck.
 - C. Bad luck to turn a chair around.
 - D. Bad luck to turn chair around in the house. (Cf. Brown, 3040)
92. Bad luck to rock an empty rocking chair. (Cf. Brown, 3037-8)

93. If a picture falls from the wall, it is bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3052)
94. A. Breaking a mirror brings bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 671, 3059)
B. Breaking a mirror brings seven years of bad luck.
C. Breaking a mirror is a sign of seven years of bad luck.
D. Breaking a mirror is seven years bad luck.
E. Broken mirror (sic) brings seven years of bad luck.
F. Seven years bad luck if you break a mirror (sic).
G. To break a mirror means seven years of bad luck; a girl will not get married for seven years. (Cf. Brown, 3059-61)
95. A. Bad luck if you open an umbrella indoors. (Cf. Brown, 3062, 4635, 4656, 4678-9)
B. Bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
C. It's bad luck to open an umbrella in a building.
D. Don't open an umbrella in the house.
E. It is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
96. A. It is bad luck to walk under a ladder. (Cf. Brown, 3064, 3065-8)
B. Walking under a ladder brings bad luck.
C. Walking under a ladder (sic) is bad luck.
D. Bad luck to walk under a ladder.
E. Walking under a ladder is bad luck.
F. Don't go under a ladder, or you will have bad luck.
G. Never walk under a ladder.
H. It's bad luck to walk under ladders.
I. Walking under an open ladder is bad luck.
97. Always take a dream backwards. (Cf. Brown, 3123)
98. To dream of a death is a sign of a birth.
99. If you turn over between the time you dream and the time you get up, you will forget your dream.
100. If the hem of your skirt turns up, kiss it and you will get a new dress. (Cf. Brown, 3159-62, 3231-2, 4113)
101. Bad luck to wear clothes wrong side out. (Cf. Brown, 3179-91, 3193-3203; for contrast, 3145)
102. Clothes make the man.
103. Clothes do not make the man.
104. A. To put hat on the bed means no money. (Cf. Brown, 3238-9)
B. Don't hang hat on bedpost.
C. Placing hat flat on bed means you'll be disappointed. (Cf. Brown, 3238-9)
105. A. Don't start a piece of clothing on Friday unless you can finish it. (Cf. Brown, 3269-75)
B. Dresses started on Friday will never be finished.
106. A. Pick up pins for good luck. (Cf. Brown, 3309, 3312)
B. See a pin, pick it up; or all day long you'll have bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3328, 3338)
C. See a pin and pick it up; all that day you'll have good luck.
107. A. Don't sweep the dirt out the door after dark. (Cf. Brown, 690, 2913-23, 3376-8)
B. To clean or sweep after sunset means bad luck.
C. Sweeping kitchen at night means bad luck.

IV. Economic, Social Relationships

108. A. Bad luck to go in one door and out another. (Cf. Brown, 1568, 2969-71, 3372)
B. Always go in and out the same door.
C. Always leave a house by the same door that you entered.
D. Bad luck to enter a house at one door and leave at another.
E. Bad luck to leave a house by the window.
109. If you sweep out the door, you are sweeping your money out. (Cf. Brown, 3374)
110. A. Leave tooth under pillow, and fairy will leave money. (Cf. Brown, 3388)
B. Put a pulled tooth under your pillar (sic), and a fairy will give you a dime. (Cf. Brown, 3388)

- C. If you leave your tooth that has just been pulled under your pillow, the fairies will come. (Cf. Brown, 387)
- D. Put teeth under pillow for good luck.
- E. Fairy will leave money under your pillow if you put a pulled tooth under it.
- F. Put a pulled tooth under a pillow, and the good fairy will replace it with money.
- G. Fairies trade money for teeth.
- H. Put a tooth under pillow at night, and fairies will leave a nickel in place of the tooth.
- I. Place your tooth beneath the pillow, and the sandman will lay some money.
- 111. Moles on the neck mean money by the peck. (Cf. Brown, 651, 3351-3, 3390-9, 4732-3)
- 112. A. If your left hand itches, you'll get money. (Cf. Brown, 3401-2)
- B. Left hand itches is sign of money. (Cf. Brown, 573-6)
- C. If left hand itches, you are to spend some money.
- D. If right hand itches, you are to receive money. (Cf. Brown, 3399)
- E. An itching palm means the receiving of money. (Cf. Brown, 3393-8)
- F. An itchy palm means good fortune.
- 113. There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
- 114. Finding a penny is good luck. (Cf. Brown, 3445)
- 115. A. Bad luck to have one shoe on and one off. (Cf. Brown, 3206-9, 3403-4)
- B. Bad luck to walk with one shoe off.
- 116. A. If you stamp a white horse, you'll have good luck. (Cf. Brown, 3416)
- B. Good luck to stamp a white horse.
- 117. Horses have night eyes.
- 118. If you show the moon a new piece of money, you will live a year longer. (Cf. Brown, 3432-7)
- 119. A. Good luck to tear corners off a two-dollar bill. (Cf. Brown 3447-9)
- B. A two-dollar bill with all four corners (untorn) is sign of bad luck.
- 120. A. Begin a job on Friday, and it is never finished. (Cf. Brown, 3455-6)
- B. Don't begin any kind of work on Friday that can't be finished that day.
- C. Don't start anything on Friday that can't be finished.
- 121. To whistle on a boat is bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3467)
- 122. Bad luck for a woman to whistle in the house.
- 123. A. Rainbow in morning, sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight. (Cf. Brown, 3476)
- B. Red clouds in morning, sailors take warning;
Red clouds at night, sailors' delight.
- C. Red sky at night, sailors' delight;
Red sky in morning, sailors' warning.
- D. Grey sky in morning, sailors take warning;
Red sky at night, sailors' delight.
- E. Red sunset means a clear day.
- F. Red sunset means clear weather.
- G. Red sunset is the sign of bad weather.
- H. Red sunrise means cloudy weather.
- 124. A. Ears burning is sign of gossip. (Cf. Brown, 3506-7, 3518-21, 4084, 4086).
- B. If ears burn, someone's talking about you.
- C. Ringing ears mean good news.
- 125. Itchy nose means that someone is talking about you. (Cf. Brown, 3525-6)
- 126. If your right eye itches, you're going to be pleased. (Cf. Brown, 512-3, 518-39, 3522-3, 3906-8, 4096, 4105)
- 127. If someone makes a mark across your path, it is bad luck to step across the mark.
- 128. Bad luck to throw keys.
- 129. Shaking hands with a crosseyed person is bad luck.
- 130. A. It is bad luck for two people to walk on opposite sides of a tree or some other object. (Cf. Brown, 3593-3607)
- B. When walking with a person, always pass a post or any other obstacles on the same side; or persons will disagree. (Cf. Brown, 3593-3607)

- C. Bad luck for a couple to go in opposite directions around a telephone pole.
131. If you dream of snakes, it's a sign of enemies. If you kill them in your dream, you have conquered them. (Cf. Brown, 3614-7, 3624)
132. If you tell your dream before breakfast, it will come true.
133. To touch snake skin is sign of bad luck.
134. A rattlesnake's rattles mean good luck.
135. Bad luck to cross baseball bats. (Cf. Brown, 3637)
136. A. Bad luck for a woman to come to your home first on New Year's Day. (Cf. Brown, 3788, 3890)
- B. Bad luck if a woman is first visitor on New Year's Day.
- C. Bad luck for a woman to enter house first on New Year's Day. (Cf. Brown, 3789)
- D. If a woman is the first visitor in a home on New Year's Day, bad luck occurs in the home.
- E. Bad luck for the whole year if your first visitor on New Year's Day is a woman.
- F. If a man comes to your house first on New Year's Day, you will have good luck. If woman comes first, you will have bad luck.
- G. The first person who walks into your house on New Year's Day will be like your chickens that year. If fat the chickens will be fat, and vice versa.
137. To sign a legal paper on Friday means bad luck.
138. People whose eyebrows grow together will be rich. (Cf. Brown, 4157-8)
139. If one has freckles on his back, he's supposed to be rich.
140. The first customer can buy anything at his price.
141. Put money in the pocketbook when using it for a gift.
142. If one kills a toad, poverty will strike him.

V. Travel, Communication

143. A. An itching foot means that you'll tread on strange land. (Cf. Brown, 3149, 3711-5)
- B. Bottom of foot itching means walking on new ground.
144. A. When going on a trip, don't go back for a forgotten article. (Cf. Brown, 3761-3, 3767-9)
- B. If you go out of house and forget something and have to return for it, sit down and cross your legs before leaving again.
145. On a trip, if a red bird flies in front of you, you'd better turn back unless you see a blue bird that will carry away the bad luck and bring good luck.
146. A. A black cat crossing your trail is bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3813-20; for contrast, cf. 3808-12)
- B. Cat crossing in front of a car brings bad luck.
- C. Black cats are unlucky.
- D. Walking across black cats' paths brings bad luck.
- E. Bad luck if a black cat crosses your path.
- F. It's bad luck to have a black cat cross your path.
- G. Turn your hat around if a black cat crosses your path. (Cf. Brown, 3836-8)
147. If you turn a stray cat away from your door, you turn your good luck away.
148. If you butter a cat's feet, it won't leave your home.
149. If a rabbit crosses your path, it means bad luck. (Cf. Brown, 3849-59)
150. A. If your nose itches, company is coming. (Cf. Brown, 3912-5)
- B. If your nose itches, you will have company.
- C. My nose itches, cream and peaches.
- Someone's coming with a hole in his breeches.
151. If your right hand itches, you will meet a stranger.
152. A swinging spider means company is coming.
153. If rooster crows near the door, you'll have a visitor. (Cf. Brown, 3938-55)
154. A. Dropping a dishcloth is a sign company's coming. (Cf. Brown, 4015-7, 4043, 4045, 4719)
- B. A dropped dishrag means someone is coming.

- C. Drop a rag, and company will come for next meal.
- D. A knife falls, a man is coming;
A fork falls, a woman is coming;
A spoon falls, a child is coming. (Cf. Brown, 4004-12, 4045)
- 155. Don't allow women visitors on February 14. If you do, you'll have bad luck with poultry.
- 156. Bad luck if you put sheets on a bed before company.
- 157. A. Wishbones are good luck. (Cf. Brown, 4492-4505)
B. If two people pull a chicken or turkey breast bone apart, whoever gets the bigger part gets to make a wish.
- 158. A. Kissing under the mistletoe is good luck. (Cf. Brown, 4564)
B. Kissing under the mistletoe during the Yule season is good sign.
- 159. Kiss the Blarney Stone and be eloquent.
- 160. To wave at an engineer on a train means bad luck.
- 161. Wearing of the green on St. Patrick's Day is a lucky sign.
- 162. If you see the moon over your right shoulder, you will have good luck all the month.

VI. Love, Courtship, Marriage

- 163. If you say the same thing at the same time to your lover that says it to you, the two of you get to make secret wishes that will come true. (Cf. Brown, 445-54)
- 164. When you walk with one shoe on and one shoe off, count steps and it will be that many years before you are married. (Cf. Brown, 3206-9, 3403)
- 165. If you get your belly wet while washing dishes, you'll marry a drunkard.
- 166. A. Pick your feet up while going over railroad tracks, or you won't get married.
B. If you are riding over a railroad track and don't pick up your feet, you will have bad luck.
- 167. A lock of lover's hair causes the man to be faithful. (Cf. Brown, 4236, 4240)
- 168. If you find a red ear of corn, the next girl that speaks to you will be your wife, or vice versa.
- 169. Count nine stars for nine nights in order to dream of the one you'll marry.
- 170. A. Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
See my true love tonight. (Cf. Brown, 4456, 4458-60)
B. Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.
C. Make a wish on the first star that you see at night, and it will come true. (Cf. Brown, 4458)
D. A wish is granted those who see the first star out at night.
- 171. A. If you make a wish on a falling star, it will come true.
B. If you make a wish when you see a falling star, it will come true.
- 172. Blowing out your birthday candles with one breath is supposed to grant you a wish.
- 173. If you get a piece of a pulleybone, put it over the door; the next person that enters is the one whom you will marry. (Cf. Brown, 4492-5)
- 174. A. A four-leaf clover brings good luck. (Cf. Brown, 4550-3)
B. If you find a four-leaf clover, you will have good luck.
C. A four-leaf clover means good luck.
D. A four-leaf clover is good luck.
- 175. A five-leaf clover means bad luck unless you give it away.
- 176. Yellow roses signify jealousy. (Cf. Brown, 4644)
- 177. If person throws love grass over his shoulder and the grass lives, his love is true. If grass dies, it is not true.
- 178. A gift of a knife cuts friendship. (Cf. Brown, 3577-80, 4650)
- 179. A. If someone sweeps under your feet, you will never get married. (Cf. Brown, 4687-8)
B. Sweep under feet, and you won't get married.

180. A double wedding will always bring bad luck to one of the couples. (Cf. Brown, 4748)
181. Happy the bride the sun shines on. (Cf. Brown, 4782-93)
182. Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue for good luck after marriage. (Cf. Brown, 4819-21)
183. Whoever catches the bride's bouquet is the next to get married.
184. Bad luck to sleep in a permanent home on the first wedding night.
185. When one marries, he should never look back.
186. Marriage and hangings go by destiny; matches are made in heaven.
187. If a bird flies into the house, there will be a death in the family.
188. Cow mooing at night is a sign of death.
189. A. A dog howling at the moon is a sign that someone will die.
B. A dog's howling is a sign of death.
C. When a dog howls at the moon, someone in hearing distance will die.
D. If a dog howls at the moon, someone is dying.
190. A crowing hen will bring bad luck to a household. (Cf. Brown, 709)
191. Dropping a jug of milk is a sign of death.
192. A. People die when they hear a hoot-owl.
B. Owl hooting on your window is a sign of misfortune. (Cf. Brown, 711-2, 1087)
C. Bad luck if you hear a hoot-owl when you are on a journey.
193. If rooster crows or cow lows between sunset and midnight, someone that you know will die.
194. To dream of snakes is a sign of death. (Cf. Brown, 717)
195. Bad luck if you kill a spider on the wall.
196. For every star there is an evil.
197. A. Every time a star falls someone dies.
B. A falling star is a sign of death.
C. A falling star means a death in the family.
D. When a shooting star is seen, someone is dying.
E. A falling star behind one's house means that someone is going to die.
F. Someone is going to heaven when a star falls.
G. A falling star means that someone has gone to heaven.
198. If you walk over a new grave without walking back over it, you'll be next to die.
199. Having name mentioned around writhing spider means death if one repeats it.
200. A. If you keep a Christmas tree up till New Year's, it will bring death to someone in the family during the new year.
B. It is bad luck not to take down Christmas tree before New Year's Day.
C. Don't leave Christmas trees up after New Year's Day, or you will have bad luck.
201. Just before a person dies, there is a foretoken: birds flutter and sing at the house of someone that knows the victim.
202. A. Clocks are stopped when a member of the household dies.
B. Bad luck for a clock to stop.
203. If a measuring worm gets on you, he is measuring your coffin.
204. If you die on an empty stomach, you'll go to hell.
205. Bad luck to pass a dead person on the way to the cemetery.
206. Never wear anything new to a funeral, it may even mean death to the wearer.
207. If you bury a person before noon, he will go to hell.

VIII. Witchcraft, Ghosts, and Magical Practices

208. A. When it is raining and the sun is shining, the devil is beating his wife.
B. Devil is beating his wife when it's raining and the sun is out.
209. A. Ghosts appear at midnight in graveyards.
B. At twelve o'clock at night the dead make a noise.
210. Old house are haunted.
211. Closets are full of spooks.
212. A person who dies with hidden money will come back and haunt you until the money is discovered.

213. The goblins will get you.
214. The sandman will put sand in your eyes.
215. Santa Claus brings Christmas gifts.
216. A. Vampires come out on the moon.
B. Vampires must be killed by driving a stake through their hearts.
217. Only a silver dart can kill a werewolf.
218. Witches ride on the full moon.
219. Headless Hattie rides on the full of the moon.
220. Put flaxseed around the bed to keep witches away.
221. A. A charmed person can find water with a forked stick.
B. Use a tree limb to find water in the ground.
222. A. Crossing one's fingers is good luck.
B. Cross fingers for hope.
C. Cross fingers when you lie.
223. A. Knock on wood for good luck. (Cf. Brown, 3831)
B. Knocking on wood brings good luck.
224. A. If something happens twice, it will happen thrice.
B. What happens twice will happen thrice.
C. The third time is a charm.
D. Things always come in threes.
225. A. Number 13 is unlucky.
B. Bad luck for thirteen to sit at a table.
C. Black cat or the number 13 means bad luck.
D. The number 13 is unlucky, whereas the number 7 is lucky.
E. Seven is a lucky number.
226. A. Friday the thirteenth is an unlucky day.
B. Bad luck on Friday the thirteenth.
227. Fridays are the fairest or foulest days of the week.

IX. ANIMISM

(Note: This heading not borrowed from Brown text)

228. A. Horses and cows kneel at Christmas.
B. Cows talk at Christmas.
C. Cows kneel and pray on New Year's Eve.
D. Cows kneel down at midnight on New Year's Eve.
E. Cows pray on knees on New Year's night.
F. Cows get on their knees on New Year's Eve.
G. Animals kneel on old Christmas (January 6).
H. Mules pray at old Christmas.
I. If you enter a barn at midnight on old Christmas, you'll see the animals kneeling in prayer around the manger.
229. Cows lie down on Sundays.
230. Roosters crow at midnight at old Christmas.
231. Rivers stop at midnight on Christmas.
232. Presents given at Christmas bring good luck.

X. WEATHER

233. Step on an ant, and it will rain.
234. Cows lying down is a sign of rain.
235. Many groups of birds mean snow.
236. Predict weather by a chicken's crooked breastbone.
237. When a dove sings, winter is over.
238. A. A ground hog's seeing his shadow on February 2 means rainy weather.
B. If a ground hog sees his shadow when he first comes out in February, there will be two more weeks of winter.

- C. If a ground hog sees its shadow, there will be thirty more days of bad weather.
 - D. If the ground hog comes out and sees his shadow on the second of February, there will be six more weeks of winter.
 - E. If a ground hog sees his shadow on ground-hog's day (February 2), there will be three more months of winter.
239. Rain in three days when a horse shakes with gears on.
240. Rain crow can tell of coming rain.
241. A. Hang up a snake, and it will rain.
 B. Hang a snake, belly up, in a tree to make it rain.
 C. Kill a black snake and hang it in a tree, and it will rain.
 D. It will rain if you hang a black snake off the ground.
 E. Hang a dead snake on a tree limb; it will rain next day.
 F. Hanging a dead snake on a fence will cause it to rain.
242. Tree frogs hollering means rain.
243. Corn thick with silks means cold weather.
244. A. Rings around the moon mean rain.
 B. A ring around the moon means that rain is coming.
 C. A ring around the moon means that it will rain the next day.
 D. A ring around moon is sign of bad weather.
 E. A ring around the moon means rain and cold weather.
 F. A ring around the moon is a sign of cold weather.
 G. A circle around the moon means rain soon.
 H. A halo around the moon forecasts rain.
 I. An orange moon means rain.
 J. When there is a ring around the moon, it will rain one day for every star inside the ring.
 K. Count the stars in fog circle around the moon, and the number will be the number of bad days of weather to follow.
 L. When moon's on its back, it won't rain.
 M. When half moon is up, no rain;
 When half moon is down, rain.
245. Rain before seven, clear at eleven.
246. A. If it rains while the sun is shining, it will rain the next day.
 B. Rain while the sun shines means rain for the next day.
247. When the sun sets behind a bank, it will rain.
248. If it rains on the first day of July, there will be thirty more days of rain (called dog days).
249. A. The number of foggy days in August is the number of snows during the winter.
 B. The number of foggy mornings in August is the number of snows during the winter.
250. A. The first twelve days after Christmas signify what kind of weather is to be expected for the twelve months of the year--the first day for January, the second for February, etc.
 B. First twelve days of the new year represent the twelve months.
251. Lightning never strikes the same place twice.
252. It will snow in nine days if it thunders in the winter time.
253. Every seven years the drought sets in.
254. Dig ditches on the shrink of the moon.
255. A post will rot if put into the ground when the moon is shining.
256. The first snow of the season is no good in making ice cream.
257. Never cut firewood from trees which have been struck by lightning.
258. When water will run out of a vessel shaped like the moon, it will rain soon.
259. A. The moon is cheese.
 B. There is green cheese on the moon.

XI. Animal and Plant Husbandry

260. A. Cows, pigs, and other animals find their young.
 B. Cows find their calves in the ground and dig them up.

261. Dogs were meant to run rabbits and bark at the moon.
262. If dogs are barking and won't stop, take off your shoes and turn them upside down side by side, and the dogs will stop.
263. The hair of the dog is good for the bite.
264. Bad luck to buy a dog.
265. Feed a dog gunpowder to make him mean.
266. To keep a dog from running away, take a stick the length of his tail and some of his hair and place them under the back steps.
267. If one urinates in his dog's food, the dog will not stray from home.
268. If you throw a rock at a buzzard, it will puke on you.
269. A. Fish by the signs of the moon.
B. Go fishing in the moonlight.
270. Fish mouths become sore and will not bite certain times of the moon.
271. Spit on bait while fishing.
272. Good duck and goose hunting on a full moon.
273. Goats that live on a hill all their lives have two legs on one side shorter than those on the other side.
274. A. If you kill a frog, your cow's milk will turn to blood.
B. Killing a toad will turn cow's milk to blood.
275. Set a hen with a south wind.
276. A. Castrate livestock by the signs of the moon.
B. Castrate hogs by the signs.
C. Cut pigs on the grow of the moon.
D. Never operate on man or beast when the sign of the Zodiac is anywhere below the waist, or bleeding will be excessive.
277. Hogs can see the wind.
278. A. Kill hogs by the signs of the moon.
B. If you kill hogs on a new moon, they will yield more lard.
C. If you kill hogs on the shrink of the moon, the cracklings will shrink and excrete more lard.
279. Kill hogs in the winter.
280. A. A horse or a mule is worth one hundred dollars for every time that it can turn over.
B. A horse or mule is worth \$100 for each time he turns over.
281. If a horse has one white leg, look at him; if he has two, try him; if he has three, buy him; and if he has four, leave him alone.
282. A. A hair from a horse's tail put into water turns to a worm.
B. A horse hair in water will turn to a snake.
C. A hair from a horse's tail if put into water overnight will turn to a snake.
283. A water moccasin isn't poisonous out of water.
284. Bite a mule's ear to tame him.
285. Wise as an owl.
286. A spotted pig has sour meat.
287. Big 'possums walk late at night.
288. Snakes come out of hibernation only after the first thunderstorm in the spring.
289. Snakes have feet and when thrown into a fire, the feet extend from the body and are visible.
290. A snake doesn't die until the sun goes down.
291. Thunder makes milk sour.
292. If a turtle bites you, it will not let go until it thunders.
293. If a terrapin bites your big toe, it will not turn loose until sundown.
294. The only way to kill a tobacco worm is to bite its head off.
295. A. Plant crops by the signs.
B. Plant crops by the moon.
C. Plant beans, peas, or other above-ground-bearing plants on the sign of Crab or Cancer to insure heavy and abundant harvest.
D. Corn will grow taller if planted on the grow of the moon.

- E. Plant beans on days with dark nights for a good crop.
- F. Can (chow) beans at sign of moon.
- 296. Don't work ground on Ascension Day.
- 297. When dogwoods bloom, it is planting time.
- 298. Plant corn when the leaf of an oak tree looks like a squirrel's ear.
- 299. Plant cucumbers the first day of May before the sun rises.
- 300. Plant on dark nights those crops that grow underground, such as peanuts.
- 301. Plant May peas on dark nights.
- 302. Don't plant anything when the wind is east.
- 303. A. Planting garden on Good Friday means good luck.
B. Plant seeds on Good Friday.
- 304. A. Don't plant anything on "rotten Saturday."
B. There should be no planting on rotten Saturday, the day after Good Friday.
- 305. Dig sweet potatoes by the signs of the moon.
- 306. If you thank a person for plants or cuttings, they will not live.

THE DECEMBER 1961 MEETING OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society will hold its fiftieth annual meeting in the Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, on Friday, December 1, 2 P. M., Norman C. Larson presiding. The program promises to be an unusually interesting one, and there is business of importance to transact.

The public program will offer three features. (1) Dr. Daniel W. Patterson, of the University of North Carolina, an authority on the religious sect known as the Shakers, after a summer spent with surviving members in New England, will discuss and illustrate the influence of folksong on Shaker music. (2) Dr. Lucio Morgan, associate professor of speech at U. N. C., who has visited the Outer Banks, will give a scientific description and some field tape recordings of the speech of Ocracoke Island. (3) This year the Society is unusually fortunate in having as a guest speaker and singer Mr. Frank M. Warner, of Farmingdale, Long Island, New York. An Alabamian by birth, a North Carolinian by breeding, and a graduate of Duke in Dr. Frank C. Brown's time, Mr. Warner has been characterized by Carl Sandburg as "perhaps the best singer of folksongs in America." He has made seven folksong albums. Mr. Warner will talk about and sing folksongs of the Civil War, many of them from North Carolina.

The business session, which in the past has been relegated to the end of the program, and has therefore been very lightly attended, will be interspersed in the public program. Matters to be considered and perhaps discussed will be the Secretary-Treasurer's report, a report of the Committee for Observance of the Golden Anniversary of the Society, and the desirability of having a summer meeting in 1962. Members with ideas are urged to prepare to present them (On the last-named subject, see North Carolina Folklore, July 1961, pp. 49-51.)

The Society has been invited to participate in the observance of the Carolina Charter Tercentenary in 1963. General John D. F. Phillips, Executive Secretary of the Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission, will appear before the Society to outline general plans.

A SPECTRE CAVALRY FIGHT

By Silas McDowell

Edited by Gary S. Dunbar*

(Dr. Dunbar is professor of geography at the University of Virginia. He is the author of "Geographical Lore of the Outer Banks," North Carolina Folklore VI.

(As he points out in a footnote, the following story is an interesting and apparently independent version of the story reprinted by Dr. Daniel W. Patterson in NCF, VIII, 27-28. Taken together, the two make one wonder whether, after all, something supernatural did not occur at Chimney Rock about one hundred fifty years ago. In William Wordsworth's "Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor and Beauty," an imagination much more powerful than any expressed in the North Carolina stories testifies to the sublimity of mountain scenery, in a roughly parallel experience.)

Silas McDowell (1795-1879) of Franklin, North Carolina, was a man of many parts. Tailor, farmer, scientific observer, and man of letters, he possessed unbounded wisdom and curiosity and an insatiable love of learning. A delightful raconteur with an amazing memory, McDowell was frequently called upon in his later years to fill in the early history of western North Carolina where documents were inadequate or altogether lacking. He sometimes managed, as in the following essay, to give his story a romantic twist without impairing its essential accuracy. This essay was dictated by McDowell in July, 1878, to his daughter Georgie, mother of Mrs. Edith C. Skaggs, the present owner of the manuscript. Georgie wrote in purple ink, and her father made some corrections and additions in pencil and wrote "Most correct" at the top of the first page. In this edition some changes have been made, mostly in punctuation, for the sake of clarity, but the original spellings have been retained. Silas McDowell's own changes have been incorporated into the text.

A Spectre Cavalry Fight, At Chimney Rock Pass, Blue Ridge, N. C.

Old Bald Mountain of North Carolina may shake, crack, and yawn into chasms,¹ attracting News paper Reporters, yet will never get up a sensational story to equal that of the Spectre Cavalry fight of the Chimney Rock Pass, in Rutherford Co., N. Carolina, nearly seventy years ago. The year 1811 was the most sensational period that our country has every known, and from these causes:

* I received a grant from the American Philosophical Society in 1960 to complete my study of "Silas McDowell, 1795-1879: Practical Geographer of the North Carolina Mountains." "A Spectre Cavalry Fight" is one of a number of manuscripts which remained in the family and which Mr. McDowell's granddaughter, Mrs. Albert E. Skaggs, Sr. (Mrs. Edith C. Skaggs), of Portland, Oregon, has allowed me to see. This is apparently a manuscript version of the story which Professor Daniel W. Patterson found in The Raleigh Register of September 15, 1806, and reprinted in the July, 1960, issue of North Carolina Folklore.

1. For the story of the earthquakes at "Old Bald" Mountain in McDowell County, February 10 to April 17, 1874, see especially Gerald R. MacCarthy, "An Annotated List of North Carolina Earthquakes," Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, vol. 73, no. 1 (May, 1957), 89. Silas McDowell described his theories of the origin of these disturbances in the April 23 and May 7, 1874, issues of the North Carolina Citizen (Asheville).

Early in that year our continent was shaken by the earthquake that sank New Madrid, a town on the bank of the Mississippi river, and it was also in that year the Heavens were swept by the luminous tail of a comet, reaching from the horizon to the top of the ethrial vault. And, to give intensity to the excitement of superstitious minds, a fanatic named Nimrod Hughes circulated a pamphlet announcing that the comet would strike the Earth, set it on fire, and then the drama of Time would end amid a great noise. We must not forget that seventy years ago the Press had done but little toward enlightening the public mind and that Superstition run rampant over the land. It was under these circumstances that the Story of the Spectre Cavalry fight at the Chimney Rock Pass took its start and was published in all the newspapers of the States.

At that time I was in my sixteenth year and lived in the town of Rutherfordton, only twenty miles from the locality of this great excitement. But, as the tale to be narrated is located at Chimney Rock Pass, I had better tell what that place was, and is. It is a deep ravine, four miles in length and an half mile wide, that Time has scooped out of the east side of the Blue Ridge, around which, we fancy, in the "Long ago," the Titans built a wall of rock, varying in height from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet, with an open space at its east entrance. And at that opening stands a rough column-shaped rock, three hundred feet high, crowned with a coronet of pine trees. This is "Chimney Rock," and its name was also attached to the Ravine, which at the date referred to was named "Chimney Rock Pass." The ravine was used as Summer pasture for cattle, salted and herded by an old man and his wife, the only residents of the ravine.

Chimney Rock Pass is one of Nature's sublimest poems, where the objects are so weird, beautiful, and grand that words cannot translate them, and they can only be seen and felt when we look, wonder, and admire in dumb amazement.

I am through with this digression, which the reader can skip if he is impatient for the story of the Spectre Battle, which is this -- Early in the month of Sept., 1811 several Mountaineers from the Blue Ridge came to town and narrated the exciting story of the Spectre battle of Chimney Rock Pass, and the tale spread in all directions as if borne by the winds. Farmers quit their fields and rushed to town to hear the wonderful Story. A public meeting was called and a delegation selected, headed by Gen'l's Miller and Walton, with a Magistrate and Clerk, to repair to the place of the reported battle, examine witnesses, and record testimony. They went, and returned with the following sensational story duly sworn to and subscribed by those who had witnessed the Spectre phenomenon, of which this is the substance, to wit -- The old man and his wife, who lived in the deepest part of the ravine, opposite the "High-falls," were seated in their yard after the sun had sunk behind the Blue Ridge noticing how fast the shadow of the cliffs darkened the ravine below while the Sun's rays still lingered on the tops of the cliffs, when their attention was arrested by the astounding spectacle--to wit--two opposing armies of horse-men, high up in the air, all mounted on winged horses and preparing for combat. At length (the old man was deaf) the old woman heard the word "Charge!!" when the two armies dashed into each other, cutting, thrusting, and hacking, and she distinctly heard the ring of their swords and saw the glitter of their blades flashing in the Sun's rays. Thus they fought for about ten minutes, when one army was routed and left the field, and then she plainly heard the shouts of the victors and wails of the defeated, soon after which darkness hid both armies from their view. On subsequent evenings they had seen these Spectre troopers, but not in battle, and the latter statement was confined by three respectable men who had been at their house and witnessed the same phenomenon.

In less than a month subsequent to this, the Story of the Spectre Cavalry fight at Chimney Rock Pass was circulated in all the journals of the United States and may be found in Nile's

Weekly Register of that date (Oct. 1811).² For the next ensuing twenty years I rated the story as the very best sensational story I ever read and its concoctors (particularly the old woman) as shrewd, but perjured, and without motive, save notoriety. But in the year 1831 I spent near a week in the ravine and then was satisfied that, at times, there is an illusive phenomenon seen there that would lead astray the judgement of any one who was not a philosopher, and its explanation shall be the subject of another chapter.

Against the year 1831 a Road company had knocked all poetry out of the name "Chimney Rock Pass" by constructing a public road through the ravine and calling it "Hickory Nut Gap." Yet its scores of wild and weird objects were untouched. Chimney Rock was unchanged and still stood sentinel at the entrance of the ravine, towering in its crown of pines. The limpid pool more than fifty feet in depth, in a solid rock basin, still remained, while above it down the smooth clear face of the cliff ran a crystal brook, which at regular intervals of fifty paces was broken into three cascades of snowy spray, each lightly plashing into its rock basin. All three rising one above the other on the rock, they constitute a picture undiscribly lovely. Each cascade is of the same height, fifteen feet. A mile away, up the ravine is seen pitching from the top of a cliff, the snow white waters of "Falling creek" as it makes its single leap of seven hundred (700) feet. Moreover, the ravine is still drained by the lovely little river, fed by a thousand mountain springs and dancing merrily as it brawls over pebbles or sleeps in shadowy pools. What's in a name? That of Hickory Nut Gap, even, has not faded out the wild romantic beauty of this ravine.

I will now dash into my story. In September, 1831 I engaged lodging for a week with Washington Harris, who kept a small Hotel in the ravine, and employed a strong muscular youth who knew every nook in the glen to accompany me and, at tight places, help me up the cliffs.

The recesses of the ravine were as familiar to him as a book, and he showed me everything and informed me of all the secret nooks of the mountains for miles around. And I was surprised at the intelligent way in which he traced effect up to its cause in accounting for the deep pools in solid rock. No Geologist could have spoken more learnedly on that subject. Rocks, their strata, dip and Strike—he was perfectly familiar with the entire subject. If I have ever seen another youth of as much native mental force I am not aware of it. But in temper he was a tiger, and I had one small evidence of it before we parted.

The incident transpired during our last days ramble in the ravine. We had climbed to the top of the South cliff and walked upon its lofty crest until we reached the point where Fall creek makes its clear leap down the rock for seven hundred feet. By holding on to the shrubs and leaning our bodies over the cliff we could see the white sheet of water in its entire descent, until it struck the rock below; then for six hundred feet further it dashed among loose boulder-rocks to the river. From this point of view the entire ravine is seen as a grand panoramic picture, and, I think, the world cannot show a better. It occupied an entire hour to examine it in all its details.

2. I cannot find any reference to this incident in the first two volumes (1811-1812) of The Weekly Register ("Niles' Weekly Register," Baltimore). Professor Daniel Patterson tells me that it cannot be found in the Raleigh Star of 1811, and surely a remarkable occurrence of this sort would have been noted in the Star. This may be another version of the story that Professor Patterson found in The Raleigh Register (September 15, 1806). Of course, mirages of this sort could occur on more than one occasion, but they would not likely create a great stir after their first occurrence. As for the discrepancy between 1806 and 1811, another McDowell manuscript indicates that his first visit to Chimney Rock was in 1827 and that the "public road" had just been constructed (i.e., in 1826 or 1827 and not in 1831). If we subtract twenty years from 1826, we get back to the proper date.

At length, below us in the ravine I espied the house where, twenty years before, lived the old couple who had fabricated the Story of the "Spectre Cavalry fight at Chimney Rock Pass." Pointing down to the old building I observed to the youth, "In yonder old house just twenty years ago lived an old couple, man and wife, and they had the strong brain to fabricate, and wicked heart to swear to, the most sensational falsehood I ever read, but in my opinion it was the old woman who concocted and managed the whole affair. She must have been an old hag!—A devil in petticoats." The youth at this suddenly became transformed; his keen grey eyes glowed like coals of fire, while his breast heaved with the fury of a tiger. He sprang at me. I was as powerless as a child in his powerful arms, and, holding me at arms length over the yawning abyss of one thousand four hundred feet, he exclaimed, "Villian! You shall take back or qualify your utterances against my Grand-Mother, or I'll hurl you to the bottom of this cliff." "Hold on, yong man, for Heaven's sake," I cried, "and I will qualify, take back, or do any thing you wish." He at once grew composed and bore me in his arms from the brink of the cliff and seated me on a rock. I thought the youth crazed and that it would be best to conciliate him in regard to what I had said against his Grand-Mother, but he bade me not proceed with the subject—that if an apology was due it was from him to me, as he had acted like a fool in suffering his anger to overcome his judgement—that from my point of view my estimation of his Grand Mother was a natural result, and that my conclusions were what his would have been in like circumstances.

"But," he continued, "I have made the phenomenon of the Specre troopers, seen in this ravine, the grand study of my life and have for years accounted for the phenomenon on philosophic principles, and in this way -- Some years, in Autumn, when the atmosphere is clear, before a change in weather, the lower atmosphere in the ravine is surcharged with vapor, and to all objects in the upper atmosphere, seen through this medium, this vapor acts with telescopic effect and swells in size a bunch of gnats when at play in the sun's rays to the appearance of a squadron of winged-horse." "What about the riders?," I questioned. "Each gnat has a bunch on its back that does look like a rider," he replied. "But," I continued, "your Grand Mother saw their swords flashing." "That was the glitter of their wings," he answered. "Your Grand-Mother's hearing must have been extraordinary. She heard the command of officers and, when one army was routed, the shout of victory and wail of defeat. What about that?"

The young man made no reply but looked perplexed and impatient, and I again saw the glint of devil in his luminous grey eyes, but he controlled his passion and at length observed, "Sir, I am aware that a long cherished opinion requires plain demonstration to remove it. But could you have been at the old cabin down yonder on some still evening about sunset, with a score of cattle-bells sounding in the ravine, and of different tone, and then heard the echoes return from these tall cliffs, you would not have thought it strange that my Grand Mother had interpreted these sounds as words, shouts, and wails." I grasped the young madman's hand (he was nothing else) and exclaimed, "Young man, you have made out a plain and beautiful case, and I heartily take back all my unkind utterances against your good old Grand-Mother." Since that day it is now forty seven years, and from then 'till now I have been occasionally haunted with "night mare" dreams in which this crazed youth is hurling me from the top of some tall cliff.

July 1878

Silas McDowell

A TARHEEL WONDER IN OLD PHILADELPHIA

By William Joseph Free

(A graduate student and a part-time instructor in English, Mr. Free is co-author of "The Lucy Pond: A North Georgia Place-Name Legend," in North Carolina Folklore for July 1961. The following article is a byproduct of Mr. Free's research for his Ph. D. dissertation at the University of North Carolina.)

Histories of Halifax County, North Carolina, in Colonial and Federal times boast of several celebrated citizens. There were Willie Jones, who adopted John Paul Jones from the steps of a local tavern; William R. Davie, who introduced the bill founding the University of North Carolina; and James Branch, distinguished Governor of North Carolina and Secretary of the Navy under Jackson. But the following extract from the Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine¹ indicates that the Halifax County resident creating the most stir in the nation's capital in 1787 was one Thomas Sill, "a remarkable large boy."

American magazines during the closing decades of the eighteenth century abounded in articles of scientific interest. Particularly popular were tales of unusual natural phenomena, such as the abnormal growth of Master Sill. For example, the Massachusetts Magazine of 1793 carried the equally remarkable account of a woman who gave birth to quadruplets six days less than nine months after the birth of a son! The magazines took seriously their obligation to record such wonders for their readers.

Unfortunately, I have been unable to turn up any information about Master Sill outside the Asylum article. The State Records of North Carolina contain references to four Sills who served in various regiments during the Revolution, but none of them appears to have been from Halifax County, and none turn up in the census records after the Revolution. However, the records of Halifax County do contain data about a family named Sills (at one place spelled Sils) which may be the family of the boy referred to. Typographical error, misunderstanding of the name, or faulty memory on the part of the correspondent could account for the omission of the final s from the Asylum's pages. Most prominent of the Halifax County family was Isham Sills, a resident of the Fourteenth District. In the 1790 census Isham is listed as having three male children under age 16.² The Thomas Sill who created such a sensation in Philadelphia would still be under 16 in 1790 and could be one of Isham Sills' three children mentioned in the census. All this, however, is conjecture which some reader of this journal may be able to clarify.

The account here presented appeared in the Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine for May, 1790, three years after Thomas Sill's exhibition in Philadelphia. The article was no doubt prompted by the description of a similar case by Mr. Coe in the American Philosophical Society Transactions, which is referred to in the last paragraph. Mr. Coe's article probably reminded the editors, or some anonymous correspondent, of the appearance of Thomas Sill in Philadelphia a few years previously, and the result is the following article.

AN ACCOUNT of THOMAS SILL, a remarkable large boy, who came from Halifax County, North Carolina, and was exhibited as a shaw in the city of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1787.

This extraordinary boy was born on the 15th of July, 1780. He was between six and seven years old, and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, at the time of his exhibition. At four months old, he weighed thirty-two pounds, and at three years, one hundred and thirty pounds. He was four feet five inches in height; his breast was three feet two inches; his belly three feet four inches; his thigh two feet; the calf of his leg sixteen inches, and his arm thirteen inches in circumference. His father was of a moderate size, but his mother a little above it. He sucked his mother till he was fifteen months old. He had an intermittent at eighteen

months old, for five weeks, after which his growth was more rapid than usual. His appetite was good, and he ate freely of animal food. He was of a ruddy complexion, healthy and handsome. His faculties were quick, and equal to most boys of his age. His eyes and hair were dark, but his skin uncommonly fair. He was active and sprightly, though his manners were childish. He slept moderately. His voice rather coarse and manly. The circumstances of his birth, age, &c. were certified by the late Gov. Caswell, and the Honourable Whitemill Hall, Esq. of North Carolina.

It may not be amiss to add to this account of Thomas Sill, that there is but one instance upon public record of a larger child of nearly the same age, and that is related by Tulpus. He mentions a child that weighed one hundred and fifty pounds at five years old. The famous Mr. Bright, whose person and life are described by Dr. Coe, in the philosophical transactions, weighed only one hundred and forty-four pounds at twelve years old.

1 Published in Philadelphia from September 1786 through December 1792.

2 The State Records of North Carolina, XXVI, p. 612.

A NORTH CAROLINA FACTORY RHYME

By Francis W. Bradley

(Formerly head of the department of German and dean of the graduate school at the University of South Carolina, Dr. Bradley is living in retirement at Columbia. For several years he has conducted a column, "Carolina Folklore," in the Columbia State. He sent the following article to North Carolina Folklore, remarking that it is "really a North Carolina poem," with permission to reprint it.

(Notwithstanding the fact that North Carolina leads in the textile industry, songs and ballads about mill work and mill workers do not seem to have found their way into folksong collections. There is not one in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (Durham: Duke University Press, 1952).)

Sixty and seventy years ago cotton mill workers were an underprivileged class. The names "linthead," "mill hand," were not complimentary, and the mill workers felt the slight. They had left the farm, where life was hard, but where they had been respected as members of the community. Mill work meant regular pay, and better pay by far than any farm hand could get; so they moved to the town and the mill village. But here they became self-consciously a class to themselves.

Mrs. M. P. Mitchum of Columbia sends this poem, evidently written by a cotton mill hand 50 or 60 years ago:

A Factory Rhyme

Now while I have a leisure time
I'll try to write a factory rhyme.
I live in Greensboro, a lively town,
And work in a factory, by name, The Crown.

Perhaps you would like to know my name,
But you never will -- I don't write for fame,
But I write to let all classes know,
How cotton mill hands have to go.

'Tis not the intent of my heart
To write anything that would start
Animosity between my employer and me;
But what I write let factory people see.

That while in factories we remain
We are looked upon as a set insane;
The upper tens who swell and fret
Call us the "ignorant factory set."

We are not bred in college walls,
Never played in theaters, nor danced in opera halls,
Nor eat ice cream, nor drink lemonade
Nor smoke cigars, Havana made.

Nor went to picnics every other day,
Nor went on excursions without pay (free)
Nor wore fine clothes nor derby hats,
Nor rode bicycles nor played balls and bats.

But now I'll tell you what we do,
And factory hands know It is true;
We rise up early with the lark,
And work from dawn till after dark.

We have hard times as you all well know;
To church we hardly get to go.
When Sabbath comes we are tired down
From working hard the whole week round.

We are looked upon as the lowest grade
Of the whole creation God has made.
And I'll have you all to never forget,
We're called the "poor ignorant factory set."

We pay high prices for all the eat,
Molasses and coffee, bread and meat,
And should we fail our money to get,
We are called the "lying factory set."

The merchants love to see us work,
But our company on Sunday they still shirk;
But when payday comes and our money they get,
Then we're the "paying factory set."

Education we have none
Father nor mother, daughter nor son,
And that is why the people fret,
And call us the "ignorant factory set."

And now you've read this rhyme all through,
And know that what I've written is true;
And I hope all Christians will never forget
To pray for the "ignorant factory set."

But in the end we hope to see
These people as happy as they can be,
And when the Judge on his throne will sit,
We hope he'll say "Come in, happy factory set."

Changed Times

To those who know the facts this is a faithful and true picture of the mill villagers. The village was always on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. The villagers were looked down upon. The drab monotony of the houses was depressing. And the villagers themselves were sometimes little moved to protest. They were used to being at a disadvantage. In one village, not far from the State House, a mill family was accustomed to use the family bathtub to store salt pork during the winter. It was not unknown for children to be sewed up in their underwear for the winter.

But those days are gone with the wind. Mill workers are no longer poor. If two or three members of a family work, their wages now would equal what the president of the mill got in the old days. They are no longer ignorant. Their schools are as good as the best, and better than most. And I am convinced that the social barrier no longer exists, either. The mill worker "plays in the theater and dances in the opera" as much as anybody.

The greater the contrast between the life of mill workers 60 years ago and their life today, the greater is our debt to this naive poet, who has so faithfully and accurately told us how things were in his time.

Mrs. Mitchum's uncle, Henry Tucker, sent this poem from Columbia to her family in Greeleyville. Her uncle came originally from N. C. So, evidently we are indebted to a Tar Heel poet and mill worker in Greensboro, N. C., for the poem. It has been copied probably scores of times and handed down, just as this copy was.

SECRETARY-TREASURER LECTURES AT MERCER UNIVERSITY

On October 24-26 the Secretary-Treasurer gave the Lamar Lectures at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. His subject was "Folklore Keeps the Past Alive." The first lecture was on "Georgia and Georgians as Seen through the Lens of Folklore," the second on "Glimpses of History in Folksongs of the South," the third on "The Poetry of Earth: Two Old Folksongs," and the fourth on "The Impact of Folksong on American Poetry and Fiction." Mr. Herbert Shellans, of St. Mary's School and Junior College, accompanied the lecturer and illustrated by singing some of the songs discussed in the lectures.

A special feature accompanying the Lamar Lectures was a folk festival on Wednesday evening, October 25, in Willingham Chapel, Mercer, at which local talent made an interesting showing. Dr. Ben W. Griffith, Chairman of the Lamar Lectures Committee, was master of ceremonies at the festival. This, the first occasion of the sort in Macon, encouraged the Mercer folksingers and musicians to plan for a folk festival next spring.

While in Macon, the Secretary-Treasurer spoke to University of North Carolina alumni of the region at a luncheon meeting. The local alumni, about fifty in number, voted to organize a chapter of the Carolina Alumni Association.

On the eve of his lecture engagement at Mercer, the Secretary-Treasurer received from the President and the Secretary of the American Folklore Society a certificate of his election as Fellow of the American Folklore Society "in recognition of the publication of a significant group of articles and books in the field of folklore, which contribute to the discipline of folklore, and which conform to professional standards," and of "direct and active work in the advancement of the American Folklore Society."

GO AHEAD, MA'M: WASHINGTON AND LEE STUDENT LORE

By Jack B. Moore

(A graduate of Drew University and of Columbia (M. A.), Mr. Moore has taught English at West Virginia University and pursued further graduate work at the University of North Carolina. He is at present instructor in English at Washington and Lee University. He contributed "The Sleepy Legislator" to NCF, IX (July 1961).

(An amusing section of Richard M. Dorson's *Folklore in America* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1959) recognizes and describes "The Folklore of College Students" as a distinctive type of "Modern Folklore." Many of the examples cited parallel those given by Mr. Moore in the article below, showing that in this kind of folklore as in most others customs, sayings, stories, etc., of this sort get around and become common property. For some examples of college lore from Chapel Hill, see NCF II (September 1954, 8-9); III (December 1955), 27-30; IX (July 1961), 34-41.)

The average college student knows relatively little about the men and women who teach him perhaps an hour every other day for one or two years. To supply the lack of accurate detail and the concomitant demand for personal information, frequently to be related as gospel at the next two a.m. bull session, the student usually relies on rumor, imagination, and the detritus of student lore built up class by class down at the local beer parlor or coke shop.

The resulting student lore may change a small liberal arts college into a Kafka-esque castle, peopled by characters as humoured as any of Ben Jonson's but the student cherishes such an image, and if anyone else's school is more outlandish, it won't be the next time around. The following stories, some cruel, some comic, constitute a student's-eye view of Washington and Lee University. The reader must be forewarned that there is no necessary correlation between fact and fancy here (for example, I am reminded of the friend of mine who rarely "hath a drop taken," but who was reported "ossified" at a student dance he had never even attended).

One professor has been arrested 41 times for indecent exposure. Floating down the Maury River naked in an old innertube, he throws empty beer cans at the people who stand at the water's edge, mocking him. He rides a bicycle at night nude, and once started to class, through Lexington, absolutely naked, but was stopped before he had created too much of a disturbance. Another time he walked through town without any clothes on. A woman stopped him and said that she would report him to the police if he did not go inside somewhere. He said, "You go right ahead, M'am," and continued walking. After big dances, this professor serves tomato juice to his early classes, and then dismisses them.

Dr. C. T. (a soft-spoken, mild-mannered gentleman) has a classroom on the first floor because once, while dramatizing one of his history lectures, he jumped out of his second-story window. The administration is afraid he will do this again, and schedules all his classes on the first floor.

Dr. T. is well known for acting out history in class. While lecturing on conditions on slave ships, he lay down on the floor, demonstrating the cramped conditions on board, and continued to lecture from that position. At least two students a semester have their books knocked out the window by Dr. T., who really gets going around the Congress of Vienna. Once, acting the visit of Napoleon's mother to the Congress, Dr. T. locked himself out of the room. After getting the door unlocked, he marched into the room, still as Napoleon's mother, hunched over, his arms crossed over his chest. Unfortunately for his performance, he tripped over his feet, falling to the floor, where he reenacted Napoleon's death scene. Once, when a late student entered class while Dr. T. was charging the door, he shouted at the student, "Get out! Get out! Can't you see I'm storming the Bastille?"

The school doctor, a notorious incompetent on any campus, has a few stories connected to him at Washington and Lee. Of course he has almost killed several students by not recognizing common illnesses. Recently he diagnosed a case of measles as poison ivy, and told a student with incipient mumps that he had merely a sore throat. The doctor graduated last in his class at Washington and Lee, and third from last in medical school.

A member of W.&L.'s science department frequently works late in his laboratory, singing passionate love songs. If a student takes his date to the professor's apartment he leads them into a room with strange lighting effects and weird music, places two glasses of beer in their hands, and leaves.

Another professor has been sent overseas, sometimes three times, sometimes seven, to get his Ph. D., but has failed each time. Several professors have their jobs only because they are related to the President of the school.

Dr. J. L., of Sociology, gives each year a lecture on the death of Socrates, during which he becomes so involved that he cries, as does his class.

All freshmen must pay for nine holes of golf at least once, because the golf course is owned by the golf coach.

Dr. R. W. D., one of W.&L.'s most eminent professors, wrote his Ph.D. dissertation on "Why Man Will Not Fly Faster Than the Speed of Sound."

Dr. W. J. was on Adolf Hitler's "Ten Most Wanted" list throughout the war. There is a whole series of war stories connected with Dr. J. of Army Intelligence (who was a file clerk with the O.S.S.).

Dr. F. F. (Oxon., app. 1923) quotes Hamlet to his dog whenever she is near death. Dr. F.'s mother (a house mother at one of the fraternities) calls him whenever it rains to make sure he is wearing his rubbers. Dr. F. is also afraid to stay out late with "the boys" for fear his mother will detect beer on his breath.

The students also circulate stories about themselves, and the following are a few of the more respectable ones.

At least three fraternities have been thrown off campus for unsatisfactory -- from the administration's viewpoint--house mothers. One house mother was 26, one 22, and one 18. Another fraternity was ejected for driving a stolen locomotive to Lynchburg, Virginia.

A favorite sport of fraternity men at W.&L. is to shoot the rapids at Goshen, Virginia, drinking beer. The students carry the beer in fishnets tied to the innertubes they ride (innertubes must be at a premium at W.&L. See above). The rapids-shooters are then called one-beer men, three-beer men, and so on, depending upon their speed and capacity.

A student known for his Rabelaisian wit at fraternity parties once wore a toilet seat around his neck during graduation exercises. Another, after an all-night party, drove his car up the central walk from R.E. Lee Memorial Chapel to the administration building, received his final grades, and drove back to the party.

Each year there is a suicide attempt, usually by a freshman. The most usual method is to jump from the Footbridge, a rather high bridge spanning from the campus to the football field. The ghost of one student, one who drowned in the Maury River, haunts Lee Chapel.

Every year some exuberant party-goer attempts to paint the spotlessly white statue of George Washington on top of Washington Hall black.

The secret society on campus brands its neophytes on a place few would think to look.

W.&L. students naturally consider that they have a good deal of ingenuity. One student during a recent Southern Interscholastic Press Association meeting (at which time the campus is flooded with eligible - the boys think - young ladies) went to the lobby of the Robert E. Lee Hotel on crutches and asked the clerk in what room he might find Miss X____, his aunt, who was an S.I.P.A. advisor. After finding out, he started to follow the clerk toward the elevator, which is ordinarily locked. He might have seen his "aunt" too, except that he forgot his crutches.

V.M.I. cadets must salute as they pass Lee Memorial Chapel. While one W.&L. boy was standing there not long ago with his date, he noticed some cadets approaching. He remained directly in front of the Chapel, and as the cadets passed, they saluted crisply. The boy's date asked why they did this. He answered "V.M.I. cadets salute all Washington and Lee men, honey."

As the V.M.I. cadets do, I feel we must salute the Washington and Lee men, if not for their adherence to fact, at least for their imagination.

THE BENNETT HOUSE AT DURHAM



SCENE OF NEGOTIATIONS *between Johnston and Sherman.*

... As Depicted in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* May 18, 1865

THE ROSE OF SHARON

Anne of the House of Bennett

Foreward

"I am Anne Terry, of Rackingham, North Carolina, a graduate student pursuing the Master of Education degree in guidance in the School of Education at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

"I am the great-granddaughter of Eliza Anne Bennett Duke and Robert Duke, whose posthumously-born son, Joseph Johnston Duke, was my grandfather. Eliza was so impressed by the slender, elegant Confederate General when he and General William Tecumseh Sherman came to her father's house to sign the papers to end the Civil War that she named her child, to be born in July of that year, Joseph Johnston.

"I have in my possession the table that was almost surely the one that the surrender paper was signed on, as attested by a sketch of the signing that was made at the Bennett House, near Durham.

"I also have at my home in Rackingham some of the other things that were then in the Bennett House, and I shall have all the others preserved that are in the home of my Aunt Louise Seligman, in Durham.

"We have at Rackingham a clock with works of wood that was on the wall of the surrender room; in Durham, the pitcher and the glass with which Eliza Bennett Duke served the Generals butter-milk that day; also the spool bed that was in the room, and the desk that was there, with family papers and daguerreotypes of members of the family, and various other odds and ends.

"Finally, at Rackingham we have two rose of Sharon bushes from the Bennett Place.

"ANNE TERRY, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, March 27, 1961."

The statement above was composed, written, signed, and sealed in the presence of the author of the following ballad, and given to him, on the date indicated. The ballad was composed during the Easter holy day period of 1961 and is published with Miss Anne Terry's consent, after her reading of the first draft and correction of a few minor errors.

In the fifteenth stanza, representing the dialogue between Generals Johnston and Sherman, the author has colloquialized the language of the two. They were both West Pointers of the old Army, knowing each other's familiar names or nicknames (Sherman being known as 'Cump'); the military situation was so obvious to both, and they were both probably so tired, that protocol was probably very much simplified. As the reputed originator of the well known proverb about war and of the remark "If I owned Texas and Hell, I'd rent out Texas and live in Hell," Sherman was famous for his salty and tangy speech.

In the quoted scout's or staff officer's description of the Bennett House, the author is aware that this house was actually one of the best in the region, as attested by contemporary descriptions of it and an itemized list of its furnishings at the time, but he assumes that after four years of war, with the menfolk absent, it must have presented an aspect of neglect that would have justified the term "beat-up."

Twenty-sixth of April, 'Sixty-Five:
The rose of Sharon in bloom.
And the new wooden clock going tick-tack-tock,
Over the high spool bed, in the room.

A pitcher of milk from the springhouse, cold,
Beaded with dew on the glass;
The living-room table with tintypes strewn
Round the candlestick and Pampas grass.

Eliza Anne Bennett Duke with child,
Heavy of heart and womb,
For her man lay new-slain at Petersburg,
In a grave without a tomb.

The old year had lingered and dragged out,
Leaving a dying war,
A dwindling band of gallant men,
And hunger near and far.

The battles bruited in Virginia hills --
Richmond, Petersburg --
Had roared from Atlanta to the sea.
"Defeat" was the shield's exergue.

Corncribs empty, the cattle gone,
Redbud rusting in sun,
Dogwood shattered, trees in leaf;
And the planting still undone.

Nashville, Columbia, the Cape Fear,
And Bentonville, near home;
Then Appomattox, and dull despair
Darkened Heaven's dome.

No message, no word but of grief from the war,
The maiming or death of those dear.
And now there were rumors of raiding bands,
Of a host that was hovering near.

Wearily, sadly Eliza Anne brooded,
Stretched on the bed unshared.
The clock chuckled hours in wooden tones.
Tintypes at pitcher stared.

"Will the day never end?" she moaned.
"What's the use of sun and bloom?
My Man sleeps cold and lone in the loam.
I'll never see his tomb.

"His field unsown, his beds unseeded,
Stock stolen, and store.
He won't see Pappy and Mammy, and his Baby,
Or his Sweetheart any more."

The hours crawled on wooden wheels.
A bottlefly buzzed at the pane.
The bright beads trickled down the pitcher.
-- But hark! A jingle in the lane.

"Lack most of 'em, a beat-up house,
But at least it has a roof."
"It'll do. Git down an' rouse 'em up."
And the old dog roared, "Woof! woof!"

As sabers, spurs, and chains jingled in,
The girl fled through the kitchen door,
Saw mounted men, blue and gray, in the yard,
Heard the scrape of chairs on the floor.

". . . The end of powder, rations -- and rope.
We're tuckered out, 'Cump -- you see."
"Tough titty, Joe; but we won't be tough.
Same trade 'Lys gave Bob Lee."

So the paper was signed on Eliza Anne's table.
The rose of Sharon kept blooming
On shoots the hungry horses couldn't reach;
And the great guns ceased their booming.

"That pitcher o' milk, it sho looks good!"
Eliza stole in, soft as silk.
Sabers and spurs and chains sharply jingled,
And she poured them glasses of milk.

The wooden clock rumbled and grumbled on
Through sixty long days more;
And there, on the high spool bed, came her hour,
And the dead Robert's child she bore.

"His name shall be JOSEPH JOHNSTON DUKE,
And his and his heirs' shall be
Clock and table, pitcher and bed
In perpetuity."

Hard times, they say, 'round Durham Station.
Meat gone, the meal barrel bare.
Fat, sassy patrols riding the roads.
"We hear it's better elsewhere."

"It's all the way to Rockingham
For cornbread and 'possum ham.
Pack clock and table, pitcher and bed,
Yes, the rose of Sharon, by dam'."

A hundred years since then and all
Of the Bennett House left to view
Is under the slender and gentle hand
Of a girl of twenty-two.

ANNE TERRY, her name; the BENNETTS, her fame.
Hazel-eyed, cherry-lipped,
With honey-bright hair, cheeks like Sharon
And the milk the Generals sipped.

"The rose of Sharon's but common althea."
But Althaea was the name
Of the queen of Calydon who slew Meleager
In the boar hunt of old fame.

Our Anne would never harm prince or mouse.
Since Bennett means "blest," she'll bear on
The honors of THE HOUSE OF BENNETT,
And be our ROSE OF SHARON.

The Song

All honor, praise, and affection to Anne,
The Flower of the House.
Forever may the Bennett clan
Wear laurels on their brows.

The Rose of Sharon, may it blow
From year to year in peace,
From Durham to Rockingham, below,
When the frosts of winter cease.

When April with its showers meek
The buds of March shall soothe,
May gentle breezes kiss her cheek
And fan its petals smooth.

No more the jingle of sober and spur
Shall startle the House again,
Nar thrift ond jonquil and daffodil stir
With hoofbeats in the lane.

ANNOUNCEMENT

An Analytical Index to NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, I-VIII, by Theodore Barry Buermann, of St. Louis, a graduate student in the University of North Carolina, is now available. Running to over fifty pages uniform with this, it indexes authors and contributors, titles, subjects, first lines of songs, and geographical provenience. The Index will be sold to regular members of the NCFS and subscribers to NCF for 50¢, to others for \$1. Order blanks accompany notices of dues. Address as below.

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Editor
NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE
710 Greenwood Road
Chapel Hill, North Carolina, U.S.A.

SOME INFLUENCES OF FOLKSONG ON ART SONG IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES

By Edward L. Kottick

[For biographical identification of Mr. Kottick, see North Carolina Folklore, VIII July (1961), to which he contributed "Modality in British and American Folksong: A Re-evaluation."]

One of the most frequently cited explanations of the influence of folk music on cultivated music is the one known as the seeping up theory. With a simplicity that must in part account for its popularity, the theory states that folk music is the root of cultivated music -- that it is the well from which flows the eternal inspiration of melody. Of course, such a sweeping generalization contains elements of both truth and falsehood, and scarcely can be applied with equal weight to all periods of Western music. But perhaps it comes closest to having validity when it is related to the art song of the nineteenth century.

It should be understood that seeping up was not the only influence at work during this period, for the art song had at least as great an effect on folk song (the seeping down theory). But under the impetus of the naturalistic and humanistic movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the rise of nationalism in the nineteenth, composers turned to folk song, not only from the usual desire to avail themselves of a natural and perpetual source of material, but also with the avowed and self-conscious purpose of reclaiming their national heritage.

This interest in folk song was as popular as well as a literary and scholarly movement, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century the educated public became fascinated with the simple and direct style of the folk song. To meet the demands of this new market, publishers issued literally hundreds of volumes of folk songs in easily performed arrangements for voice and piano.¹ While the bulk of these arrangements were the work of musical hacks, some publishers acquired the services of well-known composers for their settings.

Between 1791 and 1805, Franz Joseph Haydn arranged over 450 Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and English folk songs, mostly for voice and piano, with optional violin and cello accompaniments.² William Napier, a London publisher, issued about 200 of Haydn's arrangements in 1792 and 1794, in two volumes entitled A Selection of Original Scots Songs in Three Parts, the Harmony by Haydn....

From 1799 to 1804, when he was in the last decade of his long and successful life, Haydn was associated with the Edinburgh publisher George Thompson. Thompson was an ardent folk song collector as well as a practical and cautious businessman, and it would seem that he was sincerely interested in making his beloved Scotch, Irish, and Welsh tunes available to the public.

¹ Many of these eighteenth-century publications are now rare and difficult to find. In the preface to the second edition of his Minstrelsy of Scotland (London, 1894), the London publisher Alfred Moffat mentions about twenty of the best known volumes of Scottish songs. Moffat also published The Minstrelsy of Ireland; Forty Highland Reels and Strathspeys; and Songs and Dances of all Nations.

² As is the case with many early publications of this sort, books containing Haydn's work in its full instrumentation are rare. All of the volumes issued by Thompson which I have been able to examine compress Haydn's settings into two lines and supply only the barest harmonic filler in small notes. See, for example, his Selected Melodies of Scotland, 5 Vols. (Edinburgh, 1822). Many of the original MSS are now in the British Museum, and a listing may be found in: Augustus Hughes - Hughes, Catalogue of Manuscript Music in the British Museum (London, 1908), Vol. II, pp. 617-621.

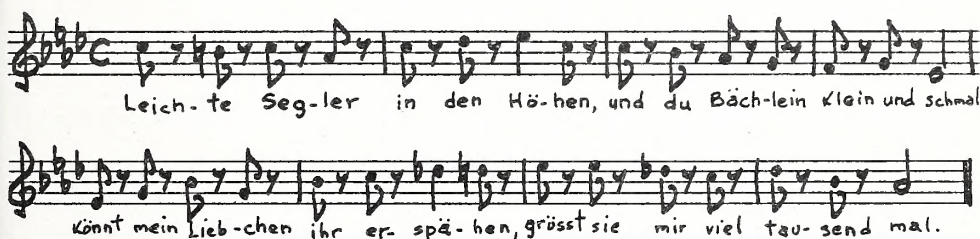
Between 1793 and 1841 he published eighteen volumes of folk song arrangements under various titles, with settings by Haydn, Kotzeluch, Pleyel, Beethoven, and others. Each song was furnished with a piano accompaniment and ad libitum parts for violin (or flute) and cello. Haydn, while still under contract to Thompson, did about sixty-five similar arrangements for William Whyte, another Edinburgh publisher.

In 1809, at Thompson's invitation, Beethoven began to arrange national airs, and completed 132 settings by the time of his death in 1827. Thompson began publication of Beethoven's arrangements in 1814 and continued until his own death in 1841.³

Although many composers looked upon commissions to set folk songs as a dreary but necessary adjunct to the business of making a living, neither Haydn nor Beethoven considered his task to be mere hack work. In his letters to Thompson, Haydn frequently mentioned the fact that he had great respect for Thompson's national airs, and that he expected his arrangements to sustain his reputation in Scotland long after he himself was gone.⁴ Beethoven became so enthusiastic about this work that with no commission in sight he began working with Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, and Russian folk song. He offered these settings to Thompson, but the latter feared that the foreign tunes would not be marketable. Beethoven consequently turned elsewhere for the publication of these settings.⁵

Because of the inherent worth of the music and the unmatched artistry of the composers, many of Haydn's and Beethoven's settings transcend a merely subordinate function and become art songs in spirit if not in name. However, it would be futile to look for influences of British folk song in the art songs and other music of these two men. They were too German to assimilate any of the obvious characteristics of the national airs of the British Isles. Rather, they admired the simplicity and directness of the folk song of their own country, and this admiration was reflected in many of their own songs. Beethoven's cycle An die Ferne Geliebte, for example, is noted particularly for its folk-like qualities.

Beethoven: An die Ferne Geliebte, no. 3



³ Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, ed. Eric Blom (5th ed.; London, 1954), Vol. I, p. 593, reports that fifty-three additional unpublished folk song settings by Beethoven have been discovered, which do not appear in the Beethoven Werke.

⁴Karl Geiringer, "Haydn and the Folksong of the British Isles," Musical Quarterly, XXXV (1949), p. 185.

⁵Marion Scott, Beethoven (London, 1956), p. 213.

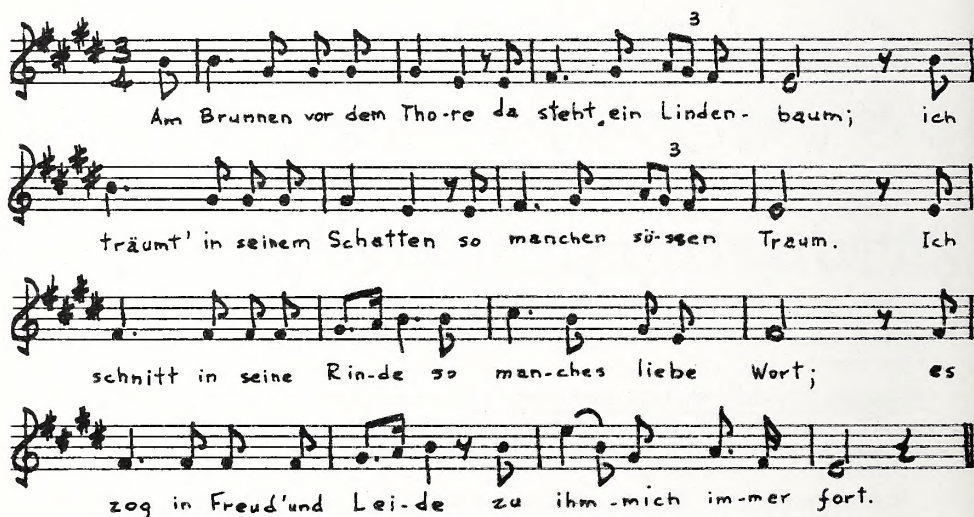
Many characteristics of folk song can be found in the art songs of the successors of Haydn and Beethoven. The Lieder of Schubert present an interesting example of both the seeping up and the seeping down theories. Simple and effective melodic lines, sparse but fitting accompaniments, and strophic structure are characteristic of many of Schubert's songs, and reflect the influence that folk song had on the composer. On the other hand, several of Schubert's songs are so folk-like in character — Heidenroslein⁶ and Der Lindenbaum, for example — that they were capable of being absorbed into the folk song tradition of the German people.

Schubert: Heidenroslein



Sah ein Knab' ein Rös-lein stehn, Rös-lein auf der Hei-den, wer so jung und
 mor-gen schön, lief er schnell es nah' zu sehn, sah's mit vie-len
 Freu-den. Rös-lein, Rös-lein, Rös-lein roth, Rös-lein auf der Hei-den.

Schubert: Der Lindenbaum

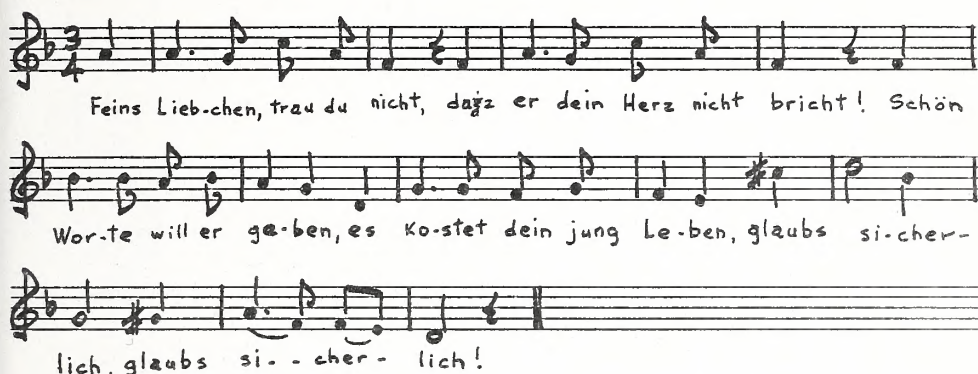


Am Brunnen vor dem Tho-re da steht, ein Linden-baum; ich
 träumt' in seinem Schatten so manchen sü-ßen Traum. Ich
 schnitt in seine Rin-de so man-ches liebe Wort; es
 zog in Freud'und Lei-de zu ihm-mich im-mer fort.

⁶ Schubert's song is a setting of the poem by Goethe (1771). It is interesting to note that Heidenroslein represented an attempt on the part of Goethe to imitate the directness and simplicity of folk poetry. He was so successful that his poem was taken into the German folk repertoire almost immediately.

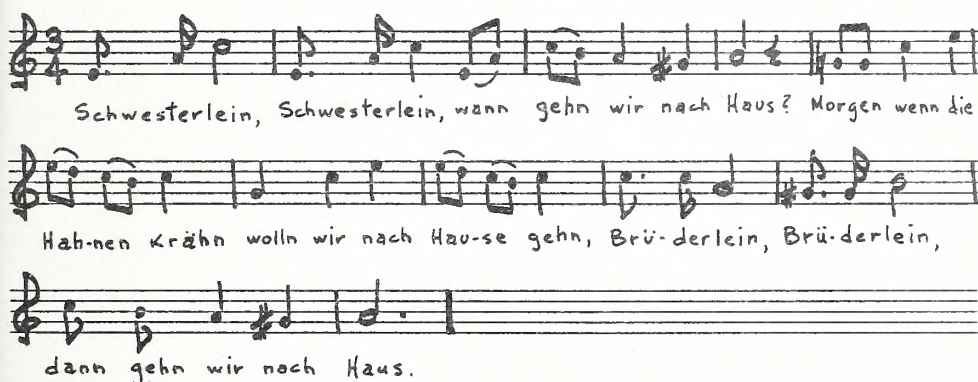
Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert, were influenced by German folk song because it was a more or less natural part of their musical heritage. Brahms, on the other hand, had an almost mystical veneration for folklore and folk song. He collected everything he could find and set almost fifty German folk songs for voice and piano. He was so steeped in the folk song of his country that on stylistic grounds it is frequently impossible to determine where folk song ends and where Brahms begins. For example, compare Klage, a Lied, with Schwesterlein, a folk song setting.

Brahms: Klage



Feins Lieb-chen, trau du nicht, daß er dein Herz nicht bricht! Schön
 Wor-te will er ge-ben, es ko-stet dein jung Le-ben, glaubs si-cher-
 lich, glaubs si-cher-lich!

Brahms: Schwesterlein



Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein, wann gehn wir nach Haus? Morgen wenn die
 Hah-nen Krähn wolln wir nach Hau-se gehn, Brü-derlein, Brü-derlein,
 dann gehn wir nach Haus.

Other well-known nineteenth-century composers of Lieder were influenced more or less by German folk song. The songs of Schumann and Mendelssohn often exhibit a conscious striving for a folk-like simplicity. The Lied composer Robert Franz wrote 350 songs, all of which are characterized by the simplicity and strophic form of folk song. Carle Loewe was influenced more by the poetic form of folk ballads (particularly those of Britain), and his settings of Edward and the Erlking, though they appear rather naïve to us today, were extremely popular during the last century.

⁷ For a short discussion of Franz's songs in this context, see, Alfred Einstein, Music in the Romantic Era (New York, 1947), p. 191.

The Lieder of Friedrich Silcher present further examples of art songs which were so close to the feeling and style of the folk song that they were capable of being taken up by the folk and even mistaken for genuine folk material. Perhaps the most famous of these is the Lorelei, set to Heine's poem in 1838. It is, in fact, only recently that Silcher has been rediscovered as the composer of this song.⁸

Silcher: Lorelei

Ich weiss nicht was soll es be-deu-ten, dass ich so trau-rig bin; ein
Mär-chen aus el-ten Zei-ten, das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Die
Luft ist kühl, und es dun-kelt, und ru-hig flies-set der Rhein; der
Gip-fel des Ber-ges fun-kelt im A-bend-son-nen-schein

Although this paper has dealt specifically with the influence of folk song on art song in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it might well have pursued its investigations into the twentieth. Folk influences are just as much at work today as they were 100 years ago, even more so. Working under the banners of the various national schools established in the arts during the past century, composers are turning naturally to their indigenous folk music for the materials of national expression.

To a greater or lesser extent, folk song always has been considered a valid source for material by the practical musician. What distinguished the nineteenth-century musician from those of the past was his purposive consciousness in the use of folk song, and his dedication to what he considered to be the ideals of the folk. Often he achieved his goal with such success that, in turn, the folk repertoire was influenced by the product of the musician.

Franz Bohme, Volkstümliche Lieder der Deutschen im Achtzenten und Neunzehnten Jahrhundert (Leipzig, 1898), p. 102; August Lammle, Friedrich Silcher (Muhlacker, 1956), plate opposite p. 16.

APR 7 1957

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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THE FOLKLORE OF BUSTRAVEL

By Allen Cabaniss

[Professor and Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Mississippi, Dr. Cabaniss is author of several books and many articles in his field. He is also an ordained minister of the gospel. Unconsciously following the example of William Lyon Phelps, he does a good deal of preaching, more professional, perhaps, than Billy Phelps's. Out of this experience came the material for the present article.]

One dreary, rainy Mississippi Saturday afternoon, in the autumn of 1947, I was going from Tupelo to Corinth. The bus was stuffy and crowded; and the only seat available was the last one for whites, just in front of the section reserved for Negroes. Unable to read in the darkening light, I fell to listening to the conversations about me; there are no strangers on a Southern bus. The two women in the seat ahead of me had, as is customary, discovered that they were old friends and that they were both members of the "Baptis'" denomination. After half an hour of pious discussion of the "services" tomorrow, one of the women asked the other, "How's your daughter gettin' along?"

"Why, she's just married again."

"Well, I declare. How many husbands she had?"

"This is her fourth. She says she's a-goin' a-keep on tryin' til she finds one she likes." This remark exhausted that phase of the conversation and the two women resumed their talk about the church. Wondering if they had ever mentally associated religion and morality, I turned to the undercurrent behind me.

At one of the innumerable stops a young Negro woman with a baby in her arms had gotten on the bus. She sat down next to a Negro man who looked for all the world like a preacher and whose opening gambit was the inevitable, "Where you goin'?" Her reply was a single word which to me sounded like "Greenland." One should never be surprised at what he hears on a bus; so I thought, "She's going in the right direction, but it's a long way from Tupelo, Mississippi, to Greenland." The Negro man also misunderstood her and asked, "Greenville?"

"No," she answered and repeated the word which had sounded like Greenland to me and like Greenville to him. Still confused, he tried again, "Greenwood?" Once again and more emphatically she said, "No," and once again she repeated the name of her destination. By now I was exceedingly curious. Greenland, Greenville, Greenwood -- what other places beginning with Green- could this be? Neither I nor the Negro preacher had understood, but he would not drop the subject.

"How you spell it?"

"Oh, M-e-r-i-d-i-a-n." To this good day I do not know how she could pronounce the name of Meridian, Mississippi, so that it sounded like Greenland to me and like Greenville and Greenwood to the itinerant parson. In any case, the poor thing was on the wrong bus and had to get off at the next stop.

Since that drizzly, waning afternoon, it has occurred to me that bus travel, at least in Mississippi, has much in common with a Canterbury pilgrimage in Chaucer's England. It is a remarkable laboratory for the investigation of folklore, folk-speech, and folk-habit. As a consequence, I have tried to keep my eyes and ears open, ever on the lookout for materials that could be used in such a study. The remainder of this paper is a summary of my findings. It is limited to Mississippi, to the years between 1946 and 1951, and to what I have personally observed. It has been necessary, of course, to censor and eliminate details about unprintable transactions which have happened.

I teach at the University near Oxford, but my home and legal residence was two hundred fifty miles south at Columbia, where the women in my life -- mother, sister, and niece -- lived. My car remained with them while I, of necessity, made many business trips and sentimental journeys by bus, since there is no other way by public conveyance to get into or out of the isolated University town. Furthermore, since I am an ordained clergyman, although no longer a pastor, I felt obligated to accept invitations to preach at churches without ministers or at churches where a weary man of God wanted a brief vacation from his onerous duties. Thus the bus lines have carried me many miles over all parts of the state during all hours of the day and night -- I attempted to limit such trips to one or two per month, but all too often my resolution failed. Trips by bus wear even the best constitution, but I learned to surrender to their peculiar ways and have come to enjoy them.

In fact, I used to travel so frequently that I became quite expert on bus schedules over Mississippi. I could with assurance purchase a ticket almost anywhere in the state and save the agent the trouble of looking up the route. But, as usual, "pride goeth before destruction..." One night I arrived in Jackson for a two-hour delay between buses and discovered to my consternation that on that very day the second bus had been taken off its run. I had to wait seven hours and twenty minutes instead of two. Sic transit gloria mundi! Thereafter I resolved to let the ticket agent be the authoritative guide. Nevertheless, one should learn the various changes primarily in order to supervise the transfer of luggage. By not doing so I have lost suitcases three times. I became more cautious and hawk-eyed than the porters who do that task.

Polite manners are no part of present-day bus travel, except among the drivers, whom I have admired greatly and to whom I must pay tribute -- in the main, they are a jovial, genial, capable race of men, usually on the better side of thirty-five, truly "safe, reliable, courteous" (as one company says in its public advertisement). However, most patrons have long since forgotten the amenities. There is generally a mad scramble as the driver begins to take up the tickets: even if a man wanted to be gracious and allow "ladies first" other men would take advantage of the situation. So he gets on regardless of the niceties, thinking, "Where in the hell can a woman with a foot-long squalling brat in her arms be going anyway?" Curiously enough, there is an acute desire to sit on one of the four front seats, although the two immediately to the right of the driver are often called the "death seats" (In case of an accident, the people in them are the ones usually killed or seriously injured.) As the trip progresses and a traveler in one of the front seats leaves the bus, someone in the rear charges forward to seize the vacant throne. Proud is the victor in such a conquest, or as another pilgrim put it, "He looks so confident."

Young women prefer the seats behind the driver so they can inveigle him into coy conversation. The bus driver is not supposed to talk at length with passengers -- a statement to that effect is posted in a prominent place in the conveyance -- but that rule does not deter the oglers who try to catch his eye in the mirror above him; it only serves to stimulate them. I remember an amusing instance one night when a woman resorted to every artifice for about an hour without success, and then finally subsided into a resigned slumber punctuated by her snoring. Her silly chatter might have been less disturbing than her foghorn snares. I heard later that the driver's adamant refusal to talk was owing to a previous occasion when a bus inspector had reported unfavorably on his predilection for conversation with female customers. Thus amor does not always vincit omnia, as Chaucer's Nun so boldly announced to the world.

There are some buses in Mississippi that are so-called "limiteds" or "expresses," but by far the most are "locals." Any by "locals" I mean that they stop absolutely everywhere to pick up passengers, regardless of the number of persons already on the bus. "There's always room for one more" must be the secret motto of the bus companies. Sometimes a man or woman will get on or off at a place way out in the wilds where the naked eye cannot discern a human habitation anywhere on the horizon. One wonders where on earth the traveler lives. Often also the bus will stop to take on or allow to leave a passenger within one block of the bus station itself. There seems to be no limitation of time or place for a bus stop. More than half

of the people who board the conveyance at some lonely crossroads are actually going only a mile down the highway -- there is another stop at an even more desolate spot to discharge the person who was unwilling to walk that distance. And that sort of thing goes on interminably mile after mile at ten- or fifteen-minute intervals, especially on a Saturday.

A boy about fifteen years old entered the door of the bus. The driver asked for his ticket.

"I ain't got one."

"Well, where you goin'?"

"Down the road 'bout 'leven mile."

"I mean what place you goin' to?"

"My home."

"But where's your home?"

"'Bout 'leven mile down the road."

"Don't you know the name of the place?"

"No, I ain't lived there but six month."

"Well, is it close to a store?"

"Yeah, it's right at a red-topped store on a hill 'bout 'leven mile down the road." The bus driver gave up the attempt, sold the boy a ticket to the next community, and told him to ring the buzzer-signal when he saw the place to which he wanted to go.

As there are no strangers on a bus in Mississippi, so there is no privacy. Everyone must talk whether he wants to do so or not. The attempt to read anything (except a comic book) is almost impossible. Sometimes when I took a book from my brief case, the act seemed to throw the surrounding passengers into a state of shock at such an incredibly bad habit. A friend of mine, who often carried along a book just for the purpose of noting the reaction to it, told me of this illuminating passage-at-arms. As he opened his book and started to read, the person behind him leaned forward and with bated breath asked, "What's that?" My friend's laconic reply, "A book," brought forth the further inquiry, "What you doin'?" "Reading," was his curt answer. And a dead silence fell for a moment over the whole bus.

But about talking.-- The opening words as someone sits down beside you are, "Where you headin'?" If you answer that question you are trapped. Before you are aware of what is happening, you and he discover that he knew (or knows) somebody who knew (or knows) somebody whom you knew (or know) -- all of which means that you and he are really old friends and will hereafter be referred to in that capacity when he embroiders the marvels of travel at the country store next Saturday. Or even more drastic things can befall. It may be that he is related to someone who has a fifth cousin of the man who married the widow of your half-uncle. And in Mississippi that means that you and he are kin to each other. The query "Where you from?" cannot be satisfactorily answered by the name of your town, if you are from the South. The other bus traveler wants to know the name of the street on which you live, because he may know someone who lives near you. But if you are from the North and you reply, "Milwaukee," he shrugs his shoulder and says, "Oh, up there." Of course, the proper answer to "Where you from?" is merely to repeat the question to him -- that gives the other rider an opportunity to be autobiographical, his original reason for speaking to you at all.

The conversations which one overhears prove more interesting than the one with the person in the seat next to you. For instance, I once heard a woman remark, to no one in particular, as she got off the bus into the rainy countryside, "If I had a parasol, I'd low-down 'preciate it." The recent reinterment of a soldier brought from an overseas grave was the topic of another discussion; it ended with the favorable comment, "The gov'ment sure put him away nice." Bad health is also provocative of prolonged talk; it is rather disgraceful on a bus in Mississippi to be in excellent physical condition. To one man's morose "I'm kindly on the grunt list," came the sympathetic rejoinder, "I'm in low cotton, too." Another man's daughter was "fittified" and his wife was "just meetinary," but he was "tol'able" and was going to take care of them "as long as my head is hot" (that is, as long as he lived). A long-last friend, when asked why he had not written, stated that he had "laid off" to do that, but could not find anyone to "back a letter." A farmer, complaining of a neighbor's encroachments on his land, was solemnly urged, "I'd law for it if I uz you." A Negro cook, relating the events of the household in which she worked, told her friend that the minister knocked on the door, "So I went back and told Mrs. Smith, 'The Rev is here.'" And so on. All the old folk-words and pronunciations can be overheard on a bus: "tate," "fetch," "holp," "ary other," "you'uns," "we'uns" (abjective case as well as nominative), "disremember," "air" (are), "this e'nin'," "yar" (ear), "n'ar 'e was," "they was laid off" (lost their jobs). Probably nowhere else, except far back in an isolated settlement, can so many of these expressions be readily heard so often.

Fragments from an amiable, red-haired bus driver's conversation with a traveler occur to me. Speaking of the Delta, he confided, "I fished up there a right smart." Of a friend now living in Charter Oak, Louisiana, he announced, "I used to live right at him." Another driver had recently hit a deer down the highway; my driver's account of the accident ended, "He killed the deer just as pretty as you ever seen." I noted those three remarks in my commonplace-book and later read them to my students as samples of expressions which I wanted them to collect for me. After the class was over, one of the young men came up to my desk and told me that he heard that kind of language every day in his home town and that he did not know it was improper. (I hasten to add that I teach history, not grammar.)

The places which one discovers by bus are almost as fascinating as the habits and language which he encounters. Sometimes the traveler must feel as DeSota felt when he first crossed the primitive wilds of Mississippi over four hundred years ago. One wonders who gave the name of Rienzi to a little village in the northeastern part of the state, a far cry from the Roman tribune of the fourteenth century. Or what wandering Teuton stopped long enough to designate a crossroads as Gluckstadt? Faint French perfumes still breathe the back-country town of Carrière; distant Indian war-whoops still ring in the name of Tishominga county; the old frontier lingers on in Possumtot. Going westward from Winona, the traveler literally drops out of the hills into that vast expanse of flat, fertile land called the Delta. He sees little ramshackle eating-places like the Silver Moon or the California or the White House or the Moon over Night cafes and wonders about the source of those anything-but-descriptive names. He sees the Bethany Baptist Church (founded September 28, 1819), near Prentiss, is shocked to find it surmounted by a neon cross, and wonders how the Pope managed that victory. He sees a little building which looks like an out-house but reads the superscription, "Temple of Justice, Goss, Mississippi," the office of a local JP. He sees a marker pointing the way to the Jupiter Baptist Church and wonders when that band of Christians reverted to the ancient Mediterranean religion.

I dare say that the most impressive spectacle in all Mississippi was at the place just north of Grenada where Highway 7 crossed the Illinois Central Railroad tracks. There stood a monstrous sign with a death's-head surrounded by the words "STOP -- DEATH -- STOP." If the bus had to wait for a train, the fortunate traveler would hear the sign emit a shrill, wailing whistle; he would see red lights flashing and arms of the sign flailing in a wonderful demonstration. There was always a fellow-pilgrim who would explain in lurid, gory detail that the sign was erected by bereaved parents of a youth who was killed at the crossing.

But my favorite sight is a hill somewhere south of Winona. It is the last hill of the last

foothills of the Appalachian range. From Oxford to that place there is a line of low hills on the left; after that, the country is generally flat. On top of the particular hill is a house and at night one can see the lights in it. I always look for that hill but I can never recall the exact location. Sometimes I miss it and I am always disappointed at having lost a hill.

The canny reader will note that what I have written is not folklore in the narrower meaning of the term, but he will have to admit that it is material concerning the habits, language, and places of the folk. It may be that the time will come when this material will constitute folklore in the stricter definition. To a degree, the old movie It Happened One Night, and Steinbeck's Wayward Bus suggest the possibility. From my experience, it seemed that, in spite of the increasing importance of transportation by airplane and by private conveyance, bus travel showed no sign of diminishing as train travel does. Indeed, so popular was it that I always shuddered when I had to go somewhere, for fear that I might have had to stand up all or part of the way — it has happened to me. But travel is so educational, isn't it? And one does meet such interesting people.

FIFTIETH SESSION OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

By Arthur Palmer Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer

At its fiftieth session, on December 1, 1961, the North Carolina Folklore Society presented New England Shakers and their music, Tarheel Outer Bankers and their speech, and American folksongs of North and South; considered how it might cooperate in the celebration of the Carolina Charter Tercentenary in 1963; and in the process acquired a full-fledged General as one of its officials for 1962.

In his discussions of the first subject, Dr. Daniel W. Patterson, associate professor of English in the University of North Carolina, showed how folk tunes influenced the hymns and dance songs of the Shakers, some of whom came from North Carolina, and sang several songs by way of illustration. Dr. Lucia Morgan, associate professor of speech, had gathered specimens of Outer Banks speech on Ocracoke Island while living there, and tried to play them; but her tape recorder breaking down on the playback, she proved to be better than the machine. Frank Warner, of Long Island, New York, a former Tarheel and a graduate of Duke, justified Carl Sandburg's estimate of him as "perhaps the best folksinger in America" by singing a program of Civil War songs, Confederate and Union, in the respective manners of such singers as Clem Strudwick, of Hillsboro, in "The Unreconstructed Revel," and Indian John Galusha, of Upper New York, in "The Battle of Bull Run." An overflow audience in The Virginia Dare Ballroom thoroughly enjoyed the proceedings.

In the business session that followed, the Secretary-Treasurer gave figures showing how the Society had increased its membership materially and how he had miraculously manipulated his books to reflect a substantial but not giddily exciting balance. After a brief statement by General John D. F. Phillips (Ret.), Executive Secretary of the Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission, concerning plans for the celebration of North Carolina's advent as a political entity, with some suggestions for Folklore Society cooperation, the Society unanimously agreed to take part in the program, and the President was authorized to appoint a committee on cooperation.

Officers elected for 1962 are as follows: President, Richard Walser, Raleigh; 1 Vice President, General John D. F. Phillips, Raleigh; 2 Vice President, Miss Ruth Jewell, Raleigh; Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill.

In June of this year Miss Julia Ribet, of General Phillips' staff, conferred with Dr. Hudson about a project which the General had authorized her to negotiate with him, and Dr. Hudson

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FOLK SPEECH FROM NORTH CAROLINA

By Joseph D. Clark

[Biographical details about Professor Clark, of North Carolina State College, are scattered all the way through North Carolina Folklore, for he has been a frequent and copious contributor.]

The following compilation of folk speech was submitted by two groups of students: (1) my own first-year students in English at North Carolina State College during the fall semesters of 1955-56 and 1960-61; and (2) a much larger group of first-year students in English in the fall semester of 1961-62 at North Carolina State College, St. Augustine's College, Shaw University, and Meredith College -- all in the City of Raleigh. These students, both white and Negro, represent all sections of the State of North Carolina, predominantly the Piedmont and the western half of the Coastal areas. Much gratitude is due them, as well as their relatives and friends who assisted them, for their contributions of speech according to the oral tradition.

In the preparation of the list, special attention has been given to correlating all entries as far as possible with parallels and variants in THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE and in seven dictionaries, specified with keys at the end of this preface. This correlation, however, does not include seventy-two entries listed as originating in certain municipalities and counties. These uncorrelated words and phrases are illustrative of the uncollected or unrecorded folk speech in this region and elsewhere.

The statistics in the ensuing tabulation and analysis -- with the principal emphasis on the dialectal, archaic, and obsolete levels of usage -- present a distribution of entries in four main categories: words in the Brown Collection only (11), words in the Brown Collection and other texts (123), words in the texts other than the Brown Collection (443), and words from students uncorrelated with other sources (72). In addition to these classifications, exceptions to or disagreements with the dialectal, archaic, or obsolete level are indicated. For instance, there are 111 exceptions to 54 individual words, previously classified as dialectal, archaic, or obsolete. Ninety-three of these exceptions now are considered as colloquial or standard. It is noteworthy that the other texts, used in this study, agree generally with the designated levels in the Brown Collection with the exception of fifteen individual words of the 123 appearing in this tabulation and in the Brown Collection. Incidentally, WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL (1961) is responsible for the vast majority of standard classifications under the exceptions. Since this 1961 edition has eliminated all colloquial levels of usage, other texts must be credited with colloquial classifications among the exceptions.

The statistics also indicate that the entries in the list below are given chiefly in texts other than the Brown Collection, with a total of 443, or 68.2% of the grand total of 649. The entries that appear in the Brown Collection total 134, or 20.7% of the 649, slightly more than one-fifth of all entries.

Aside from any speculation about the probably good reasons for the omission in the Brown Collection of almost 80% of the entries, it is evident that numerous words and phrases in the list are simple folk expressions, including variant spellings and pronunciations. As such, they are often heard in all sections of North Carolina at this time -- a fact that confirms the power of the oral tradition in keeping alive hundreds of words for decades and, in some instances, for centuries. People that speak this substandard language are usually slow in changing their speech habits in spite of tremendous pressure from the more sophisticated levels of society.

TABULATION AND ANALYSIS

Words Appearing in Brown Collection (Dialect, Archaic, Obsolete)

Brown Collection only.	11 (1.7%)
Brown and other texts, listed below, including exceptions	123 (19.0%)

Exceptions: Levels of usage	Individual words	Exceptions
Slang	1	3
Colloquial	6	10
Colloquial or dialect	2	2
Standard	12	12*

Totals 21-6 (same words) = 15 27

Words Appearing in Texts Other Than Brown (Dialect, Archaic, Obsolete) .443 (68.2%)

Exceptions: Levels of usage	Individual words	Exceptions
Dialect or colloquial	4	7
Slang	3	3
Slang or dialect	3	3
Colloquial	21	39*

Totals 52-13 (same words) = 39 84

Words from Students (no other sources given)	72 (11.1%)
Total of all entries in list	649

*Chiefly WIR, 1961.

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A

about:	prep. (W) About
a-coming and a-going:	part., vb. (Cf. W, <u>come and go</u>) Coming and going
adder while:	phrase (Cf. W, <u>atter and arter</u>) After a while
Afear(e)d:	adj. (B, W, WC, WI, WIR) Afraid
afore:	prep. and adv. (B, W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) Before
agervate:	vb. (B, <u>agg'vate</u> ; W) Aggravate
agg on:	phrase (B, W) <u>Egg on</u>
aggs, aigs:	n. (B, W) Eggs
agin:	adv. (W, WIR) Again
agin:	prep. (B, W, WIR) Against
agricultcha:	n. (Rocky Mount, N. C.) Agriculture
a-going:	part., vb. (W; WI, colloq.) Going
aint:	n. (W; WNW, colloq.) Aunt
air:	vb. (W, WIR) Are
air, up:	phrase (W) Up there
airish:	adj. (W, WI; WIR, standard) Cold and damp
aim:	adj. and pron. (B, W) Any
airs:	pron. (B, <u>ourn</u>) Ours
alkeeholl:	n. (w) Alcohol
all:	n. (W) Oil
allow, allowed:	vb. (B, W, WNW, WI, WIR) Agree, agreed; consider, considered
allow as how:	phrase (B, W, WI) Think
allus:	adv. (B, W) Always
amanition:	n. (W) Ammunition
anyways:	adv. (W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) Anyway
apern:	n. (B, W) Apron
are, over:	phrase (W) Over there
aready:	adv. (W) Already
agree:	n. (W) Area
arn, orn:	n. (B, W) Iron
arr:	n. (W; Swain County, N. C.) Arrow
arrah:	phrase (Cf. W, <u>air</u>) Are you?
aror:	n. (W. arrer; Perquimans County, N. C.) Arrow
arthritis:	n. (Wake County, N. C.) Arthritis
arry, arrian:	adj. (B, W, WIR) Any
ascared:	adj. (W, WIR) Scared (See <u>skeered</u>)
ash, ish tater:	n. (B, <u>ash potato</u> ; W) Irish potato
ast:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Ask
'at:	adj. (W) That
atall, 'tall:	phrase (W) At all
attackted:	vb. (W) Attacked
atter:	prep. and adv. (B, W) After
attuh:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) At the
auto:	vb. (Cf. W, <u>orter, ort</u>) Should, ought
avafize:	vb. (Rocky Mount, N. C.) Advertise
ax:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Ask

B

bacca, bacco, baccor:	n. (Cf. W, <u>terbacker</u> ; WIR, slang) Tobacco
back a letter:	phrase (B, W, WI, WIR) Address a letter
back and to:	prep. (B, W) To and from
backdoor trots:	n. (WIR) Diarrhea

banch:	n. (W) Bench
barn, bone:	vb. (Wake and Durham Counties, N. C.) Barn
bars:	n. (W, WIR) Bears
becases, becuz, bekase:	conj. and prep. (W) Because
beener:	phrase (Wilson, N. C.) Have been
be(e)s:	vb. (W) Is
befo:	prep., conj., and adv. (W) Before
belieb:	vb. (W) Believe
bery:	vb. (Wake County, N. C.) Bury
berry:	adv. (Guilford County, N. C.) Very
better'n:	phrase (B, W) Better than
biddies:	n. (W, WIR; WNW, WC, WI as standard) Chicks
bigged:	adj. (B, W, WIR; WNW, standard) Pregnant
biles:	vb. and n. (W, WIR) Boil
binyouns:	n. Bunions
bistit:	n. (Franklin County, N. C.) Biscuit
blackberry winter:	phrase (B, DA, W, WIR) Cold weather in spring
black cloud:	phrase (B) Crowd of Negroes
blagum:	n. (Duplin County, N. C.) Black gum
bless out:	phrase (B, WIR) Scald
blore:	n. (Wake County, N. C.; cf. British, dialect, <u>brier</u> , to cry out) Brier
blowed:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Blew
bode:	n. and vb. (W) Board
body:	n. (W; Brittish dialect) A person
bogart:	n. (McDowell County, N. C.; cf. British, dialect, <u>boggard</u>) Elf, goblin
boogie man:	phrase (B, <u>booger man</u> ; WIR) Devil, goblin
bo't:	vb. (Guilford County, N. C.) Bought
bout:	prep. (W, WIR) About
bout yea long:	phrase (AY. Belgard) About sa lang
bowed:	vb. (W) Bored
branch:	n. (W, WC, WIR; DA and WNW, standard) Small creek
brand-spanking:	adj. (B) Brand-new
brang, brung:	vb. (W, WIR) Brought
breakfus:	n. (W) Breakfast
breff:	n. (W) Breath
brid:	n. (WIR) Bird
brim:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Bream
britches:	n. (W, WIR) Breeches, pants
brun:	vb. (Cf. WIR, <u>brunt</u> , British dialect) Burn
bum:	n. and vb. (W, WIR) Bomb
buss:	n. and vb. (W, WC, WI, WNW; WIR, standard) Kiss
bust:	n. and vb. (W, WC, WI, WNW; WIR, slang) Burst

C

caffee:	n. (W) Coffee
ca'm:	adj. and vb. (W) Calm
can:	vb. (WIR) May
candy-ankle:	n. (W) Girlish boy
cap'n:	n. (W) Captain
carn, kam:	n. (Cf. WNW, <u>carn</u> , flesh; see <u>carrion</u>) Bad-smelling odor
carry:	vb. (W, WNW, <u>WI</u> , WIR; WC, colloquial) Take or accompany
catthed:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Caught
cawn, cone:	n. (W) Corn

cawnbread:	n. (W) Corn bread
chaw, chewed:	vb. (B, W, WI, WIR) Chew, chewed
cheer:	n. (B, W, WIR) Chair
chilluns, chullins, children:	n. (W) Children
chimly, chemly:	n. (B, W, WIR) Chimney
chist:	n. (B, W, WIR) Chest
Chooseday:	n. (W) Tuesday
chore, kyare:	n. (W) Cure
chunk, chunked:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Throw, threw
churchhouse:	n. (B, W, DA, WI, WIR) Church
cla(i)r:	adj. and vb. (W) Clear
clare, l:	phrase (W) I declare
clumb, clem:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Climbed
colyum:	n. (W) Calumn
comest:	vb. (Cabarnus County, N. C.) Came or started
comfort:	n. (W, WIR; DA, WC, WI, colloquial) Comforter, quilt
common, about like:	phrase (B, W) As usual
complected, light:	phrase (WI, WIR) Light complexioned
conjuh:	vb. (W) Canjure
coon's age:	phrase (B; WI and WNW, colloquial; WIR, standard) Long time
carndadger:	n. (W; DA, WNW, WI, and WIR, colloquial) Corn bread
cose:	n. (W) Course
costes:	vb. (W) Cast
catched:	vb. (W, WIR) Caught
couldha:	phrase (W) Could have
courting:	vb. (W; DA, WNW, WC, WI, and WIR, standard) Dating
coverlids:	n. (W, WIR; WI, WC, and WNW, standard) Coverlet
cranksided:	adj. (W; WIR, standard) Crooked, askew
crap:	vb. (W, WIR) Crap or pick leaves of vegetables one by one
crawdad:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Crawfish, crayfish
creck, cri(c)k, krik:	n. (W, WIR) Creek
crink:	n. and vb. (WI, WIR) Twist, bend, wrench
critters:	n. (W, DA, WNW, WIR) Creatures
cruddy:	adj. and n. (Cf. WF and WNW, <u>crud</u> ; WIR, substandard) Filt, uncertain disease
cuz:	n. (Wake County, N. C.) Cousin

D

dar's:	phrase (W) There is
dassen't:	phrase (W, WIR) Shouldn't, dare not
dat:	pran. and adj. (W) That
dat dare:	phrase (W) That (there)
dawg:	n. (W) Dog
de, der:	article (W) The
deah's:	phrase (W) There's
deepuh:	adj. (Wake County, N. C.) Deeper
dem, em:	pran. and adj. (W) Them, these, those
dere:	adv. (W) There
dest:	n. (B, <u>destes</u>) Desk
dey, dey'll:	n. and vb. phrase (W) They, they will
deir, dier:	pran. (W) Their
dids't:	phrase (WIR) Did you?
dinnuh:	n. (Cf W, <u>dinnah</u>) Dinner
dis, dis-cheere, dis'sheere, dishar:	pran. and adj. (W) This

dis hean and dat air:	phrase (W) This and that
disappeah:	vb. (W) Disappear
disencouraging:	vb. (W; WIR, standard) Discouraging
disremember:	vb. (W; WC, WI, WNW, dialect and colloquial; WIR, standard) Not remember
doctuh:	n. (W) Doctor
dog-apples:	n. (Guilford County, N. C.) Persimmons
do-hickey:	n. (W; see <u>themagig</u> and <u>doodad</u>) Something without a name
doncha, don't'cha:	phrase (W; Wake County, N. C.) Don't you?
done:	vb. (W, DA, WIR) Did
done:	adv. (WIR) Already, actually
done went and gone:	phrase (WIR) Already left
donna:	phrase (W) Don't know
doodad, dodad:	n. (W; WF, slang; DA, WNW, WI, colloquial; WIR, standard) Useless, unnamed thing, as thingubob, thingemagig
dove:	vb. (W; WC and WI, colloquial; WIR, standard) Dived
drandaddy:	n. (Alamance County, N. C.) Grandfather
drap:	n. and vb. (W, WIR) Drop
d'reckly, terreckly:	adv. (W, WIR) Directly
drefful:	adj. (W) Dreadful
drowneded:	vb. (W, WIR) Drowned
drug:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Dragged
drunken:	vb. (past tense) (WI and WIR, absolute) Drank
dudunt:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) Doesn't
dunner:	n. (Wake County, N. C.) Dinner

E

ear ya:	phrase (W) Hear you
ebery:	adj. (Guilford County) Every
eberything:	pron. (W) Everything
ebuh:	adv. (W) Ever
ef:	conj. (W) If
eillum:	n. (B, W, WIR) Elm
ere:	adv. (Union County, N. C.) Here
et, ete:	vb. (W, WIR) Ate
ev'er'thing:	pron. (B, only ever; W) Everything
escape:	n. and vb. (W) Escape
extry:	adj. and adv. (W) Extra

F

fanella:	n. (W) Vanilla
far, farred:	n., vb. (W) Fire, fired
far, fer piece:	phrase (W, WIR) Long way, distance
father:	adv. (W) Farther
fault you, don't:	phrase (B, <u>faut</u> ; W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) Don't blame you
featherlegged:	adj. (B; WIR, chiefly South and Midland) Frightened
feathers ruffled, get:	phrase (B) Angry, confused
feesh:	n. (W) Fish
fennence:	phrase (Durham County, N. C.; cf. B, <u>fernent</u>) In front of
fergit, forgit:	vb. (W) Forget
fermer, furriner:	n. (W) Foreigner
fetch:	vb. (W, WI; cf. standard British use) Bring
fiah:	n., vb. (Cf. W, <u>foir</u>) Fire
figger, figgered, frigger:	vb. and n. (W) Think, weigh, figure

fillum:	n. (W) Film
fireboard:	n. (B, W; WIR, standard) Mantel
fit, fet, faut, fout, fault:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Fought
fither:	n. (Carteret County, N. C.) Father
fitten:	adj. (B, W, WI, WIR) Suitable
fixing:	vb. (B, W; WNW, colloquial or dialect; WI, colloquial; WIR, standard) Preparing, intending
flar:	n. (W) Flower
flustrated:	vb. and adj. (W; Da, <u>flusticated</u> , slang; WC and WI, <u>flusterate</u> , colloquial; WIR, standard) Flustered
fo:	conj., prep., and adj. (W) For, four
fomest:	phrase (W) In front
fore:	prep. and adv. (W) Before
fotch, fatched:	vb. (Cf. B, fatched-on; W and WI; WIR, South and Midland) Bring, brought
frail:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Flail, beat
frez, friz:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Froze
frien:	n. (W) Friend
fur, fuh:	adj. and adv. (W) Long way, distance; distant
fust:	adj. (W, WIR) First
fust off:	phrase (W) First

G

gatu:	n. (W; DA, colloquial; WF, goton; WIR, as shortened) Alligator
Gawd:	n. (W) God
get ovah:	phrase (W) Get over
gied:	vb. (W, <u>gie</u>) Gave
gin:	prep. (W) Against
'gin:	vb. (W) Begin
git:	vb. (W, WIR) Get, leave
give out:	phrase (W; WNW and WI, colloquial; WIR, standard) Exhaust, tire
goah, gohuh:	vb. (Cf. W, <u>go ahead</u> ; <u>go(a)n</u>) Go
gobbin:	n. (McDowell County, N. C.; cf. WI, <u>laut</u> , British dialect) Fool
gonno, gonne, goinna:	vb. (Cf. W, <u>go(a)n</u>) Going, intending
goober:	n. (B, goobies; W, WC, WI, WIR) Peanut
goober peas:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Peanuts
gooder'n, goodern snuff:	phrase (Cf. W, <u>gooder</u>) Better than snuff
gotta:	phrase (W) Have or go to
grabble:	vb. (W, WIR) Dig around potatoes to avoid disturbing growth; grovel
grandmu:	n. (Cf. W, <u>Grandma</u>) Grandmother
gronny:	n. (W, WIR; WC and WI, standard) Grandmother
grandpappy:	n. (W, WIR) Grandfather
gully-washer:	n. (B, W, WIR) Hard rain
gumption:	n. (W, WC, WI, colloquial and dialect; WNW, colloquial; WIR, standard) Common sense
gwine, gwone, gwain, guine, gwing:	vb. (W, WIR) Go on, going, gone

H

hab:	vb. (W) Have
hotto:	phrase (W, WIR) Have to, must

haggared out:	phrase (Duplin County, N. C.; cf. <u>haggard</u> , obsolete) Tired, worn
hahdly:	adv. (Wake County, N. C.) <u>Hardly</u>
hain't:	phrase (W, WI, WIR) Is not, are not, have not
handirons:	n. (W, WIR) Andirons
handkachief:	n. (Cf. B, hancher) Handkerchief
hanker, hankerin':	vb. (W, WNW, WI, WIR) Wish to do, etc.
hant, haint:	n. (W, WIR) Ghost
har, hard:	vb. (W) Hire, hired
harr:	n. (W, WIR) Harrow
Haslicks:	N. (W, WNW, WI, WIR) Lungs, haslet
has't:	phrase (W, WIR) Have you?
hath:	n. (B, W; WIR, sometimes <u>harth</u>) Hearth
hear(e)d, heer(e)d:	vb. (, WIR) Heard
hep, hepping, hedp, hope, hoped:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Help, helping, helped
here, yanders, and about:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) Here, there, and everywhere
hern, hurs:	pron. and adj. (B, W, WI, WIR) Hers
hesh:	vb. (W, WIR) Hush
het:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Heated
h(i)ar, hyar to thar, from:	phrase (W, WIR) From here to there
'igh taede:	phrase (Cf. W, <u>hoi toide</u>) High tide, as in expression "'igh taede on the sound saede"
hisn:	pron. and adj. (B, W, WIR) His
hist, highst:	n. and vb. (W, WI, WIR) Hoist
histry:	n. (Rocky Mount, N. C.) History
hit, hits:	pron. (B, W, WIR) It, its
hoil:	n. (McDowell County, N. C.) Hole
holler:	vb. (W, WIR; DA and WNW, colloquial; WI, slang; WC, standard) Cry aloud, yell
holler:	n. (W, WIR) Hollow, elevated valley
homely:	adj. (B, WC, WI, WIR) Friendly
hongry:	adj. (B, W, WIR) Hungry
hope:	vb. (W; WI, colloquial) Wish, desire
hoppergrass:	n. (W, WIR) Grasshopper
hornswoggled, well, I'll be:	phrase (W; WNW, <u>swindle</u> ; WC, <u>bamboozle</u>) I am surprised, be-fuddled
horrow:	n. and vb. (W) Harrow
horsepital:	n. (W) Hospital
hoss:	n. (W, WIR) Horse
hoya feeling:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) How are you feeling?
hunder(e)d:	n. (W; WIR, <u>hundert</u>) Hundred
hurted:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Hurt

I

idee, idear:	n. (W, WIR) Idea
idget:	n. (W, <u>ijit</u> ; WIR) Idiot
idicated:	vb. (W) Educated
if(f)in, effen, infu:	conj. (W, WIR) If
ilunt:	n. (Carteret County, N. C.; cf. W, <u>islant</u>) Island
im:	pron. (W) Him
Injun:	n. (WIR, WI, humorous) Indian
injurns, injerns, ernens:	n. (B, W, WIR) Onions
innerds, innards:	n. (W, WI) Intestines
inside:	n. (Carteret County, N. C.) Inland waters
it don't differ:	sentence (Rutherford County, N. C.) It doesn't matter

J

jellarp:	n. (Wake County, N. C.; cf. <u>julep</u> , <u>jell</u> , <u>jelly</u>) Jellies, jams, syrups
jest, jist:	adj. (W, WIR) Just
jidge, Jedge:	n. (B, W) Judge
jined:	vb. (W, WIR) Joined
johnny-house:	n. (B; WIR, chiefly Midland; cf. WF and WNW, <u>john</u>) Privy
jomitry:	n. (W) Geometry
jubus:	adj. (B) Dubious
jup the broom:	phrase (W, WI, WIR) Get married

K

keared, keered:	vb. (W) Cared
ketch, kotch, katched:	vb. (W) Catch, caught
kilt:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Killed
kin:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Can
kinda:	phrase (W) Kind of
kinfolks:	n. (W, WC, WNW, WI; WIR, standard) Kinsfolk
kittle:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Kettle
kiver, civer:	n. (W, WIR; student from Kinston, N. C., as <u>queevers</u>) Cover
kiverlit:	n. (W) Bedspread, coverlet
knawed:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Knew

L

laig, laigs:	n. (W) Leg(s)
lallygag, lollygag:	vb. (W, WF, WIR) Fooling around, kissing
larning:	n. and vb. (W, WIR) Learning
'lasses:	n. (W, WIR) Molasses
latter:	n. (W, <u>lather</u> ; student's theme) Ladder
lawd:	n. (Rockingham County, N. C.) Lord
law-za-mercy, law-zee-me:	phrase (W) Lord have mercy; oh, my
leab, libe:	vb. (W) Leave
learn:	vb. (B, W; WI, vulgarism; WIR, substandard) Teach
leastaways:	adv. (W, WC, <u>leastways</u> ; WNW, WI, WIR) Leastwise
least little:	phrase (W) Smallest
leave:	vb. (W, WNW, WI, WIR) Let
leben:	n. (W) Eleven
lef:	vb. and adj. (Guilford County, N. C.) Left
lent:	vb. (WNW, WI, WIR) Loaned
lest:	adj. and adv. (Bertie County, N. C.) Less
lib, libin, libbing:	vb. (W, libed; Wilkes County, N. C.) Live, living
liberry:	n. (W) Librory
light:	vb. (WNW, rare; WC, WI) Dismount and rest
lights, caw:	phrase (W, WIR; WC, WNW, WI, standard) Cow lungs
like:	adj. and vb. (W, WIR; cf. B, <u>like to have</u>) Lack, almost or nearly
likker:	n. (W) Liquar
lil:	adj. (W) Little
lilt dodger:	n. (B, W, DA) Mill worker (textile)
linthead:	n. (W, DA, WIR) Mill worker (textile)
little-un:	phrase (B, W) Little one
long piece:	phrase (W; cf. <u>fer piece</u>) Long distance
look-a-yer, looky here, looky:	phrase (W) Look at this, listen

lord a mercy:	phrase (cf. W, <u>law</u> , <u>la</u> , <u>lawzy</u> ; see <u>law-za-mercy</u> , etc.) Lord have mercy
lotta:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) Lot of
low:	adj. (W, WIR; WC and WNW, standard) Short in stature
lub:	vb. (W) Love
lubby, lubly:	adj. and adv. (W) Lovely

M

maddock:	n. (Guilford County, N. C.) Mattock
massa:	n. (W) Master
mate:	n. (W, WIR) Meat
mater(s), matoe(s), Mattor(s), matuses:	n. (W) Tomato(es)
maw, ma:	n. (W, WIR) Mother
mawning, moning:	n. (W) Morning
membuh:	vb. (Wake County, N. C.) Remember
mess:	n. (W, WNW, WI; WIR, standard) Serving of food
middling:	adj. (Cf. B, <u>middling peart</u> ; W, WC, WI, WIR) Moderate, average
million:	n. (W; Duplin County, N. C.) Melon
mind, if you're a (mind) to:	phrase (W, WC, WI, WIR; WNW, colloquial) If you wish to
mirrow:	n. (W) Mirror
miseres, get the:	phrase (W, WNW, WIR) Have a serious ailment, sickness
mizrus:	n. (Guilford County, N. C.) Mrs.
mo, moe:	adj. and adv. (W, WIR) More
mommick:	vb. (B, W; WIR, <u>mammock</u>) Tear up or damage something
moren, more'n:	phrase (Cf. W, <u>moreder</u>) More than
mos(e)y:	vb. (B, W; WNW, WC, WI, slang; WIR, standard) Walk slowly
mout, maut, mought:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Might
mu:	n. (Cf. W, <u>mummah</u>) Mother
mudder:	n. (W; Wake County, N. C.) Mother
muff-tash:	n. (Guilford County, N. C.) Mustache
muhsef:	pron. (W) Myself
musta:	phrase (W) Must have

N

n, en:	conj. (W; WIR, as shortened) And
nah, naw:	adj. and adv. (W, WIR) No
nake:	n. (W) Neck
narn, nary, nairy, nerrie:	adj. (B, W, WC; WIR, <u>nar</u>) Not one
narry a one, bit, thing:	phrase (See <u>narn</u>) Not one, nothing
nawsur:	phrase (W) No, sir
nebber:	adv. (W) Never
nerbes:	n. (W, <u>narves</u>) Nerves
nigh on about:	phrase (W, WNW, WC, WIR) Almost, about or close
nohow:	adv. (W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) In no way
noneatall:	phrase (Cf. <u>atall</u> , W and others) None at all
nup, nope:	adj. (Wayne County, N. C.) No
not much:	phrase (W, <u>ain't much</u>) Not very well
nowhur, nowhar:	adv. (W) Nowhere
nowheres:	adv. (W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) Nowhere
nuss:	n. (W) Nurse
nuthin, nuttin:	n. (W) Nothing

obleegeed, much:	phrase (B, W, WIR) Thank you
occasion, no:	phrase (B) You are welcome (in answer to <u>Thank you</u>)
oder arternoon:	phrase (B, W) Other afternoon
oiland:	n. (Rowan County, N. C.) Island, for Outer Banks
ole:	adj. (W) Old
omy:	pron. and adj. (McDowell County, N. C.) Any
oncer:	adv. (W, WIR) Once
onliest:	adv. and adj. (B, W, WIR) Only
ont:	phrase (B) Won't
other'n:	phrase (Northampton County, N. C.) Other one
othuh:	pron. and adj. (W) Other
oughta:	phrase (W) Should, ought to
ourn:	pron. (B, W, WIR) Ours
outa-fix:	phrase (W) Broken, needing repair
ov:	prep. (W) Of
over are, air:	phrase (W, are, air) Over there
overhauls:	n. (W, WIR) Overalls

pain:	n. (W; cf. WI, <u>pain</u> , bread, obsolete; Wake County, N. C.) Pan
pa(i)nter:	n. (B, W, WIR; WC, Da, WNW, colloquial) Panther
pappy:	n. (W, WNW, WI, WIR) Father
passel:	n. (B, W; WIR, standard) Lot, group, etc.
patridge:	n. (W, WIR) Partridge, Quail
paw, pa:	n. (W, WI; WIR, standard for papa) Father
peart, peert:	adj. (W, WI, WC, WNW, WIR) Healthy, well, spry
peart near:	phrase (See <u>peart</u>) Pretty near, almost
peas:	n. (Cf. B, <u>peas</u> , any shelled beans or peas; WIR, standard seeds of herbs, shrubs, etc.; Northampton County, N. C.) Peanuts
peckerwood:	n. (W; WIR, South and Midland; WI, alternate spelling; cf. B, as low-class whites) Woodpecker
peepies:	n. (B, W) Chicks
pianner:	n. (W) Piano
piazzy, pizer:	n. (W) Porch, piazza
pillar, pillar:	n. (W, WIR) Pillow
pinder, pender, goober:	n. (W, WIR) Peanut
pint:	n. and vb. (W, WIR) Point
pitcher, pixture, piture:	n. and vb. (W) Picture
pizen, pison:	n. and vb. (B, W, WIR) Poison
plum(b):	adv. (W, WNW, WI, WIR; WC, colloquial) Almost, extremely
plum(b)-tee:	phrase (W, WIR; cf. B, <u>plum(b)</u> sight) Quite plumb
po, pore:	adj. (W, WIR) Poor
poke, polk:	n. (B, W, WC, WNW) Paper bag
poke along:	phrase (B; WIR, without <u>along</u> , standard) Walk slowly
pone o' bread:	phrase (W, WIR) Pan of <u>bread</u>
poor:	vb. (W) Pour
poorly:	adj. and adv. (W; WIR, South) Not well
poplar:	adj. (East Tennessee) Popular
popskull:	n. (W; WIR, chiefly Midland) Home-made whiskey
potlikker, potlicker:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Pot liquor, residue of solids after cooking
praisin':	adj. (Franklin County, N. C.) Pregnant
presnee, presny, presentness,	
presiness:	adv. (Cf. W, <u>present'y</u> ; Franklin and Northampton Counties, N. C.) Presently, soon, in a few minutes

propuh:	adj. (Wake County, N. C.) Proper
proud:	adj. (B, W, WNW, WI, WIR) Glad, pleased to
pillow:	n. (Lenoir County, N. C.) Pillow
punkin:	n. (W, WIR, standard) Pumpkin
pusson:	n. (W) Person

Q

quirl:	n. and vb. (B, WIR) Twist, coil, curl
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R

rare back:	phrase (W, WIR) Rear back
rase:	vb. (Craven County, N. C.) Erase
rat:	adj. and adv. (W) Right
reckon, reckoning:	vb. (B, W, WI, WIR) Think, guess; thinking, guessing
recoganize, reconize:	vb. (W; Lenoir County, N. C.) Recognize
retch:	vb. (W, WIR) Reach
rheumatiz:	n. (W, WIR) Rheumatism
ribber:	n. (W) River
rid:	vb. (W, WI, WIR) Rode
right 'ar, ritcheer, ritchers, rat chair:	phrase (W) (Right) there, here
right much:	phrase (B, W; WC, colloquial) Plenty, large amount
right smart:	phrase (B, W, WNW, WC, WIR) Plenty, good deal; quite
rinching:	vb. (W) Rinsing
rithmetic:	n. (Stanley County, N. C.) Arithmetic
rosenears, roastnears, rostin ears:	phrase (W, WIR) Roasting ears
ruff:	n. and vb. (B, W, WIR) Roof
ruint, rernt:	vb. (W, WIR) Ruined

S

Saddie:	n. (W) Saturday
sallet:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Salad
sandwatches:	n. (Wake County, N. C.) Sandwiches
Sandy Claws:	n. (W) Santa Claus
santer:	vb. (W) Saunter
scag:	n. (Surry County, N. C.) Prostitute
sech, sick:	adj., adv., and pron. (W, WIR) Such
seed:	vb. (W, WIR) Saw, seen
seen:	vb. (W) Saw
set, sot:	vb. (W) Sit, sat
setting-up:	phrase (B) Wake, sitting up with a corpse
share, sherr:	n. (W) Shower
shet:	vb. (B, W, WIR) Shut
shetters:	n. (W) Shutters
shevel, shubble:	n. (Guilford County, N. C.) Shovel
sho:	adj. and adv. (W, WI, WIR) Sure
sho nuff:	phrase (W) Sure enough
should ought:	vb. (W) Ought
shouldn't oughta:	vb. (W) Shouldn't have
shuck:	vb. (W, WI) Shook
shuck:	vb. (W) Get rid of
shukeins:	n. (W) Shucks

sink:	n. (W) Zinc
sistuh:	n. (W, <u>sistern</u>) Sister
skeered, skeert, sked:	vb. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Scared
slick:	vb. (W, <u>WI</u>) Polish
smallun:	phrase (W) Small one
smidgen, smidget:	n. (B, <u>smidgum</u> ; W, <u>WI</u> ; WIR, standard) Small amount
sneck:	n. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Snake
snig:	vb. (<u>WI</u> , WIR) Tear, snag, lap
sniket:	n. (McDowell County, N. C.) Gate
snuk, snuck:	vb. (W, WIR) Sneaked
sojers:	n. (W) Soldiers
somers:	adv. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Somewhere
sompin, sumpin:	n. (W) Something
som'un teate:	phrase (W) Something to eat
soogan, sugan, suggan:	n. (B, saddle for ox; WF, W, <u>WI</u> ; WIR standard) Quilt, blanket
soppins:	n. (Burke County, N. C.; cf. WIR, <u>sop</u>) Gravy
sorta:	phrase (W) Sort of
sot:	vb. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Sat, set
spake:	vb. (WNW, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Spoke
spar:	n. (Swain County, N. C.; W) Sparrow
speck, spek:	vb. (W; WIR, as shortened) Expect, suspect
spouse:	vb. (Guilford County, N. C.) Suppose
spritz:	vb. (W, WIR) Splash, squirt, sprinkle
spuds:	n. (W; WC and <u>WI</u> , dialect or colloquial; WNW, colloquial) Potatoes
squash:	vb. (W, WNW; DA and <u>WI</u> , colloquial; WIR, standard) Smash, crush
starling:	adj. (W; WIR, as absolute variant) Sterling
stee:	n. (McDowell County, N. C.; WIR, British dialect) Ladder
steers:	n. (Northampton County, N. C.) Stairs
sterning wheel:	phrase (Northampton County, N. C.) Steering wheel
stab:	n. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Stake, stab
stamp'd:	vb. (W, WF, <u>WI</u> ; WIR, standard) Stamped
stoor, staw:	n. (W, <u>WI</u>) Stare
strang:	vb. (W, WIR) Strung
su:	adj. (Cf. W, <u>suah</u> , <u>shuh</u>) Sure
surround:	vb. (W, <u>WI</u> , WIR) <u>Walk</u> wide of or around
suspicioned:	vb. (W, WC, WNW, <u>WI</u> ; WIR, substandard) Suspected
suttin, suttin:	adj. (Cf. W, <u>sartin</u>) Certain
swan, Ah'll; swanne, l:	phrase (W, <u>swanny</u> ; WIR; DA, slang or dialect; <u>WI</u> , slang or dialect; WNW) I swear, declare
swang:	vb. (W, WNW, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Swung
swigger, l:	phrase (W) I declare
swivet, in a:	phrase (W, WF, <u>WI</u> ; WIR, standard) Hurried, anxious
sworny:	vb. (Northampton County, N. C.; cf., W, <u>swan</u>) Swear, declare
swum:	vb. (W, WNW, WIR) Swam

I

'taint:	phrase (W) Isn't
tap:	n. (W; WIR, standard) Bolt
tar, tarred:	vb. (W) Tire, tired
tarnation:	n. (W, WNW, <u>WI</u> , WIR) Damnation
tarpon:	n. (Cf. DA, <u>tarup</u> ; cf. W., <u>tarpin</u>) Terrapin
tater, taters, tader, tatoes:	n. (B, W, WNW) Potato(es)
tater pie:	n. (see <u>tater</u>) Potato pie

tater, red:	phrase (W, WIR) Sweet potato
tawk:	vb. (Anson County, N. C.) Talk
teached:	vb. (W) Taught
t'eat:	phrase (Duplin County, N. C.; see som'un teate) To eat
te(t)ch, tech:	vb. (Cf. B, WNW, WI, <u>techy</u> ; WIR) Touch
tetched:	adj. (B, W, WNW; WIR, standard) Crazy
thank, thank:	vb. (W) Think
thar:	adv. (W, WI, WIR) There; their (sometimes)
thar 'tis:	phrase (W) There it is
that air, that dere:	phrase (B, W, WIR) That (there)
thatun:	phrase (W) That one
thataway:	phrase (W, WIR) That way
the:	pron. (W) They
theirn:	adj. and pron. (B, W, WIR) Their(s)
theirs-un:	adj. and pron. (Cf. W, <u>theirn</u>) Their(s)
them:	adj. and pron. (B, W, WIR) Those, these
they's:	phrase (B) There are
this here:	pron. and adj. (B, W, WI, WIR) This
this-un:	phrase (W) This one
throwed:	vb. (W, WIR) Threw
tings:	n. (W) Things
tire:	n. (W) Tar
to:	prep. (W, WIR) At (home)
tobble well, feeling toble:	phrase (Cf. B, <u>tolerable</u> ; W, WIR) Tolerable, feeling fair feeling fair
to home:	phrase (W, WNW) Home
tole:	vb. (W) Told
tolerable:	adj. (B, W, WI; WNW and WC, colloquial; WIR, <u>tolerably</u> , dialect) Fairly well, good
tom-a-to, tommata, tomater,	
tomatus(es):	n. (W) Tomato(es) [See mater(s)]
toophers:	n. (familiar) Teeth
toirectly:	adv. (B, W) Directly
torrable:	adj. (Cf. W, <u>turrible</u>) Terrible
tother:	phrase (Cf. B, <u>toder</u> , <u>tudder</u> ; W, WNW, WC, WI, WIR) The other
tow sack:	phrase (W) Burlap bag
trabbled:	vb. (W) Traveled
trapse, traipse:	vb. (B, W, WI; WC, colloquial; WNW, colloquial or dialect; WIR, standard) Trudge
tuckered, plum(b) out:	phrase (W; WNW, WC, WI, colloquial) Exhausted, worn out
tuh:	prep. (W) To
turn:	n. (B, W) Armful
twarn't:	phrase (W) It wasn't
tween:	prep. (WIR, as shortened) Between
twixt:	prep. (W, <u>betwixt</u> ; W, WNW; WIR, as shortened) Between

U

ubem:	phrase (Durham County, N. C.) Of them
um:	pron. (W) Them
undastan, unnerstan:	vb. (Wake County, N. C.) Understand
urshters:	n. (W) Oysters
useta:	phrase (Cf. B, <u>usen</u>) Used to
us-uns:	pron. (W) Us

V

vamint:	n. (W, WNW, WC, WI, WIR) Vermin, wild creature
very coarse:	adj. (W) Varicose
vil:	vb. (Wake County, N. C.) Will
visituh:	n. (Wake County, N. C.) Visitor
vittles:	n. (W, WNW, WC) Food

W

wadder, warter:	n. (W) Water
waez, wuz:	vb. (W) Was
wagun, waggin:	n. (W) Wagon
wan't, won't:	phrase (B, W, WI, WIR) Was not, would not
wants out:	phrase (W, WI) Wishes to go out
warn't:	phrase (W, WIR) Was not, were not
wantya:	phrase (W) Were you?
warnut:	n. (W) Walnut
warshed:	vb. (W; WIR, substandard) Washed
wat:	pron. (W) What
way:	adv. (W, WI, WIR) Away
ways:	n. (W; WI, dialect and colloquial; WNW, colloquial) Distance
wear you out:	phrase (W) Beat you up
weat:	vb. (Alamance County, N. C.) Whet
wed:	vb. (B, W, WNW, WI, WIR) Weeded
wen:	adv. and adj. (W) When
weons, weuns:	phrase (B, W) We
wha cha, whatcha:	phrase (Franklin and Lenoir Counties, N. C.) What are you (doing)?
whar:	adv. and conj. (W, WIR) Where
whelp:	n. (W, WI, WIR) Welt
where is you at:	phrase (W) Where are you?
whicher way:	phrase (Wilson, N. C.) Which way?
whilst:	adv. and conj. (W, WC, WI, WIR) While
whompus, wanpus cat:	n. (W, <u>catawampus</u> cat) Bobcat
whoop, whooped, whup:	vb. (W; cf. WF, <u>whop</u>) Whop, whip; whopped, whipped
wid:	prep. (W) With
widder woman:	n. (B, <u>widow woman</u> ; W) Widow
widout:	prep. (W) Without
winder:	n. (W) Window
wines:	n. (W, rare) Vines
without:	conj. (B, W, WNW, WC, WI, WIR) Unless
womperjawled:	adj. (W, also <u>whopper-jawed</u>) Not even
woodn't:	phrase (W; Alamance County, N. C.) Wouldn't it?
worser:	adj. and adv. (W) Worse
woulda:	phrase (Wake County, N. C.) Would have
woused:	vb. (W) Wished
wrastle:	vb. (B, W, WI) Wrestle
wrench:	vb. (W, WIR) Rinse
writ:	vb. (W, WC, WNW, WI, WIR) Wrote
wrop:	vb. (W, WIR) Wrap
wud:	n. and vb. (W) Word
wuk:	n. and vb. (W) Work
wy:	adv. (W) Why

ya, yo:	pron. (W, WIR) You
yai sur:	phrase (W) Yes, sir
y'all, you all, yawl:	pron. (W, WI, WIR) All of you
yander, yan, yon, younder, yonner, houander:	adv. and adj. (B, W, WNW, WI, WIR) Yonder
yarbin' it:	phrase (Forsyth County, N. C.) Talking foolishly
yarbs:	n. (B, W, WIR) Herbs
yeahs:	n. (W) Years
year:	n. (W, WIR) Ear
yeller, yiller, yellow:	adj. (W, WI, WIR) Yellow
yep, yer, yup:	adv. (W, WF, WI, WIR) Yes
yer:	pron. (W, WI, WIR) Your
yistiddy, yestiddy:	n. and adv. (B, W) Yesterday
youngens, yunguns:	phrase (B, W, WIR) Children
yourn:	pron. (B, W, WI, WIR) Yours
youse:	pron. (W, WI, WIR) You
you-uns, you'ns, ye'ons:	pron. (B, W, WI) You
yuh:	pron. (W) You
yuhsef:	pron. (W) You

North Carolina State College, Raleigh

April 2, 1962

FIFTIETH SESSION OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY [Cont. from p. 5]

agreed to undertake it. In brief, the project should take form under the title "Folksongs That the Carolina Charter Colonists Could, Should, or Would Have Sung, 1663-1763," and when completed will be published in pamphlet or brochure form by the Charter Tercentenary Commission some time this year. Dr. Hudson will be assisted in his research by Mrs. Marjorie Blankenship Melton, author of "How the North Carolina Came Home," on following pages of this issue. Mrs. Melton is also assisting him with the indexing of his collection of folklore, to be given to the University of North Carolina and the University of Mississippi libraries upon Dr. Hudson's final retirement.



OLD CHRISTMAS AT RODANTHE

By Richard Walser

[President of the North Carolina Folklore Society for 1962, Professor Walser, of North Carolina State College, is the most prolific researcher and publisher of North Carolinaiana now in business. His latest book, The North Carolina Miscellany (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1962) is in many ways his most representative, touching as it does most of the areas of his interest, and exhibiting his skill in searching out and exhibiting multifarious aspects of the intimate story of North Carolina.

["Old Christmas at Rodanthe" is, in the Editor's opinion, the most searching and authoritative account of what is, next to the Old Salem Easter Service and the Cherryville New Year's Shoot, the most picturesque, interesting, and recurrently publicized folk custom practiced by North Carolinians.]

Of all the survivals of folk celebrations in North Carolina, none has excited more curiosity and interest than Old Christmas at Rodanthe on Hatteras Island. Though the customary December date is now recognized and honored in the typical, expected fashion, the Rodanthians have not abandoned the custom of their forefathers in signaling January 5 as the "real" Christmas.

Present-day folk in Dare County account for Old Christmas in this way: When in 1582 the Gregorian Calendar was substituted for the Julian Calendar in many Catholic countries, resistance in other areas such as Protestant England delayed its adoption until much later. Finally, in 1752 the English officially began using the new calendar, and in that year dropped eleven September days to bring themselves into line. But the more tradition-minded folk would have none of it. They insisted that the actual occasion was still December 25, which by counting forward eleven days thereby came on January 5. Even this mathematical reasoning was not immediately translated into action. For years the old Julian Calendar was followed in isolated areas—such as on the North Carolina sandbanks, for instance—and even after the Gregorian came into general use for secular purposes, the January 5 date was stubbornly retained for Christmas. The new Christmas day was said to be man-made.

There was, and still is, confusion about the January 5 date, coming, as it does, just before Epiphany on January 6. The latter day is a religious feast day commemorating the visit of the Wise Men to the Christ Child. It is also the day solemnizing the Child's baptism, or Birth of the Spirit, in contrast to December 25, or Birth of the Flesh; as such the early church revered the day as Jesus' birthday. But Epiphany, or Twelfth Night (twelve days after December 25), seems not to have any connection with the origin of the Rodanthe celebration of Old Christmas, apparently based solely on the calendar change. Today, some sequestered groups celebrate Epiphany and call it "Old Christmas"; but Rodanthians claim they have the only January 5 Christmas festival in the world.

Unfortunately, no records of the early observances at Rodanthe are available. The first accounts I have found come from the 1930's. Before that, no one must have thought the occasion sufficiently significant to write up. Yet there is evidence that originally the custom was widespread in eastern North Carolina. One elderly man recalled that his forefathers in Camden and Currituck counties during the nineteenth century always reminded the youngsters about the "real Christmas," in an age when almost everyone had conformed to the December 25 of the Gregorian Calendar (Willis Briggs, "Three Christmases," The State, Jan. 1, 1944, p. 4). Of more immediate interest is the statement of a resident of Rodanthe: "Our people in my father's and grandfather's time always celebrated Christmas on January 5" (Monroe Enquirer, Sept. 7, 1938).

Perhaps the old custom might not have prevailed under the pressure of rather universal acceptance of the new date elsewhere if there had not been a need for two Christmases at

Rodanthe. It is said that in later days, though the villages of Waves and Rodanthe were only a mile apart, it was difficult to do much visiting back and forth trudging through the sand. Thus started the pleasant practice of the residents of one village paying calls on those of the other at the first Christmas day, and a return visit at the second. Before long, a routine was established. Early on Christmas morning, instrumentalists with fife and drum, accompanied by the Sunday School choir, awoke the villagers. From house to house they marched, singing hymns and holding prayers at each residence. By noontime, a picnic dinner was ready. Then in the evening, there was merry-making, singing, and joking at a central spot, with all the celebrants masqueraded in old clothes, black stockings covering their faces. At the height of the entertainment, Old Buck made his appearance to the noisy music of fife and drum. The fifes, we are told, were fashioned of local reeds, the drum covered with the skin of a sheep tanned at home. During the holiday season, the men and boys played ball and had shooting contests in the daylight hours, then joined the women and girls for candy-pulling after dark. On January 4 the children hung up their stockings again, and on both Christmas days gifts were exchanged (Catherine D. Meekins, "Old Christmas at Rodanthe," The State, Dec. 19, 1936, pp. 1, 21).

The need for a community get-togethers evidently saved the old custom, because for a while, indeed, it had been practically abandoned (Monroe Enquirer, Sept. 7, 1938). Whatever its lapses in earlier decades, and regardless of its becoming less religious and more secular, Old Christmas was, at least by the 1930's, an event thoroughly established in the annals of the community.

The celebration of Old Christmas at Rodanthe has undergone, and is still undergoing, many changes. In its uncertain, up-and-down history, there is little evidence of a ritual unchanged and faithfully performed, as is true of some ancient folk rites. The one constant element is Old Buck. Though even the most informed Rodanthean is unable to explain Old Buck's origin authoritatively, he has been there since anyone remembers.

On January 5, Old Buck, "the wild bull of Trent Woods," comes up to Rodanthe from the pine forests of Cape Hatteras in order to inquire about the misdeeds of the children since last Christmas (News and Observer, Raleigh, Jan. 4, 1953). While nobody has ever seen Old Buck, it is well known that he has long, terrible horns, that his nostrils shoot forth fire, and that he can roar like a northeaster. His mission at Rodanthe is to annihilate Santa Claus through the misdeeds of youngsters, but he is never successful. During Christmas, though he is nearby, only his effigy appears (N&O, Jan. 4, 1939). At the appropriate moment, he comes among the gathering of children. Old Buck's likeness is propelled by two men underneath a blanket held aloft on a horizontal pole to the front end of which is a cow's head with horns. Cavorting and bobbing about to the shouts of "Caper, Buck I" the fierce monster is attacked by the boys, who are repulsed with difficulty (Asheville Citizen, Jan. 6, 1949). Finally, when it begins to look as if Old Buck will be overcome, he makes his exit for another year; Santa Claus and the Spirit of Christmas have been saved.

Harrett T. Kane, in his informative pages on Old Christmas (The Southern Christmas Book, 1958, pp. 89-93), traces Old Buck's parentage to the mummers' festivals, particularly as observed in Cornwall and Staffordshire. He says, "Clearly Old Buck has English ancestors" (p. 92). While the matter is hardly arguable, some of the older residents believe that "the mythological bull of the Cape Hatteras woodlands" (The State, Dec. 27, 1958, p. 50) is cousin of a Scandinavian demon and that he crept ashore in the childhood memories of a survivor from a Norse ship (Asheville Citizen, Jan. 6, 1949). This notion would seem more to the point. In Denmark, a folk creature who appears at Christmas is "the Klapper-bock, or Yul-bock, a steed made of a long pole covered with a goat's skin and bearing an animal's head. He goes about bucking the children who are ill behaved" (Alfred Carl Hottes, 1001 Christmas Facts and Fancies, 1944, p. 224). Across the Skagerrak in Norway, a goat known as the Jule-buken appears at midnight on Christmas eve. On his back rides a mischievous elf called the Jule-nissen. As they enter the room where the children are waiting, the little ones hold their breaths to watch

who will be bumped by the goat; for only the wicken ones are singled aut (Hattes, p. 262).

Whatever Old Buck's folk antecedents, he is the high moment of the Rodanthe ceremonial. As he comes forward, adults join children in shrinking away from him and uttering groans of terror. The boys move to the fray. But Old Buck may neither conquer nor be conquered, and soon he has vanished for another twelve months.

That Old Buck will be back next January is a certainty in the otherwise changeable nature of the observances at Rodanthe. The planners of Old Christmas do not hesitate to vary their program from year to year--and even the date for the celebration itself--in order to meet the varying times and needs. In 1938, they had speech-making and moving pictures in the schoolhouse by courtesy of the National Park Service, and dancing at the Chicamacomico Coast Guard Station (N&O, Jan. 6, 1938). Four years later, chicken stew was the chef d'oeuvre (N&O, Jan. 8, 1942). After the war, Old Buck was moving docilely from house to house visiting children and leaving gifts, the main events now at the schoolhouse with an oyster roast to tempt appetites (N&O, Jan. 6, 1948). Another innovation, in the fashion of the Jule-nissen, was a man who rode atop Old Buck himself when he appeared with a bell around his neck (N&O, Jan. 5, 1950).

By 1958, Old Christmas was publicized as a homecoming event. Natives of the region who had wandered afar were invited to come back and greet old friends not only from the villages on Hatteras Island but from Manteo and other saltwater communities. Visitors who had no connection with the Outer Banks were openly and warmly welcomed. And so it was that, in 1958, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher of Bandan Plantation, I made a first trip to Rodanthe for Old Christmas.

The festivities had been moved up to Saturday evening, January 4, with only the religious phases reserved for the following day. The practice of setting the celebration on the nearer Saturday, with hopes that the week end would bring in more participants, has since been followed.

That year the weather was quite cold. A parade scheduled for the afternoon was canceled. The Fletchers and I found warmth at Mirlo Beach Lodge (later burned), decorated for the occasion with lighted tree and ornaments. At 6:30 a barbecue was in progress. By 7:30 the one-room schoolhouse was jammed. A variety program--Negro minstrelsy, dances, and solo musical numbers--preceded the long-awaited climax. "Then the Master of Ceremonies announced that Old Buck was on his way. This frightful beast came up the aisle, and went on the stage while the drum beat, and music played. Old Buck was led by John E. Herbert Sr. assisted by John E. Herbert Jr. and Ellery Midgett. Santa Claus was happily riding astride Old Buck, all to the delight of the youngsters. Santa Claus in this case was Mrs. Herbert" (Coastline Times, Manteo, Jan. 17, 1958). Well do I remember everyone's gasping with simulated fright when Old Buck came inside the schoolroom, and I also recall how startled I was to see Old Buck's erstwhile foe Santa Claus calmly riding the monster. Later, with friends, I braved the intensely cold sea wind to attend the oyster roast just outside the school. Others were patronizing the stand nearby where soft drinks and hot dogs were sold. Inside the warm schoolhouse, following a concert of harmonica music and drum beating, the string band from Engelhard tuned up to start the square dancing. A special object for attention was Miss Elvira Payne of Wanchese, whose family have for over a hundred years been the drum-beaters at Old Christmas with the very drum she had on her knees (see photograph of Miss Payne with her drum and Old Buck, The State, Dec. 10, 1960, p. 15). We learned that the benches in the schoolhouse, now a community building, were new, made available by special contributions to the Old Christmas Fund (Coastline Times, Jan. 3, 1958).

Obviously, Old Christmas had become a community project. The events were, as I told Harnett T. Kane when he was writing The Southern Christmas Book (p. 93), neither quaint nor self-conscious, and it would be unfortunate if the occasion were ever to become "picturesque" come-on for tourists.

In 1959, when the festival was held on January 3, funds were solicited to repair the community building with its capacity of two hundred. In 1960, January 2 was the date (N&O, Jan. 8, 1960). In 1962, Saturday fell on Twelfth Night, January 6; so Old Christmas was held then (Raleigh Times, Jan. 5, 1962).

Rodanthians are no longer isolated folk with a curious survival on their hands. To the ever-shifting tempos of the years, they have shaped their special celebration, even to the role of Old Buck himself.

LIMERICKS OF A DISK JOCKEY

By Susan Gayle Brewer

[Susan is the fourteen-year-old daughter of a graduate student in history at the University of North Carolina. An eighth-grader in the Pittsboro Public Schools, one Saturday last February she came with her mother to Chapel Hill and was brought by someone to Professor A. P. Hudson's office. The upshot of this acquaintance was that Professor Hudson appointed Susan Disk Jockey for his British and American Ballads and Folksongs course, to play recordings of ballads used in recognition quizzes. Susan returned every Saturday. The friendship ripened, and Susan's education proceeded. The Professor set Susan the task of learning to compose ballads and limericks. As examples of the latter (in form at least), he gave her:

In my circle of friends is Sue Brewer,
And her kind gets fewer and fewer.

When she h'ists her sails,
She never fails.
And no task can quite outdo her.

When my heart was full of wishin',
She bid me go with her fishin':
"The brim's fat as quails,
And the bass big as whales.
If you'll come, I'll meet you swishin'."

"Wait a wee bit, O Sue my dear.
It's my busy time o' the year.
With a sniff of my nose
And bells on my toes,
I'll be ridin', don't fear."

Sue's response in kind may suggest to junior high-schoolers in Winston-Salem and other North Carolina school systems who subscribe for North Carolina Folklore the possibility of emulating Susan Brewer.]

There once was a Kenan Professor
Who at times was a Father Confessor.
He taught his classes
To lads and lasses,
A great teacher and not a messer.

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THREE KOREAN FOLKTALES

By Almonte C. Howell

[Dr. Howell, a senior Professor of English at the University of North Carolina, is a specialist in the seventeenth century, and the author of numerous studies in the field. Secretary of the U.N.C. faculty, he is also adviser to foreign students. He has taught in Latin American universities and in Korea, where he picked up the following three charming folktales.]

As is true for many ancient cultures, Koreans have preserved many folktales (passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation). That these stories have the authentic folktale attributes is obvious when one has heard, or read them -- such qualities as, for example, number patterns, tests, talking animals, etc. While I was teaching in Seoul National University, I heard and read enough of these indigenous tales to be intrigued with them and to remember several. Here are three specimens. The first, told to me by a student, is really more like a jest than a true folktale, but it has certain folk qualities. The second, which I read in a collection, not at present available to me, is undoubtedly a true folktale; I repeat it in my own words, as it might have been told to a Korean child. The third was submitted as a paper in one of my writing courses. I give it, without revision, in the words of the author, Yun Myongsop.

The Yangpan and the Barley

It happened that a yangpan (member of the nobility) was once travelling to the mainland from one of the islands off the coast of Korea, along with a number of other passengers of lower rank socially. In the days of the great emperors of Korea, the yangpan seldom associated with ordinary folk; so this gentleman sat apart in the stern of the boat during the passage, which normally took three or four hours. This time, however, about midway between ports, the boat was absolutely becalmed, and there was nothing to do but wait for a breeze. Hours went by, and everybody got hungry. Finally the captain, taking pity on his passengers, told them that he was sorry, but he had no rice to offer them, only barley (a form of grain despised by all except the poorest Koreans). The ordinary folks welcomed even this plebeian food; but when the captain approached the yangpan, and invited him to have a bowl of barley, the yangpan said contemptuously, "Yangpan don't eat barley," and turned his back.

Time passed, and no breeze came. The yangpan was getting hungrier by the minute, especially as he watched the other passengers eat their barley with relish. Finally he could stand it no longer. Calling the captain, he said, "Captain, is this winter barley, or spring barley?"

"Spring barley," replied the captain.

"Yangpan eat spring barley," said the Yangpan, and forthwith ate a big helping.

The Best Liar, and the Yangpan's Daughter

Once in the capital city of old Korea there lived a wealthy yangpan who had a beautiful daughter. Wishing to be somewhat original in disposing of her hand, he decided not to make use of the family marriage broker but to hold a contest to secure a clever son-in-law. His scheme was simple. He proposed that he would give her, with a fine dowry, to the suitor who could tell the three biggest lies. He, himself, was to be the judge of the lies. Soon the news spread all over the country, and many suitors appeared with their lies elaborately planned.

The yangpan's plan was clever. He would listen to their lies, admire the first two; then declare that the third and final lie was the truth; and so the suitor was disqualified, given a beating by the yangpan's attendants, and thrown out of the house. There is no need to relate the improbable stories they told, of great fish caught, with money in their bellies, hairbreadth

escapes from unbelievable dangers, single-handed combats with ferocious tigers, and the like. Whenever the third lie was told, the yangpan always declared that he believed the story, laughed hard at the unfortunate would-be suitor, and ordered him into the street with blows and abuse.

Finally a poor but intelligent young man living in a village many miles from Seoul decided to try his hand. Kim Doo Li, as he was called, dressed in old and tattered clothes and set out to the capital. When he arrived, he had difficulty getting into the yangpan's house because of his tattered appearance; but he claimed his right to tell his three lies and was finally admitted.

"Honorable Sir," he began, "I have come to claim the hand of your honorable daughter provided I can tell three lies that will convince you that I can lie well. I shall consider it a great honor to tell you these lies and to become your son-in-law."

"You may proceed," said the yangpan. "But remember the conditions. Only if I agree that you have told three big lies, are you to have my daughter; and if you don't succeed in convincing me that all your stories are lies, you can count on a good beating. On with your lies."

"Honorable Sir," began the youth, "I have come a long journey from the village of my birth, and my clothes are tattered and travel-stained. I will tell you why. One summer evening as I was sitting on the stone bridge which spans the stream at the edge of our village, smoking my pipe in great contentment, and watching the youngsters fly their kites, a sudden gust of wind blew a spark from my pipe. It fell on the stone bridge, which at once began to burn furiously. The elders of the village came running; and when they discovered that I was the person guilty of setting fire to their bridge, they chased me out of the village. I ran for two days and nights without stopping, I can tell you, and they never caught me. What do you think of that story?"

"Fine," said the yangpan. "That is a capital lie, and I enjoyed it. You may now tell your second lie."

"Well," continued Kim Doo Li, "I wandered around Korea, sleeping in temples and by the roadside, getting more and more tattered, as you can see. Finally I came one afternoon to a large temple, enclosed by a high wall. Inside I found a crowd of people, monks and their families, all staring up at a large statue of the Buddha. It was a stone statue, about forty feet high, and was so old that it was covered with moss; and bushes were growing out of the folds of Lord Buddha's robe. The statue was quite unusual, as Lord Buddha was standing and was wearing a high Korean hat with a broad brim. But the most unusual feature of the statue was that right on that brim a pear tree was growing. It was loaded with the most luscious pears you can imagine; but although they were ripe, no one had been able to think of a way to get them down without doing dishonor to the statue. No ladders long enough were available, and nobody dared try to climb the statue.

"Confronted with this lovely fruit-tree, I suddenly had an idea, which, with the help of the monks we put into practice at once; and it worked.

"Bring me," I told the abbot, 'three slender bamboo poles as long as you can conveniently find.' When these were brought, I had them lashed together with rice-twine to make a single pole easily forty feet long. The rest was easy. I simply got the pole upright, marched up to Lord Buddha, stuck the tip of my pole in his nostril and wiggled it. Forthwith, Lord Buddha gave a great sneeze, and shook his head so hard that all the pears were shaken off the tree. Fortunately, I had provided nets held by the monks and their families into which all the pears fell. Of course they gave me some of them, and Honorable Sir, they were positively the best pears I have ever tasted. Do you believe this tale?"

"Of course I don't believe such a big lie as that," said the yangpan, laughing heartily. 'But I know that you can't tell three lies as good as that. Your first two were certainly fine lies, but you still have one more to tell. You may proceed.'

"Certainly, Honorable Sir; but to tell you the truth, I didn't come here to tell you lies. I had another purpose, and these two lies are just preliminaries to my real mission. You see, I have here a paper.' And with this the youth drew from his wallet a dirty and ancient-looking scroll, and held it out. 'This paper shows that my father loaned you ten thousand gold taels twenty years ago, and you have never paid either the interest or the principal. He sent me here to collect this just debt.'

"That's a lie!" shouted the yangpan, and then, realizing what he had done, covered his mouth with his hand. But it was too late.

"Very well, Honorable Sir," said the youth, 'You have acknowledged that I have told you three lies, and I therefore claim your daughter.'

"There was nothing for the yangpan to do but admit his defeat and congratulate himself and his family that he had found such a smart son-in-law.

The Peddler and the Tiger
By Yun Myangsap (exactly as he wrote it)

This is the story that my mother used to tell me in my childhood.

Once upon a time, there lived a peddler who trudged around from a village to another selling salt. One day he, with a bag of salt on his back, happened to pass a solitary passage in a mountain, when he thought he heard a very sad moaning of an animal. He stopped his walking at once, trying to ascertain where it came from. It seemed to come from somewhere around the bush. Drawing nearer and nearer to the place from where the heart-breaking moaning still came, he finally reached to a pit-fall, in which he found a big tiger trying in vain to jump out. On seeing him, the tiger beseeched him for help.

"If you help me out, never will I forget your favor," said he with an eager voice. Feeling pity for the wretched beast, the good-hearted peddler took him out. But what a great mistake it was! The tiger had scarcely set his feet out before he said, "I must eat you now, because I am so hungry."

The peddler stood surprised at his suddenly changed attitude, then he protested "How can you be so ungrateful? Have you already forgotten my favor? Without my help, you would have been dead long before now."

The tiger argued back: "I have had nothing to eat at all for two days. If I do not eat you now, I shall die as well."

Thus they argued back and forth for a long while, reaching no conclusion. At last they agreed to ask for the judgment of the third party. First they called on a tree to hear his opinion about the matter. They told the tree each one's side of the story. After hearing all what they had to say, the tree drew his conclusion: "The tiger has justice on his side."

The peddler, protesting to the tree's verdict, proposed to ask a rack's opinion. But unfortunately the rack's judgment was also favorable for the tiger. So the desperate peddler suggested again to call on a rabbit. After hearing the story very attentively, he said he had to see the pitfall before he would make any conclusion. Arriving at the place, the rabbit asked the tiger to act the actual scene. So the tiger went into the pitfall to show how the thing happened. Then the rabbit declared: "Now the tiger has been put in his place."

The rabbit and the man went away from the place. I don't know even now whether the tiger died or (was) rescued again by someone.

PROFESSOR A.P. HUDSON RETIRING FROM FULL-TIME TEACHING

On July 1, 1962, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, who joined the faculty of the University of North Carolina as Professor of English in 1930, was promoted to Professor in 1935, and was honored with a Kenan Professorship in English and Folklore in 1952, will be retired from full-time teaching after thirty-two years of service.

The University has invited Professor Hudson to continue, however, in a limited way. During the session 1962-63, at least, he will offer, in the fall semester, his Folklore 185 (Introduction to Folklore) and, in the spring semester, his English 147 (Folklore 147) (British and American Ballads and Folksongs), and possibly continue some other of his former services to the University.

In the meantime, Professor Hudson has been, and will continue to be, active in several of his interests and employments.

One of these is completion of the processing, cataloguing, and indexing of his extensive Folklore collection, which has been growing since he began in Mississippi forty years ago and continued in North Carolina after his removal to the state in 1930. The collection consists of thousands of ballads, folksongs, and other types of folk poetry in manuscript, typescript, and tape and phonograph recordings, including the editor's typescripts of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Ballads and Songs and related material given him as one of the two editors of Volumes II and III of the Brown Collection; thousands of pages of other kinds of folklore collected by his students and friends and by contributors to the journal North Carolina Folklore during his editorship, 1954 to date; hundreds of books, pamphlets, and reprints acquired during his sojourn in Chapel Hill; additional hundreds of letters from and to scholars, writers (such as Thomas Wolfe, Sherwood Anderson, James Boyd, Mary Johnston), and singers and other folklore entertainers; pictures, folkcraft artifacts; etc. Appropriate portions of these will be accepted by the University of North Carolina Library as "The Arthur Palmer Hudson Collection of Folklore" and by the University of Mississippi Library as "The Arthur Palmer Hudson Collection of Mississippiana." For this purpose, the University Research Council of the Graduate School has awarded Professor Hudson a grant-in-aid. Last summer he had the secretarial assistance of Mrs. Frances Mills Payne, and this summer the secretarial and research assistance of Mrs. Marjorie Blankenship Melton, who had his Romantic Period course in the fall semester of 1961-62 and his Ballads and Folksongs course in the spring of 1962.

Furthermore, too, Professor Hudson, with provision of clerical assistance from the Department of English, will continue, for the present year at least, his work, now running into its thirty-second year, as Department Placement Adviser to graduate students seeking teaching positions in English and to colleges and universities seeking English teachers. For a long time, Professor Hudson has assisted from twenty to fifty graduate students, each year, in getting placed as teachers all over the United States and in many foreign countries. Many of his former "customers" are now college presidents, deans, chairmen of departments, and distinguished scholars in their respective fields.

Professor Hudson hopes, also, to continue, at the pleasure of the Folklore Society, as Secretary-Treasurer (the permanent executive office of the Society), a position which he has held since Professor Frank C. Brown died in 1943; and as editor of North Carolina Folklore, which, after an abortive beginning by others, in 1948, he revived and has maintained since 1954. North Carolina Folklore, besides going to members of the Society, goes out in subscriptions or as exchanges to most of the principal libraries and folklore societies in the United

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THE TOBACCO CONTROVERSY, 1571 to 1961

By J. T. McCullen

[A University of North Carolina Ph.D., Professor McCullen has been at Texas Technological College for many years. He is a Renaissance scholar of distinction; he is also a Tarheel by birth and breeding. Hence his competency to handle a subject which is interwoven with the history of North Carolina since Sir Walter Raleigh's time.]

On May 10, 1960, Secretary of Welfare Arthur S. Flemming "rejected any idea that the government should ban cigarettes under its program of protecting consumers from anything which might cause cancer." He took this stand despite the fact that a congressman, who admitted, "That's the only way I could quit," labeled a ban on cigarettes the "Greatest Public Service." To confirm his decision, Secretary Flemming referred the question to Dr. G. Burroughs Mider of the National Cancer Institute. Dr. Mider assured Secretary Flemming that, even with their extensive researches, scientists have been "unable to identify any substance in cigarettes that can produce cancer in test animals."

Although all of you are aware of current anxiety aroused by the question as to tobacco and health, some of you may not know that controversy over the effects of tobacco has flared up periodically during the past four hundred years. Physicians, kings, preachers, laymen -- even popes -- have taken their stand on this subject. All of them have spoken, pro or con, on the score of what tobacco does for or against the consumer.

Recalling the evangelist who, in Tobacco Road, declared, "I can't preach, unless I preach again' something," I assume that she spoke on behalf of all enthusiasts -- regardless of their cause. Still, there may be an exception: Many have preached in favor of tobacco. Granting that here is an exception, I shall give you the testimony of people who, during the past four centuries, have defended tobacco because of their convictions that it is possessed of health-giving qualities. My purpose is not only to introduce you to defenders of a poor, mute, defenseless weed, but also to offer evidence that their arguments have been both substantial and significant.

If the printed word is to be trusted, it may be that, during early stages of the fray inspired by tobacco, there was reason aplenty for many to hail this new-found herb with joy. Here is what a poet of 1602 said about the miraculous benefits of tobacco:

Who takes this med'cine need not greatly care,
Who Galenists, who Paracelsians are:
Nor need he seeke their Rosaries, their Summes,
Their Secrets, their Dispensatoriums;
Nor fill his pocket with their costly bils,
Nor stuffe his maw with their unsav'ry pils,
Nor make huge pitfalls in his tender vaines,
With thousand other more than hellish paines,
But by this herbes celestial qualitie
May keep his health in mirth and jolitie.

That many did rejoyce may be confirmed by the reading of various types of writing published during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

You perhaps object that the poet offered only a generalization. Your incredulity gives me an excuse for being specific. I shall begin with particulars gleaned from authorities (chiefly medical) who, between 1571 and 1640, discovered that tobacco was the panacea for which the human race had pined ever since the expulsion of Adam from Paradise. For your convenience I have woven these observations into a somewhat typical Elizabethan essay.

"Tobacco hath a certain mellifluous delicacy which delights the senses and spirits of men with mindful oblivion, insomuch that it induceth the forgetting of all sorrows and miseries. And there is such hostility between it and melancholy that it is the only medicament in the world ordained by nature to entertain good company. It worketh never so well as when it is given from man to man as a pledge of friendship and amity.

"Yet some indeed (yea, lewd physicians, surgeons, and barbers) confidently pronounce Tobacco to be the most vain and idle toy that ever was brought into use and custom amongst men. They affirm that some will sooner omit their prayers to God than not perform their ceremonies in taking Tobacco. They say that if one of these mortal chimneys were brought to the horsemarket in Smithfield, and there offered for sale, he could not be warranted sound of wind and limb, but would be placed among the jades.

"Lo, this is but the opinion of a rout of ignorant deboshed vagabonds and mountebanks who would fill our bellies (as medicine forsooth) with the galls of dogs, and other superstitious remedies. They fear that their pockets shall grow lean and their carcasses slender because this herb hath been found so precious a remedy for all manner of diseases and hurts, that all men (in wisdom) do fly from doctors and the older order of physick as things not so helpful as our only Tobacco.

"Shall doctors permit the smoke of stinking feathers and old rotten shoes from a cobbler's dunghill? Shall other physicians permit the smoke of Tussilago, Insquiam, and Cinabra? And shall we only banish poor Tobacco, which hath more value than each of the fore-named things has? If thou be asthmatick, if thou be urged to cough, the smoke of Tobacco is better than Tussilago. If the rage of toothache do mortify thy gums, Tobacco is better than Insquiam. If there be sounding in thy ears, Tobacco is better than Cinabra.

"Of the medicinable vertues of this herb (which in Virginia is called Uppowoc) let the lusty Americans bear witness: The leaves thereof being dried and stamp't into a powder, they take the fumes or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes made of clay into the stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous phlegm and other gross humours. By this means their bodies are notably preserved in health, and the Americans know not the many grievous diseases wherewithal we in England are oftentimes afflicted.

"Of late we in England have also found many rare and wonderful vertues of Tobacco. In pains of the breast it has a marvelous effect on them that do fetch their breath short; in pains of the joints it does marvelous work. This herb doth strangely heal chilblanes, if they are rubbed with the stamp't leaves thereof. In pains of the stomach Tobacco is a great remedy: a leaf or two being steeped over night in a little white wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation. I give you an instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, President of York) who told me that he, taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up an imposthume, yea bag and all, which had been a long time ingendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserved his health for many years.

"In venom and venomous wounds our Tobacco hath great experience: a dog wounded with a poisoned arrow had this herb and its juice thrust into the green wound, and thereby escaped and remained whole. It also has wonderful effects on men and beasts troubled with cankered wounds, for it doth make them clean and incarnate them.

"This herb Tobacco hath particular vertue to heal griefs of the head. It doth heal a head filled with moist vapours, for it doth scour and cleanse the brain. Tobacco is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men; for, if one hath been poring long time upon a book or is tired with the pen and stupified with study, it quickeneth him and dispels those clouds which usually o'erset the brain.

"Women that dwell in the Indias do celebrate this herb, for in the evil breathing at the

mouth of children Tobacco doth take away their naughty breath. In the toothache, putting a little ball of Tobacco to the grief-stricken area doth take away the pain and stay the decay thereof. It is an excellent dentrifice or cleanser of foul and rusty teeth. It makes them look white by scouring away all scum, calamity, and stinking matter that clings to them.

"The smoke of Tobacco is one of the wholesomest scents against all contagious airs, for its o'emasters all other smells. This King James found true when, being once a-hunting, a shaver drove him into a pigsty for shelter. There, despite his condemnation of Tobacco, he ordered a pipefull to be taken for this purpose. And Tobacco cannot endure a spider or a flea, or such like vermin.

"In any manner of grief that is in the body, or any part thereof, Tobacco helpeth. The juice boiled with sugar in the form of a syrup and taken inwardly driveth forth worms of the bellie, if withal a leaf be also laid to the naval. It is good to fortify and preserve the sight, the smoke being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week. The leaf itself may be used, when mortified at a fire, to cure asthma. It will dissolve obstructions, heal the old cough, burning ulcers, migraines, colick, suffocation of the mouth, and many other diseases; yea, almost all diseases. By the operation of this herb, arthritis or gout and gravel are prevented prettily; and dropsie is one of the ordinary customers that come to crave health at the shop of Tobacco. It makes the gross and foggy to be lean. It stops bleeding of the nose and shrinks hemorrhoids; it dries up gonorrhea.

"Some that be old Fishmongers and love to follow the game, fishing in those ponds where they know the pox (syphilis) is easily caught, do take Tobacco to prevent the perils thereof. Thus have many used Tobacco; and thus used it Jean Greis, a venerable old man at Nantes in French Britain, who lived until he was six score years of age, and who was known as the only refuge for the poor afflicted soldiers of Venus when they were wounded with the French Pickes (I should have said Pockes).

"In some parts of the world 'tis wondrous what a small pill of Tobacco will do. Snuff begets new spirits in those who are over-tired with labour, and gives them fresh vigor to fall to their work again. Some use it to take away their weariness after prodigious toil, and afterwards they remain lightened. And when they come out of their trance or dream, they find themselves very lusty and da rejoice.

"I add further that, amongst so many thousands who use Tobacco even without observation of any medical precepts, there are none found who can ascribe their death to this divine herb.

"La, here have you a true report of our Tobacco and its vertues of which Lord Nicot, a certain French counsellor who first found out this herb, hath made me privy as well by words as by writing, that I might make you (friendly auditors) partakers thereof. To him I require you to yield as hearty thanks as I acknowledge for this benefit received."

You perhaps object that you are not acquainted with these authorities who, more than three centuries ago, so fervently recommended tobacco as medicine for the afflicted. Perhaps you have not read old medical books and herbals, some of which account for discoveries in America more precious than gold. I offer you this reassurance: In medicine and public affairs of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, all the authorities quoted above were eminent.

Advancing to the middle seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, I shall now give you the testimony of men and institutions long since memorable for their sage counsel and leadership.

During the 1650's not only a renowned physician but also a famous institution of higher education accepted the use of tobacco because of its medicinal benefits. Thomas Venner, a Doctor of Physic at Bath, said that those who take tobacco after exercise are lightened. He recommended it as a preventative of rheumes and windiness of the head, for the smoke expell

melancholy and lumpish spirits. He called tobacco a speedy remedy for surfeit because, through sudden evacuation, it removes windy torments of the stomach. Taken after a meal, he said, tobacco stays fumes in the stomach from rising to the head. The institution in question, Harvard University, prohibited tobacco-taking, except "on doctor's orders." In short, only for its medical benefits would either Dr. Venner or Harvard University sanction the use of tobacco.

Now, if you would question the authority of either Dr. Venner or Harvard University, I offer you a seventeenth-century defense of tobacco by an English king, Charles II. Although, like his grandfather James I, he sponsored legislation to discourage social usage of tobacco (imposing on those who dared plant this herb in England a ten-pound fine for each rod planted), Charles II made the following exception law: "That this act, nor anything therein contained, shall not extend to the hindering of the planting of tobacco in any Physick Garden of either University, or in any private garden, for Physick or Chirurgery only, so as the quantity so planted exceed not half a Pole of land, situate in any physick garden belonging to either the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, or in any other private garden for physick or chirurgery only, but in no other place."

Eighteenth-century defenders of tobacco-taking, both individual and institutional, also found the promotion of health reason enough for advocating the use of tobacco. Memorable figures, such as William Byrd, praised tobacco as a preventative against the plague. Said one observer: "I have been told that in the last great plague at London (1720), none that kept tobacco shops had the plague. It is certain that smoking was looked upon as a most excellent preventative, insomuch that even children were obliged to smoke." Thomas Rogers, a school-boy at Eton during the plague year, reported that "all boys of that school were obliged to smoke in school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking." Later in the century, Dr. Samuel Johnson expressed regret that he was not able to master the habit of smoking, "o habit which requires so little exertion, and preserves the mind free from total vacuity."

With your permission, I shall pass over other eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century defenders of tobacco; for, even among such outstanding personalities as Charles Lamb and Lord Byron, the position taken was rather conventional. Also, the controversy which began in 1854 -- almost exactly one hundred years before the outbreak of the dispute in which the medical profession is currently engaged -- pierced to the core both the detrimental and the beneficial effects of tobacco.

In order not to appear prejudiced against those who attacked tobacco during the 1850's, I shall begin with the testimony of perhaps the most bitter opponent, Samuel Solly, M.D. Dr. Solly defended his anti-tobacco stand with a revelation of such shocking facts as follows: "Why should they [the public] not know at once how often it has proved fatal in the human subject, when injected into the rectum in strangulated hernia? I heard, the other day, that a celebrated surgeon, since dead, lost five cases in succession from the effects of tobacco injected into the bowels." Dr. Solly added, "Under its influence, serpents die instantaneously, as if killed by an electric shock."

According to other testimonies extant from the nineteenth century, serpents are not the only noxious creatures that must stand in mortal terror of tobacco. (And all of these, it is to be noted, are enemies to the health of mankind.) From his travels and observations, J. Pidduck, M.D., gleaned evidence for the following report: "The extraordinary fact is this -- that leeches were killed instantly by the blood of smokers, so suddenly that they dropped off dead immediately they were applied; and that fleas and bugs, whose bites on children were as thick as measles, rarely if ever attacked the smoking parent.... Arabs and Bedouins are protected from the onslaught of insects which swarm in their tents, by poisoning their blood with tobacco."

In answer to this attack on tobacco, a contemporary (who was also a physician) remarked: "Dr. Pidduck deserves to be immortalized. Why, it is the greatest discovery since vaccination! For there has been no previous known remedy.... Let society not forget to venerate Dr. Pidduck. The remedy is most easy. Smoke half-a-dozen good Havannahs per day, or two ounces of good Virginia shag, and no bug will have the courage to attack you; or, if he did, though he were a Wellington in the regiment of Bugdom, he would sacrifice his life for so rash an act."

Other middle-nineteenth-century physicians reported that tobacco is useful in the preservation of health; they recognized this herb as either a preventative or a cure for many diseases. Inasmuch as a total roster of authorities would consume too much time, I shall refer to only the following: Drs. Christison, Fawler, Anderson, Veil, Bucknill, and Horteau. And here is but a sample of the evidence they offered: Because it provokes urine, tobacco is a cure for dropsy. Because it sometimes works when everything else has failed, tobacco is a panacea for the constipated. Because it is possessed of soothing qualities, tobacco not only arrests the gout and rheumatic inflammation, but also relieves asthma, convulsive coughs, and the lockjaw. According to these authorities, too, smokers are "less liable to attacks of diseases of an epidemic character than non-smokers." After observing the rage of a cholera epidemic in Paris, Dr. Horteau reported "that the workmen engaged in the national tobacco factories were perfectly exempt from any attack of the disease, even in the mildest form."

Authorities who, during the middle nineteenth century, addressed themselves to problems of mental health spoke equal praise on behalf of tobacco. Undertaking to ease the tensions of Americans, Malcolm W. Spenser reported that "tobacco is the greatest soother of domestic differences." Thomas Carlyle declared that "Tobacco-smoke is the one element in which, by European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and when no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say." Dr. John Charles Bucknill, who was not only an outstanding psychiatrist but also one of the soundest interpreters of psychology in Shakespeare, considered tobacco "advantageous in the treatment of insanity." Dr. George Sexton, M.D., subscribed to this opinion by declaring, "The influence of tobacco seems to be just that which is required to prevent diseases of this class."

In short, according to the testimony of Dr. Sexton, tobacco is a great tranquilizer. Said he, in 1857, "Tobacco soothes and tranquilizes the nervous system -- helps man through the cares and turmoils of life -- cools down his excitement and makes him reflect before he speaks -- enables him to endure philosophically a back-biting enemy, a scolding wife, or a bankrupt debtor -- and, above all, encourages the habit of abstraction which is essential to profound reflection and deep thought. Blue-devils fly before its honest breath. It ripens the brain; it opens the heart: and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan.... It offers cessation of jarring, discordant sounds of a dypocritical age.... Who, I say, that has once felt the perfect abstraction from all these, that the pipe can bring, would not seek a second dose of such a potent and such a blissful medicine?"

P. J. Hynes, M.D., left comparable testimony in defense of the healthful benefits of tobacco. He called it the "best remedy known for the fidgets," and he added that it is a matter of record that tobacco has saved many people from suicide. He said, further, "In my own person I can speak of the soothing and tranquillizing effects of tobacco, employed at the suggestion of the most eminent of our provincial physicians, himself, too, a smoker, for the relief of a spasmodic affliction; indeed, I know of no remedy that the Pharmacopeia supplies that I could substitute." He concluded, "To longevity I feel convinced that smoking is eminently conducive." For proof he cited the example of a woman who died at the age of one hundred and ten years and who had smoked for ninety years.

With infallible scientific proof -- the tale told by statistics in both England and America, I shall conclude my survey of nineteenth-century evidence that tobacco is an aid to health. Looking into reports from the Commission on Lunacy, Dr. Sexton confounded physicians who insisted that smoking produces insanity. Said he, again in 1857, "I find by the last report

that female lunatics (non-smokers) exceed those of the opposite sex (smokers) by a considerable number." Interrogating people whose ages ranged from seventy-three to ninety-three, Spenser discovered that more than seventy-five per cent were either smokers or chewers. He looked into the question of cancer and published this conclusion: "The statistics of this disease prove cancer of other organs (than the lip) to be twice as frequent among females."

Spenser expressed concern, as well as some regret, that the feminine half of society would never avail itself of the healthful benefits of tobacco: "We have no fears that any reasoning of ours would induce the other sex to use tobacco. The ladies set too just a value on the precious commodity of their chams for that. There is little danger that they would do anything which might render them disagreeable." Thus some who accepted the statistics, but who feared that sacrifices on behalf of health might challenge the primacy of feminine grace, were temporarily silenced.

It is doubtful that Secretary Flemming would, if still in office, let such wisdom from past centuries greatly influence his decisions. Whether he would or not may, however, be dropped as a matter of little consequence: Current evidence can be equally convincing.

Here are two recent reports worth noting. In July, 1958, the "oldest Christmas baby" (born December 25, 1856) died at the age of one hundred and one. "Active until a month ago," said the news report, "he attributed his long life to reading, drinking beer and chewing snuff." More impressive still is a report issued by a team of English scientists researching under the auspices of Birmingham University. In September of 1959 they "reported smoking -- especially a pack or more a day -- may help health." The headline read, **SCIENTISTS REPORT SMOKING MIGHT BE AN AID TO HEALTH.**

Both to bring the data up to date and to reduce the speculative tone of "might be," I shall give you the testimony of a physician whom the Associated Press quoted today (June 6, 1961). His nerves evidently steelled by the use of tobacco, General Juan Diaz masterminded the assassination of Rafael Trujilla, perhaps the most "secure" dictator of the twentieth century. Dr. Robert Reid Cabral, who was with General Diaz and his accomplices during a four-day period following the assassination, released this statement for international consumption: "They constantly asked me to find cigarettes and when I delayed, Diaz suffered a terrible attack of nerves." Thus unnerved because he lacked tobacco, General Diaz abandoned the security of Dr. Cabral's home and, venturing into the streets, lost both his life and his health.

As one of the authorities quoted above declared, indeed, "'Tis wondrous what a small (roll) of tobacco can do!"

In conclusion, I shall turn once more to Dr. George Sexton, who, wishing to relax frayed nerves of the 1850's, gave many lectures on tobacco. He likened the excitement of opponents of tobacco to the enthusiasm of a physician who had dedicated his efforts to the condemnation of another enemy of health: "A few years ago," said Dr. Sexton, "Dr. (Robert) Howard wrote several very abusive works against the use of salt, the title of one of which was, 'Salt the Forbidden Fruit,' and its object, I presume, to prove that salt was the fruit that old Mother Eve took in Paradise, and consequently, the cause of our fallen condition. This gentleman was so enthusiastic in his endeavours to carry out his views, that when he found society, in spite of his warning voice, kept eating salt, he determined no longer to live in a world so wicked and iniquitous, where men would persist in eating sin and salt every day with their dinners, and he therefore cut his throat and got out of it as rapidly as possible."

Of the tobacco controversy in general, Dr. Sexton concluded: "The present excitement, then, is a 'Much ado about nothing.' The Anti-Tobacco Society has about the same claim to our respect, as would an Anti-Toast and Anti-Muffin Society, or as association for the suppression of apple tarts."

GRACE SHERWOOD OF PRINCESS ANNE

SHE WAS A WITCH, THEY SAY

By Betty Oliver

[Miss Oliver, of Bayside, Princess Anne County, Virginia, a junior at the University of North Carolina in Falklore 185, presented this paper in the course, based, she states, on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century court records, supplemented by private informants, of her county.]

Upon the historical shelf in the Library of Princess Anne County, Virginia, rests a partly factual but mostly legendary tale of Grace Sherwood, a woman several times accused of practicing witchcraft, and eventually tried for said practice. Old residents of the county take an ironic pride in owning and telling this tale because Grace Sherwood was the only woman ever tried for witchcraft in Virginia, and the all-woman jury which served at her trial is reportedly the first of its kind in the Colonies.

The first concern of this paper will be with the facts surrounding the woman.

Grace was the daughter of John White, a carpenter, and she married James Sherwood, also a carpenter and a farmer. She bore him three sons, John, James, and Richard.

The first record of Grace's bewitching powers is as follows: At a court held the 10th of September 1698, James Sherwood and Grace his wife sued John Gisbourne and Jane his wife in an action of slander, setting forth by his petition that the defendant had wronged, defamed and abused the said Grace in her good name and reputation, saying that she is a witch and bewitched their cotton and prays judgment. The verdict was brought in for the defendant.¹ On the same day Grace and James brought another defamation-of-character suit against Anthony and Elizabeth Barnes. Elizabeth had claimed that Grace had come to her in the night, beaten her, and disappeared through a crack, or the keyhole, in the form of a black cat. The defendant, Elizabeth, pleaded not guilty and was awarded the verdict.²

In 1701, Grace's husband died, naming her the heir to his estate and also the administratrix.³ Shortly thereafter, December 7, 1705, Grace brought suit against Luke Hill, saying that his wife had "assaulted, bruised, maimed and barbarously beaten the plaintiff, to her great damage." The jury awarded the verdict to Grace this time, too. However, it was later discovered that the foreman of the jury had not signed the verdict, and therefore the judgment could not be entered. So the entire suit was continued until the next term of court. The irritated Mr. Hill then proceeded to bring charges of witchcraft against Grace, demanding that a jury be summoned and that Grace be examined for any marks on her body unusual to other women.⁴ It was believed that any woman bearing any strange markings on her person was inclined toward witchcraft. If markings were so found, the existence of such could be used against Grace in court. A jury of "anciente and knowing women" was chosen, and they performed the requested examination. This is their report: "We of the jury have searched Grace Sherwood and have found things like titts with several other spots."⁵ This examination occurred on March 7, 1706, and the court, being faced with either hanging a woman or condoning witchcraft, turned the case over to the attorney general. He in turn sent it back to the county court, where eventually the following order was issued: "At a Court held the 5th July anno Com 1706 * * * Whereas for Severall Courts the Business between Luke Hill and Grace Sherwood is Suspicion of witchcraft have been for Severall thing omitted particularly for want of a jury to Serch her and the Court being Doubtful That they Should not get one this Court and being willing to have all means possible tryed either to acquit her or to Give more Strength to the Suspicion that She might be Deolt with as Deserved therefore it was Ordrd that the Day by her own Consent to be tryed in the water by Ducking but the weather being very Rainy and Bad Soe that possibly it might endanger her health it is therefore ardrd that the Sherr request the Justices prcisely to Appear on wednesday next by tenn of the Clock at the Court house and

that he secure the body of the sd Grace till that time be forth Coming then to be Dealt with as aforsd. July 10th, 1706."⁶

It was further ordered that: "Whereas Grace Sherwood being suspected of witchcraft have a long time waited for a fit oppertunity for a further examinacion and by her Consent and ap-probacion of the Court it is ord^r that the Sherr take all Such Convenient assistance of boate and men as Shall be him thought fitt to meet a Jno Harpers plantcon in ord^r to take the Sd Grace forth with and put her into above mans Depth and try her how she Swims Therein alwayes having Care of her life to preserve her from Drowning and as Soon as She comes out that he request as many Ansient and knowing women as possible he Cann to Serch her Carefully for all Teat spotts and marks about her body not usuall in Others and that they find the Same to make report on Oath to the Truth thereof to the Court and further ord^r that Som women be requested to Shift and Serch her before She goe into the water that she Carry Nothing about her to cause any further Suspicion."⁷

Grace consented, and the public ducking was held. The report of same is as follows: "Whereas on Complaint of Luke Hill in behalf of her Majesty that now is aft Grace Sherwood for a prson Suspected of witch craft and having had Sundry Evidences Sworne agt her proving Many Circumstances to which She could not make any excuse or Little or nothing to Say in her own behalf only Seemed to Rely on what the Court would doe and thereupon Consented to be tryed in the water and Likewise To be Serched againe with expereants being tryed and She Swiming sh therein and bound Contrary to Custom and Judgt of all the Spectators and afterwards being Serched by five anciente woeman who have All Declared on Oath that She is not like them nor no Other woman that they knew having tow Things like titts on her private parts of a Black Coller being Blacker than the Rest of her Body all which Circumstance the Court weigh-ing in Their consideracon Doe therefore ord^r that the Sherr take the Sd Grace Into his Costody and to Commit her body to the Common Gaol of this County their to Secure her by irons or in ord^r for her coming to the Common Gaol of the County to bee brought to a futre Tryall there."⁸

There is no record of another trial, and it is assumed that there was none, for Grace's will was admitted to probate on October 1, 1740, leaving her small estate to her three sons.⁹

The jail in which Grace was held is now the kitchen in the residence of Mrs. Ethel Howren; the bars still remain on the windows. The point from which she was ducked has since been known as Witch Duck Point and the surrounding area as Witch Duck. Witch Duck is located in Bayside District of Princess Anne County.

The preceding has been what is actually recorded of the life of Grace Sherwood. The following will be the stories which emerged from the imaginations of the folk of Princess Anne County, stories which the tellers of same will swear on their lives are true.

It is commonly believed that Grace Sherwood was a comely young woman with a winning way, whose very presence turned the heads of the gentlemen folk around. It is also thought that she taught the children games and Old English folksongs. These practices created jealousy in the women and caused them to strike out against her with accusations that she was a witch. As is noted in the afore-stated court records, one woman held that she saw Grace walk past a cotton field and that the cotton ceased growing from that point on; another said that Grace waved at a farmer's mule, and the mule wouldn't work any more; and Elizabeth Barnes is re-puted to have claimed that Grace entered her room in the night, beat her, and disappeared through the keyhole in the form of a black cat.

Before the time of Grace Sherwood there was no rosemary growing in the country. Old-timers say that Grace could leave at sunup from the Lynnhaven Bay in an eggshell and that when this eggshell reached the Virginia Capes it miraculously turned into a four-masted schooner in which she sailed to England and back by sundown. To prove that she had made these illu-strious journeys, Grace would bring rosemary back with her. At the present time, this evergreen flourishes in parts of Princess Anne County.

As would be expected, the reported existence of a devil's tramping ground is to be found in connection with this story. On the Old Adam Thoroughgood Farm there is supposedly a small plot of earth where nothing can be cultivated. This is thought to be where Grace met and danced with Satan.

After the seed of doubt had been sown concerning the normality of her person, Grace was finally brought to trial.

It is said that during one session of her trial, Grace cried out that she would prove to all those present that she was not in league with the devil. "Bring me two unwashed pewter plates, and I will show you something the like of which you have never seen," said Grace. A small boy was sent to procure the desired objects. On the way back to the assemblage he decided to test Grace's powers, himself. So he dipped the plates in a rain barrel, dried them, and proceeded to the awaiting group. Grace took one look at the plates, broke them over his head, and said, "Now bring me two unwashed ones!" The plates were obtained, and Grace, placing one under each arm, flew away from the startled crowd. Surely, the likes of such a flight they had never witnessed before.

Ducking is an ancient method for determining whether one is a witch. If the accused drowns she is not a witch, but at least she has the consolation of dying a purged soul. According to custom, Grace was stripped naked and cross-bound. Cross-bound means that her right thumb was tied to her left toe, and vice-versa. The records have it that her ability to stay afloat in this difficult position was extraordinary. Legend also has it that when she did not sink a millstone was tied to her neck to hasten the process. Three times she was thrown in, and three times she came up sitting on the millstone. She laughed and said, "The only thing that can make me stay down is a Bible." So promptly a Bible was attached to her. It did indeed cause her to sink. However, some moments later, an eggshell appeared across the river, miraculously turned into a four-masted schooner, and Grace sailed gaily away to England. I was told that the millstone used in the ducking was still in existence. However, after some inquiry, I determined that the owner of the stone found it near Witch Duck Point and conjured up the story to fascinate her listeners.

It is said that as the good folk were about to pitch Grace into the river she sneeringly prophesied that they would get wetter than she before they left the riverbank. And sure enough, as they were ducking her a squall came up, and it rained so fiercely that the river flooded so that carriages and horses were washed overboard and crops were washed away. Let it be stated here that there is no record of such a storm.

The Negroes of the area say that a spot just off the point from which Grace was ducked is the deepest spot in the whole of Lynnhaven River, and "it sho' is powerful full o' fish." There is actually a very deep hole there which has remained so through the years and the shifting of the river bottom.

It is believed that on the stormy night when Grace was on her death-bed, with her three sons hovering over her, she requested that they place her upon the hearth with her feet in the ashes so as to keep them warm. Very shortly after the boys had fulfilled their mother's dying wish, there came a loud clap of thunder accompanied by a great flash of lightning and vicious gusts of wind which blew out all the lamps and put out the fire. When the boys had recovered enough to light the lights they discovered that Grace had disappeared, and on the hearth where her feet had lain was a cloven footprint, the mark of Satan.

Grace died in the 1730's and was buried in the lower end of Princess Anne County. People in that vicinity still maintain that her grave is covered with green grass the whole season through. They say it is kept so warm by the presence of her body that even snow will not stick there.

It is interesting to note that only once does the presence of the traditional black cat appear in this legend, and not even one time was Grace seen riding through the air upon her broomstick.

First we have an atypical event, and from this event tales are born. These tales are told with such conviction that the listener oftentimes involuntarily becomes a believer. The new converts become the carriers of said tales, and they tell and re-tell them adding here and there their own personal touches. So finally the tale and the fact become intermingled, and together they wend their way through generations as a part of each generation's heritage. The story of Grace Sherwood is just such a tale. It lives and will continue to do so in the hearts and minds of the natives of Princess Anne County, Virginia

¹Taken from court records found in the Princess Anne Court House, Princess Anne, Virginia

²Ibid.

³Ibid.

⁴Ibid.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Ibid.

⁷Ibid.

⁸Ibid.

⁹Ibid.

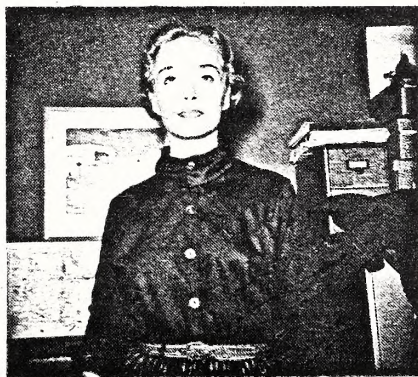
*Tales collected from various and sundry neighbors and families living in the Witch Duck Area.

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PHYLLIS KYLE STEPHENSON -
A Fine Virginia Ballad Singer

RUNMO RIDDLES

By Charles Gonzalez

[A graduate of U. N. C., B. A. Class of '62, Ensign Gonzalez, of Pensacola, Florida, is now with the U. S. Navy in the Caribbean.]

In gathering information for my term paper, "Riddles in Balladry," for English course number 147, I asked a group of local Negro school children to tell me all of the riddles that they knew. These Negro children were all of about the fifth-grade age; they all lived in the Negro sections of Chapel Hill and Carrboro, and to me all looked alike and talked alike. I talked to five children; I can remember only that one was called Cheeta and another's name was Herman.

Cheeta was the most responsive to my request that they tell me all of the riddles that they knew. He began: "Why did the little runmo swim on his back?"

I said, "What? The little what?"

He said, "The little runmo!"

I said, "Runmo?"

"Yeh, runmo!"

"You mean moron?"

"Yeh; da's rite -- moron! -- Why did the little moron swim on his back?"

I thought and gave up and asked for the answer.

Chetta answered, "So de fish wouldn't git his worm."

I said, "Cheeta, that's pretty bad. How'd a little boy like you know a bad riddle like that?"

He said, "I knows woser thin's than that."

He continued, "Why did the little runmo jump off de Empire State Building?"

"You mean moron?"

"Da's rite moron!"

"I don't know."

"He wanted to make a splash on Broadway."

"Why'd the little runmo th'o' de clock out de window? -- To see time fly."

"Why did the little runmo drink paint befo' he went to bed? -- So his dreams would be in technicolor."

"Why did the little runmo jump off de Empire State Building?"

"You already asked me that. He wanted to make a splash on Broadway."

"Yeh, he wanted to show he had guts, too."

"Why did the little runmo th'o' de caw off de Empire State Building? -- He wanted to see de Jersey Bounce."

"Why did little runma stick his foot out in de rain? -- He wanted to see his carns grow."

"Why did de little runmo th'a' de margarine out de window? -- Wanted to see de butter-fly."

"Why is de little runmo a bad cook? -- 'Cause he cooks beans, and peas in de same pot."

"What's gat four eyes and eats concrete? -- A fa'-eyed concrete eater."

"What's green all over and has seven wheels? -- Grass. Ah's jest kiddin' about dem wheels."

"What's black and white and red all over?"

"A newspaper."

"An embarrassed zebra -- dat's de up-to-date answer."

"What is it that has four legs, a shaggy coat of hair, and barks?"

"A dog?"

"Aw, you've heard it!"

"What would a colored Johns Hopkins Ph.D. in the nuclear physics be in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, or South Carolina?"

"I can't think. You tell me."

"A nigger."

I wish I could recall all of the riddles that he asked me. I'm sure there were more.

CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE

The Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures of the University of Chicago is pleased that the quality of the entries submitted for the Chicago Folklore Prize has permitted an award in 1962 of both a first prize and a second prize.

First Prize:

The Ballad Revival

by

Professor Albert B. Friedman
Claremont Graduate School
Claremont, California



Second Prize:

The Morphology of North American Indian Folktales

by

Mr. Alan Dundes
630 Atwater Avenue
Bloomington, Indiana

JULIANA ROYSTER BUSBEE
(1877 - 1962)

[The following news story from the Durham Morning Herald, March 3, 1962, recalls to the Editor of North Carolina Folklore, and will recall to many of its readers, a colorful and winsome personality, a longtime member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, and an important contributor to the artistic life of the State.

[The Editor first met Mrs. Busbee at one of the Folklore Society meetings in Raleigh. He had long heard of her and the Jugtown Pottery. Several times, with his wife and friends, including a visiting English scholar and his wife, he visited Jugtown. Usually he and his guests went prepared for a picnic, but Miss Juliana always insisted that they eat in her beautiful home-furnished dining room off Jugtown pottery. And he met at Jugtown, for the first time, a beautiful singer of Virginia and North Carolina ballads, Miss Phyllis Kyle, of Richmond, but then of Greensboro. There he invited Miss Kyle to sing (with his hostess' enthusiastic permission) in Mrs. Busbee's lovely homemade-furnished living room. Phyllis sat on a stool and sang like a wood thrush. The Oxford don and his wife, as were the other auditors, were enchanted. Never, said the don, who is a medievalist and familiar with the scholarship of the ballad -- never in England or anywhere else had he heard such singing of the old ballads. On the same occasion, too, Miss Juliana told a moving story about a fire-blower or -healer -- a man who by breathing on a bad burn could "blow the fire out of it." And it all happened in Moore County, North Carolina.

[On another occasion Miss Juliana told anecdotes about the local potters. About one of them a legend of sorts had grown. See a crude ballad about him, "Old Joe Shuffle," Vol. V (July, 1957), p. 6. Mrs. Busbee also contributed "A Sheaf of North Carolina Folksongs," with music, to Vol. IV (July, 1956), 23-31.

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart
Can beat never will I forget thy name.
Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest
After thy innocent and busy stir
In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,
And more than eighty, of untroubled life;
Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
Honoured with little less than filial love.
What joy was mine to see thee once again,
Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things
About its narrow precincts all beloved,
And many of them seeming yet my own!
Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts
Have felt, and every man alive can guess?]



NOTED POTTERY MAKER DIES

ROBBINS -- Mrs. Juliana Royster Busbee, 85, who went to the clay country of upper Moore County with her husband more than 40 years ago and revived the art of pottery-making, died Friday.

Mrs. Busbee had been ill and was in a Southern Pines hospital last week. But at her request she was allowed to return to her backwoods log-cabin home at Jugtown, a remote community 11 miles from here, so-named because of the potteries in the area.

There are no immediate survivors. Her husband, Jacques, died in 1947.

The Busbees, who were from prominent Raleigh families, shocked their friends when they moved to the backwoods clay country in 1918.

They never regretted the move. "It was an exciting adventure," Mrs. Busbee was fond of saying. "If I had it to do over, I wouldn't change any of it."

The adventure of the Busbees began in 1917 when they traced a handmade pie plate to Moore County, where a descendant of Staffordshire potters had settled in pre-revolutionary days.

The Busbees moved to Moore County and persuaded some sons of the old potter to make more pottery.

A few pieces of the ware displayed in New York were so admired that Mrs. Busbee opened a restaurant and shop there and became a success in the business.

But in 1923 she gave it up to return to the log-cabin home her husband had built for her at Jugtown, where the pottery-making was continuing.

The Busbees ignored pleas for volume production and kept the output small rather than alter any steps in the old handcrafting process. The only changes were the addition of ornamental shapes and glazes developed by Busbee.

Other potteries sprang up in the area but the Busbees never viewed them as competition. Mrs. Busbee said recently, "It was our plan to revive the art and establish a new industry for the state. The more pottery that was made, the more we knew we had succeeded."

She carried on alone after her husband's death, but in recent years she had had an associate, John Mare of Southern Pines. The log-cabin home, by Mrs. Busbee's wish, will be set up as a memorial to her husband.

Mrs. Busbee was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters in 1959 by Woman's College of the University of North Carolina as "A native daughter who has taken the good earth of her state and shaped it into a thing of beauty."

Her body will be cremated and the ashes scattered at Jugtown, as were those of her husband. A memorial service will be conducted. The time is to be announced.



TOBACCO SMOKE FROM OXFORD

By Thad B. Stern, Jr.

[Born in Oxford, North Carolina, in 1918, Mr. Stern was educated in the high school there, at the Darlington School, and at Duke University. He began to write poetry in 1945, and he describes himself as an interpreter of rural and small-town manners and customs, his prose as largely descriptive and lyrical. His principal books are Picture Poems (1949); The Jackknife Horse (1954), which won the Roanoke-Chowan Poetry Prize that year; and The Animal Fair (1960). The following three sketches by Mr. Stern were obtained from him by Miss Martha Parham, of Oxford, who was a student in Folklore 185 during the fall semester of 1961-62 at the University of North Carolina.]

THE TOBACCO AUCTIONEER



Insofar as anybody knows, the tobacco auctioneering profession originated with Colonel Chiswell Dabney Langehorne of Danville, Virginia, father of Lady Astor, but it is safe to assume there was some kind of auctioneering before Colonel Langehorne. Sales previously were conducted rather loosely and informally, with the system obviously varying from community to community. If Colonel Langehorne was not the first auctioneer, he certainly epitomized the behavior patterns and singsong selling methods associated with today's auctioneer by being a prototype of the profession.

Old-time tobacco men generally accept those practices as beginning with him. A few words are necessary to show the progression that necessitated a quicker and more direct method of selling the crop. In many places -- Richmond is a good example -- buyers were seated at tables, and samples from hogsheads were placed before them; the top of an upright hogshead would be broken so a sample could be selected. Hence, the term "break" came to designate a given sale and the tobacco arranged for a sale. For example, the term is used thousands of times a day to denote the quality of tobacco placed in baskets -- a "good break" or a "bad break." In other places, tobacco buyers went throughout farming communities buying the entire crops of individual farmers. Of course, these were local independent buyers, since the formation of the tobacco trusts had not arisen.

Before the formation of large tobacco companies, there were countless small manufacturers (as late as 1890 there were more than forty local tobacco buyers in Granville County, North Carolina). The farmers brought their tobacco to these local buyers for sale, trade, or barter. As the demand for tobacco products increased, there had to be a quicker, more expeditious method of selling.

Sometime before the formation of the tobacco trust, about 1890, farmers in and around Pittsylvania County, Virginia, began to bring wagon loads of tobacco to Danville -- long a flourishing tobacco center -- for a type of curb market sale. (Readers of Edna Ferber and students of the period of John Peter Altgeld recall that the Haymarket in Chicago was used similarly for produce.) The farmers backed their wagons to the curbs in Danville, off streets and alleys emptied for this purpose. In order to facilitate the sale, the auction method arose. At first the auction was a slow, methodical process, much akin to that used in the sale of livestock. The auctioneer would say, for instance, "Now gentlemen, what am I bid for this choice load of wrappers?" There would be leisurely haggling and the passing of refreshments from jugs and bottles brought in by the farmers to enhance the sale. Darkness would fall and wagons would still remain unsold. As a result, Colonel Langehorne developed a singsong to hasten the pace of the sale. This had to be attended by the speedier bidding of signs, signals, special stares, movements of the hands, arms, shoulders, and feet. The singsong of the auctioneer had to be intricate because the price of tobacco was low, and most of the bidding occurred in bids of quarter, half, and three-quarter-cent bids. It took a great deal of rhythm to go all the way from two cents a pound to three and one quarter a pound to the final bid. It must be remembered

that the music means nothing aside from facilitating the actual bidding. Then, as now, the auctioneer's singsong cry or chant means nothing other than a quick way to get from one price to another price, whether the bid is rising or declining. An interesting sidelight is that the worth of many auctioneers is measured by their ability "to pike," meaning to cry a bid that has not been registered in hope that it may be passed over to a higher bid.

As the sale and cultivation of tobacco increased to astronomical proportions, the tobacco from the wagons was brought inside to what became the auction warehouse. In order to sell from five hundred piles an hour or more, the auctioneer's chant became increasingly faster. Today the high-priced sale of tobacco has obviated most of the "by quarters bidding." Since the inauguration of support prices, the auctioneer has become more of a one-man ration board, as there are often many simultaneous bids for the companies' limits on any given pile or grade.

THE PATRON SAINT

This is a tale -- I think it is a true one -- about a man named George Wortham. My grandfather, John B. Mays, deceased, remembered Colonel Wortham and told me many of his stories about this singular character. Also, the late Francis B. Hays, a zealous local historian for a greater portion of his ninety-five years, told me the same stories after my grandfather was dead. There are other references. For example, R. W. Winston used to talk about "ol'" George Wortham, but insofar as I know never mentioned him by name in print. There is a reference to Wortham, a nameless one, in Judge Winston's book, It's a Far Cry.

The Worthams were big people before the Civil War. The records in the Register of Deeds' Office and the Will Book in the Clerk's Office showed that these people owned as many as one hundred slaves and large tracts of land. Much of this land is now a part of Kerr Lake, and that portion of Vance County that was formerly in Granville. Wortham commanded the Granville Greys at the onset of the Civil War and was later promoted to Colonel. According to the records in the Adjutant General's Office, he fought all the way through the War and was present at the surrender at Appomattox. When he returned home, he found himself dispossessed of his ownings and his only hope for livelihood in the practice of law. He became, in the parlance of the day, a "\$20 lawyer," -- meaning that anyone who had twenty dollars for the fee could get a license to practice law.

He opened an office over the Ellis Saloon in Oxford, the present site of the J. C. Penny Store. There were in Oxford, according to my grandfather, Hays, and Judge Winston, more churches than in any other town of comparable population, and three times as many saloons as churches, and five times as many whorehouses as saloons. Such law practice as poor Wortham had seems to have come from publicans and the "soiled doves." It appears that Wortham took all his fees out in various kinds of trade.

One day Wortham was in the Ellis Saloon when a farmer dropped a Sunday School pamphlet of some type. Colonel Wortham picked up the leaflet and said to no one in general, "This is the sorriest Godamn Sunday School lesson I ever saw." The bartender replied, "If you are so smart why don't you write a better one?" Procuring writing materials and a Bible, the lawyer-soldier became Isaiah. He sent in two or three sample lessons to the International Sunday School people, whose central office was located in London. The editor, a renowned clergyman named Dr. Somebody Dillworth, was entranced at the vibrance of Bro' Wortham's lessons. Thereafter Wortham was put on the payroll at a handsome weekly salary of fifteen dollars.

It appears that the Prophet Wortham got ample reward from his sudden wealth, becoming the fair-haired boy of the brothels and the patron saint of the saloon. Somehow he found time and energy to turn out his weekly Sunday School lesson. Although he did not know it, Wortham was looked upon as a spiritual percolator throughout Christendom and sustenance to the spiritually hungry. His bonanza poured forth for six or seven years.

In Philadelphia there was some kind of Church or Sunday-School Meeting. (I am not sure, but I think this may have been in conjunction with the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876). The editor of International Sunday School Lesson came over for the big meeting. Realizing he would probably not be in America ever again, and most anxious to meet his saintly and gifted writer, the editor decided to make a pilgrimage down to Oxford. God knows how he got here, since the railroad was not built until long after this. He came down the Chesapeake to Norfolk, from Norfolk to Richmond by James River Packet, and from there to Weldon by railroad, and by stage into Oxford. The editor alighted at the town square ten yards from the Ellis Soloon. He asked a man on the street if he knew where he could find the Reverend Doctor Wortham. Incredibly, the man pointed toward the saloon. The Britisher, obviously not seeing the sign, hiked in and asked the way to Doctor Wartham's office. Ellis pointed toward the back room, and the unsuspecting clergyman strade in. There at the poker table, drink in hand, Bible and Sunday School papers on the floor, and girlfriend over shoulder, was the brilliant apostle. Poor Wartham's employment was terminated summarily.

It may be a fanciful postscript, but Wortham is said to have held three aces at the time, and wondered for the rest of his life how he lost out to a pair of treys. Incidentally, Wartham was reduced eventually to the small lodge of o Negra mistress, who was a former slave of his. She came to his office each Friday and brought the lawyer enough food to last until the next Friday, cleaned his quarters, and spent the weekend with him.

It interests me to note that this liaison taking place in the middle of the church district seems not to have elicited one eyebrow in town.

A WORTHLESS LAWYER

An attorney contemporary of George Wartham was o man named Jim Davis. He was not any of our people. Everybody knew he was a son of a bitch because he wasn't born in Granville County. To me it is an interesting study of local manners and mores to contrast the public's attitude toward Jim Davis and George Wartham. Wartham was never criticized for expressing his physical enthusiasm with such valuable regularity in saloons and brothels, and with colored women. He was a brave Confederate soldier, who had fallen upon bad times. He lies among us today in a respected grave. Conversely, Jim Davis was a Johnny-come-lately, a two-bit shyster who was run out of town.

A colored woman came to see Jim Davis one day and said she would give him ten dollars to get her husband out of jail. The man was in jail awaiting trial for a serious offense. Davis assured the woman he could get her husband out for ten dollars. The lawyer had the sheriff subpoena the colored man as a witness in a trial of which the colored man had never heard, and knew nothing an earth about. The sheriff served the subpoena in a local jail and brought the Negro across the alley into the courthouse. When it was learned that the Negra man knew nothing about the case for which he was subpoenaed, he was promptly returned to the jail and locked up again. He was out of jail about ten minutes at the cost of one dollar a minute to his wife. As the colored man was being led back to the jail his wife exclaimed, "Mr. Davis, you said if I gave you ten dollars you would get my husband out of jail, and now they are taking him back." "God A'mighty, waman," Davis yelled, "I said I would get the bastard out, I didn't say I would keep him out."

At this time the clerk of the court was a man of distinguished family who stayed drunk endlessly. It was told around town facetiously that the village blind man ran into the clerk twice in one morning, thinking the clerk was a door to the saloon. The clerk could never keep up with the books in his office. He entered into an agreement with Jim Davis to pay Davis twenty-five cents for the return of each volume of the last books. Most of the time Davis would visit other lawyers' offices and collect books taken from the clerk's office and receive twenty-five cents per book.

However, when Davis had to pay his room rent and board, or if he needed a new suit, he would gather books by the armful from the clerk's office and transport them to his own office. After he acquired a wheelbarrow full, "Jim Davis moving day" took place. This was a big day in Oxford. As the first wheelbarrow was pushed toward the courthouse, all of Davis' creditors smiled because they knew payday was in sight.

The Clerk of the Court never saw the true facts through his alcoholic blur, but his executor was mindful of the fact of the diminished estate.

My authorities for this story are the aforementioned gentlemen, more especially the late Francis B. Hays, who at the age of eighteen became Deputy Clerk of Court under this nonentity. Because of the living presence of the many close relatives of this drunken man, his actual name has not been stated.

LIMERICKS OF A DISK JOCKEY [Cont. from p. 25]

The Old Prof happened, one day,
To meet with a lady gay
Who asked politely
(And surely quite spritely)
To have a part in his play.

"Why, yes," he promptly replied.
And away to his class she hied.
He soon did find
That to his mind
Little Sue was far from a snide.

He composed her a sample pome
And posted it to her home.
It told her how
He'd liked her chow --
With a recipe long as a tome.

His lesson Sue took to heart,
As you may see from this start.
The result she wrote
And sent in a note.
As a pupil she played her part.

At her verses he took a look,
As with laughter he shook.
He read and corrected,
And he then selected
This piece for to put in his book.



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

THE GOOD SHIP PAUL REVERE
Helicopter Rescue Ballad

Words by Mason D. Williams; Tune, "Greenland Whole Fishery"
(Copyright by Mason D. Williams)

[In the spring of 1962 the Editor of North Carolina Folklore received from Miss Mary L. Cobb, of Chapel Hill, a note informing him that she had just read a letter from her nephew Billy Cobb (Lieut. Com. William Bottle Cobb, Jr., U.S.N.) about an exciting incident on his ship, the U.S.S. Paul Revere. The Editor requested Lieut. Com. Cobb to supply him, through his aunt, with details. The incident was the rescue, on January 12, 1962, by the Paul Revere, of three helicopter crew members from the sea. "The rescue time was six minutes." In celebration of the exploit, Mason D. Williams, a professional singer, radio, TV, and U.S. Navy service entertainer and composer, composed a ballad and set it to the music of "The Greenland Whole Fishery." Concerning the author, Lieut. Com. Cobb wrote Miss Cobb:

"Now to Mason Williams and his folk-singing guitar -- am enclosing some information on songs he gave me and, as you can see, he gave his permission for Dr. Hudson to use his songs in his North Carolina Folklore if he so desires. Am sorry to say he's not from the deep South, as Dr. Hudson expected, but was born in Texas and grew up in the state of Oregon! Actually, he's a professional entertainer, and is interested only in getting as much publicity for himself as possible to enhance his career when he gets out of the Navy. So he would love to have Dr. Hudson use his songs in NCF but not because of any interest in the N. C. Folklore Society. He just wants more clippings to add to his collection! So here they are, and I just hope I didn't get them to you too late."

[Mr. Williams gives the following account of himself (quoted in part):

"I have heard folk music all my life, as has 'most everyone, but I didn't really listen closely or begin to sing and play it until 1958. I did have an uncle, Herman Notions or Murphy (I'm not sure which last name is right -- I always heard him referred to as 'Uncle Herman') that played country-fiddle. He died of 'Jake-leg' (I think) when I was young, but I do remember him.

"A boy named Bill Cheatwood of Duncan, Oklahoma, got me interested in folk music in college. Bill's father, Dr. William Randolph Cheatwood II, knows a lot of songs and old ones too, and the whole Cheatwood family is very wealthy in folklore. I started playing guitar in 1958 (folly); I was a music major at OCU at the time. I started playing the 5-string banjo in March of 1961. I also play recorder and bass fiddle, but my major is voice.

"In November of 1961 I started my two years of active service with the Navy; I took my banjo and guitar along. It was inevitable that I write some ballads about the Navy. I know about 500 folksongs, and I think that the way a lot of folksongs must have begun is the way the rescue ballad did. I didn't waste time writing a melody; I borrowed one from the Public Domain, 'Greenland Whale Fishery,' which I learned from various sources, a Weaver's recording, a friend of mine in Aspen, Colorado, named Dave Hamill, and just hearing it sung around. I just sat down with my banjo and told what happened in song; it only took about 15 minutes to write the whole thing."

PROFESSOR A.P. HUDSON RETIRING FROM FULL-TIME TEACHING [Cont. from p. 29]

States and in a dozen foreign countries (including the U.S.S.R. and Cuba). Several public-school systems, notably that of Winston-Salem, use from five to 100 copies of each issue as library material for the instruction of young North Carolinians.

[Cont. on p. 49]

THE GOOD SHIP PAUL RIVERE

1. *Twas in Nine - teen hun-d-red and Six - ty Two, the*
first month of - the - year. Ou-r ship set sa - il, her -
na - me PAUL RE-VERE, to test her run-n-ing gears (Brave Boys), to
test her run-n-ing gears.

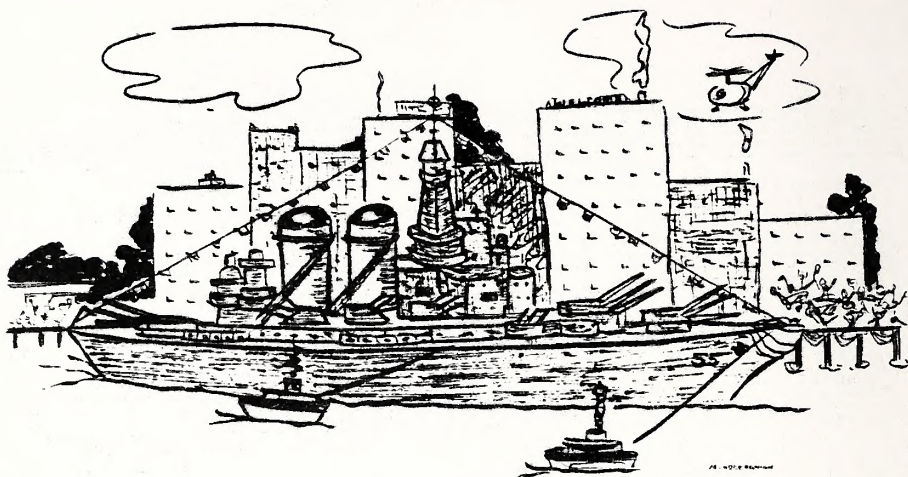
2. Our ship she sailed 'neath a clear blue sky
 Full eighteen knots her speed
 When a lookout cried there's trouble starboard side
 Three men sinking in the tide (Brave Boys)
 Three men sinking in the tide
3. A boat was lowered in faster time
 Than one can sing this tune
 And three 'Copter pilots were soon on board
 Sipping brandy with a spoon (Brave Boys)
 Sipping brandy with a spoon
4. Said the Captain of the Whirlybird,
 "That sea was might cold
 But I had no fear when I saw the PAUL REVERE
 A-sailing by so bold" (Brave Boys)
 A-sailing by sa bold
5. Now deeds like this make the PAUL REVERE
 The Navy's pride and joy
 Keeping our land free or saving lives at sea
 Young PAUL REVERE's our boy
 The Amphib's pride and joy!



PROFESSOR A. P. HUDSON RETIRING FROM FULL-TIME TEACHING [Cont. from p. 48]

Now and then, too, the professor will participate, as a Fellow of the American Folklore Society, in such activities as those of the Folklore Institute at Indiana University, the Folklore

[Cont. on p. 56]



HOW THE NORTH CAROLINA CAME HOME; OR, Cap'n Piggy Lands a Big 'Un

By Marjorie Blankenship Melton

[Mrs. Melton has a new England and North Carolina family background. Educated in the public schools of Charlotte and at Meredith and Queens Colleges, she graduated from the latter in 1955. Between her junior and senior years she spent the summer working at West Ham Central Mission in London and traveling about the United Kingdom. She has taught English several years in North Carolina high schools since then. In 1956 she married George E. Melton, professor of history at Pfeiffer College, and she has a young son with a good ballad name. During the present year she has been living and studying in Chapel Hill, working for a Master of Education degree while her husband has been pursuing the doctorate in history. She expects to return with him to Stanly County, where her husband will resume his teaching at Pfeiffer College and she will teach English at North Stanly High School.]

[Her summer in England gave Mrs. Melton a taste of English folksongs that remained latent until, in the last spring semester at the University of North Carolina, she took English 147: British and American Ballads and Folksongs. Her option for a term project was the writing of original ballads in an attempt at folk style with some nuances of modern poetry and a woman's conception of the ballad manner. The result was "My How and Why Ballet Book," containing twelve ballad illustrations of the principal thematic categories of ballads, three "Others," and seven additional folk-like pieces -- altogether, a book of sixty typewritten pages, beautifully illustrated in color by her friend Mrs. Nancy Charebanian of Hamlet, herself the wife of a graduate student in law. One of the most interesting of the major ballads is "How Frances Silvers Met Her Fate," inspired by a famous North Carolina native ballad telling about Frances Silvers' murder of her husband on South Toe River, Burke County, in 1832, and her execution at Morganton in 1833. Mrs. Melton's treatment does what the old ballads seldom do -- tells "how and why it was and what it was like" from a woman's point of view. In the Editor's opinion, it has some beautiful touches and nuances of genuine poetry in it.]

["How the North Carolina Came Home," or, according to her husband's naming of it, "Cap'n Piggy Lands a Big 'Un," is a piece of sixty-five regular-ballad stanzas. Mrs. Melton first heard the story of Piggy Burriss's piloting the battleship home to Wilmington from Chapel Hill friends, Max and Sarah Williams. It was later recounted to her by Clayton Price, boat-swain of the North Carolina, in Wilmington.]

The North Carolina was, you know,
A mighty battleship;
And every Tar Heel boy and girl
Knows of her homeward trip.

She was "the flagship of our fleet";
Of all, she was the best.
'Twas in the fall of '61
She settled to her rest.

Through forty months of battle fire
She sailed the ocean bars;
For us she earned the purple heart
And fifteen combat stars.

In '47 she was retired
And taken from the roll,
For battleships are out of date;
The Air Age took its toll.

For years in busy Bayonne town
Close by the Hudson shore,
She rusted there, without repair,
To sail the seas no more.

Now sadness reigned in Tar Heel land
When the story there was told
That the mighty ship that bore our name
Would soon be scrapped and sold.

Far better that our valiant ship
In battle fire had sunk
Than that she should dismantled be
And scrapped and sold for junk.

Now Hodges up in Washington
And Sanford in our state
Said: "Shape her up for Tar Heel Land
Before it is too late.

"We cannot let our ship be scrapped,
For on her rusty shell
A purple heart and silver stars
Show she has served us well.

"She proudly led our country's fleet
Near many a foreign shore.
The flag's her soul; her strong heartbeat,
The mighty cannon's roar.

"Near many a green Pacific isle
She anchored, gray and lone;
But now the barnacles crust her sides
In the harbor of Bayonne."

To Hodges up in Washington
Spoke Admiral Arleigh Burke:
"If you would like your battleship,
'Twill take a lot of work."

"'Twill cost you much," the Admiral said.
"Her engines now are dead.
And she's no good upon the sea
Though once the fleet she led."

"It will be hard to tow her in
At this time of the year.
'Twill take a clever pilot who
Can sail your own Cape Fear."

Now, many river pilots bold
When questioned, shook their heads.
They did not think the battleship
Could clear those sandy beds.

And many river pilots bold
Felt it would be their luck
To feel they must stick with the ship
Whenever she got stuck.

Not strong enough are cables made
Nor long enough are poles
To prize a balky battleship
From all those shallow shoals.

But there was one of all the group,
Piggy Burriss was his name;
Round Frying Pan Shoals and Sunny Point
He had uncertain fame.

Now, Piggy is a pilot true.
He loves the briny deep.
His days are full of sea and sun;
At night, right sound his sleep.

And Piggy is a captain true.
He loves to fish and sail.
On Friday nights in Southport town
He spins a merry tale.

Cap'n Piggy's fame had rested long
On many a harebrained scheme.
But through it all, he'd waited long
To do a feat supreme.

So Piggy's friends reminded him
 'Twould be a splendid feat
To bring back home, no more to roam,
 The ship that led the fleet.

Now Cap'n Piggy vowed he knew
 The Cape Fear like a book;
He vowed he'd take those hairpin turns
 With ne'er a second look.

And all of Piggy's river friends
 Swore he could really tell
The dangers in the river bends;
 He knew them all full well.

So Cap'n Burriss took the helm
 On that historic day;
The memory of the cheering crowd
 Would stay with him alway.

They clapped and cheered and threw him flowers!
 Would they not overwhelm
The stalwart man who waved at them
 And bowed before his helm?

Will not the children, late of school,
 Distract him from his task?
And with his pals upon the pier
 Will he not down a flask?

But Cap'n Piggy's strong and true,
 And it is now his fate
To win great fame in one fell swoop,
 And therewith serve the state.

Among the tugboats furnished by
 The great outfit Moran
Are the ones that led her from Bayonne,
 The Margaret and Diane.

The little tugboat's whistle blows!
 The great ship in the rear
Is pushed in line by nine tough tugs
 To sail the small Cape Fear.

For many and many an hour long
 Cap'n Piggy held his grip;
Not once upon the sandy shoals
 Did the North Carolina slip.

The shallow bars are closer now.
 Still Piggy keeps his grip;
And with high tide beneath her bow
 Sails on our battleship.

The sun beats down upon the deck.
The hours are hot and slow;
And 'round the pier in Wilmington
The folks impatient grow.

The Admirals wait upon the pier;
Their faces show concern;
They know that down the great Cape Fear
The high tide soon will turn.

And how can Piggy push the boat,
Though strong his heart and brave?
The battleship will never float
Without strong wind and wave.

"O Piggy, hurry into port!
You dare not take so long.
The Mayor paces on the pier;
He soothes the restless throng.

"The big parade is long since o'er.
Still waves the Beauty Queen;
And the Governor waits with delegates
In his long black limousine."

"O Sirs, I'll do the best I can.
I'll push with all my might.
I'm using every able man,
And we'll be there tonight."

"O Piggy, use a stronger rope
And push her into town.
We want to see the battleship
Before the sun goes down."

"O Sirs, I'll do the best I can.
I'll push with all my might.
I'm using every able man,
And we'll be there tonight."

"O Piggy, turn her straight and true
And press her into town.
The ladies set the evening meal
Soon as the sun goes down.

"Through NBC and CBS
And all our well-known papers,
By suppertime the whole U. S.
Will know about our capers.

"For this is an historic day
Of great commemoration;
And we need only you to start
Our solemn dedication.

"For soon our noble story
Will be beamed across the nation,
And we don't want the world to know
Our anxious situation!"

"O Sirs, I'll do the best I can.
I'll push with all my might.
I'm using every able man,
And we'll be there tonight."

Now, Piggy's better than his word;
The sun is shining bright.
As Cap'n Burriss comes in view,
He sees a happy sight.

The high-school band swings into tune;
The drummer thunders long;
The North Carolina meets her own
And hears a joyful song.

Her polished deck is smooth and clean,
And trim her steel-gray bow;
The guns that thundered on the deep
Shine high and silent now.

Her polished deck is smooth and clean,
And trim her steel-gray bow;
The flags float gaily on her mast
And crown her glistening brow.

So proud of her the children are;
And proud, also, are we
To see the heart and combat stars
She won in foreign sea.

So Piggy Burriss brought her in,
Round narrow strait and shoal.
But one misfortune did he meet
That marred his splendid goal.

Just as he bowed before the crowd
(O nothing could be finer)
The battleship rammed Fergus's Ark,
A well-known floating diner!

Midst all the grand regalia there
And all the splendid speeches,
Poor Piggy was surrounded by
Potatoes and canned peaches.

Each pie and cake swam in the wake.
The harbor was a mess;
And Piggy Burriss quickly shied
From a most delighted press.

O Piggy, why the downcast face?
 There is no cause for grief!
 The crowd won't clap at your mishap;
 It only feels relief!

O Piggy, do not feel so bad!
 Lift up your downcast eyes!
 You will not find the cheering crowds
 Among the floating pies!

To guide that ship on its home trip
 Was clever as could be,
 And all our folk are praising you
 From Asheville to the Sea.



And fiddlers gay their tunes will play
 In many a merry measure,
 For many a hall in Wilmington
 Is waiting Piggy's pleasure.



Now, Cap'n Piggy's gone back home
 With Puddin' Head, his son;
 But later, at the witching hour,
 He'll come and join the fun.

For happy is the sailor's song,
 And heartfelt is the toast
 That's being raised to Piggy now
 In bars along the coast:

"Long live the North Carolina!
 She never knew defeat.
 The foe six times announced her sunk,
 But still she led our fleet!

"And long live Piggy Burriss!
 A pilot of renown,
 He brought her home to Wilmington
 Before the sun went down!"

PROFESSOR A.P. HUDSON RETIRING FROM FULL-TIME TEACHING [Cont. from p. 49]

Section of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association, the Comparative Literature II Section of the Modern Language Association of America, in all of which he has at one time or another held chairmanships and directorships; and in various folk festivals, such as the Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, of which, as Chairman of the University Folklore Council, he is the leader, and in the projected folk festival at Fontana Dam, North Carolina. Until his complete retirement, he will continue as Chairman of the Folklore Council and as Executive Secretary of the University of North Carolina Folklore Curriculum.

In addition, if not finally, Professor Hudson will hope to play an occasional game of golf, to go fishing now and then, to keep his kitchen garden planted and weeded, to get a few more shots with his cameras (still and movie), to record stray singers and storytellers, to entertain his friends and neighbors with his recordings and pictures (doubtless boring many of them to tears),

[Cont. on p. 60]

MAMMY'S MISSISSIPPI COON

Tune of "Mammy's Little Alabama Coon," Sung by the Professor to His Students at His Seventieth-Birthday Party in His Home on Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, May 13, 1962

Ah's a whup-down Mississippi Coon,
An' de time Ah was boun am long.
Ah remembahs a big roun' moon
An' uv heahin' folks sing o song.
Den mah Mammy cahhied me down to de river bottom,
An' Ah rolled an' Ah tumbled in de cotton.

Chorus

Go to sleep, mah li'l cotton-pickin' runt,
Or de potterol'll ketch you efen you dun't.
Mammy's little Mississippi Coon.

W'en Ah was o stout young cawn-fiel' fool
Wid honey an' 'bocco on mah lips,
Mammy sont me to de big-house school
W'en Ah'd ruther been sailin' in ships.
Den Ah messed aroun' in de fall
Wid books an' gals an' football.

Chorus

Mammy's long, tall Mississippi Buck,
Mammy's long, tall Mississippi Buck.

Den Ole Missus sol' me to de Carolines,
An' Ah wukked in de fiel's o' Chapel Hill,
Whal' Ah honed foh bay'os an' de pines;
But Ah kep' on wukkin' da-uh still.
Now Ah smells de smoke o' de cigoret,
An' Ah ain't nohow nobody's pet.
Go to sleep, you ol' Black Joe;
Den you won't have to wuk no mo'.

Chorus

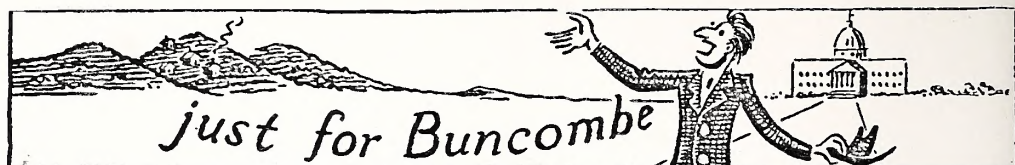
Mammy's wo'n-out Mississippi Coon,
Mammy's wo'n-out Mississippi Coon.

Affectionately dedicated to my Students.



Arthur Palmer Hudson,
Kenan Professor of English and Folklore.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
May 14, 1962



Fourteenth Carolina Folk Festival

Sponsored by UNC Folklore Council

Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Chairman of The Council*

Ike Greer and Norman Cordon, *Masters of Ceremonies*

PROGRAM

(No Encores)

1. Dance of Welcome, THE GLENN SCHOOL DANCERS,
Durham, Catherine Wynne, Director

2. Words and Music, ROBERT BURTON HOUSE, Chancellor
Emeritus, UNC
Welcome, ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON, Chairman

3. Folksongs, PHILIP H. KENNEDY, Reference Librarian,
Folksong Archive, Library of Congress

4. Country Music, THE CHICKEN FARMERS, Cherrill P.
Heaton, Director

5. Old Ballad Favorites, FORREST COVINGTON, Burlington

6. Sermonette and Spirituals, J. MASON BREWER and HOL-
LAND CHAPEL MALE CHORUS, Leroy Farrar, Director,
Chatham County

7. Secular Negro Folksongs, MARINDA MACPHERSON,
Hillsboro

8. Choral Specialties, UNC MEN'S GLEE CLUB, Joel Carter,
Director, Al Miller, President

— INTERMISSION —

9. American Square Dances, THE TRIANGLE SQUARES,
Chenstrand Research Triangle, O. A. Pickett, President

10. Girl Songs, GUERRY MATTHEWS, Rock Hill, South
Carolina

11. Australian Colonial Ballads, ROBERT E.
BRISSENDEN, Australian National Univer-
sity, Canberra

12. Waldensian Songs and Dances, JULIA RIBET AND THE
WALDENSIAN DANCERS, Valdese, North Carolina

13. Southwestern and Mexican Songs, MIKE HALL, California
and Chapel Hill

14. Old Plantation Sketches and Songs, 'CILE TURNER,
Forest, Virginia

15. Goodnight Dance, THE GLENN SCHOOL DANCERS.

FOLK SONG, DANCE, AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC GENUINE, FRESH FOLK FANCIES FROM FAR AND NEAR

Technical Staff: Mack J. Preslar, Production Manager; Ralph N. Sargent, Stage Manager; Martin Richek,
Sound

Saturday, May 5, 1962, 8 P. M.

Memorial Hall, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Admission: Children under 12, 50c

Adults, \$1.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

Folk Festival at Chapel Hill in the Spring



OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

ADDRESS TO THE FESTIVAL

By the Chairman

At Covent Garden and Drury Lane
The Season began with a little strain
That was named "The Address" and set in verse
By pothouse poets, poetasters, or worse.

I cannot sing, or dance, or play,
And, even in a weaving way,
I can't make meters as soft as silk;
They're much more apt to curdle your milk.

I'm not a minstrel, like Lunsford, Lamar,
With corny old ballets from near and far.
I can't yowl "Good Ol' Mountain Dew"
As jolly George Pegram used to do.

I'm not, like N. Cordon, a booming basso,
Can't, like Bob House, on a mouth harp blow,
Nor, like Ike Greer, pluck a dulcimore.
When I orate, I make folks snore.

But I can snitch the words of a song.
Just listen a minute; they won't be long.
"We've been waiting for you day by day,
And we love you in the same old way."

Whether you drove in a Cad or a dray,
Whether you're a janitor or Bill Fri-day
If you had four bits or a buck to pay,
"You're as welcome as the flowers in May."

Saturday, May 5, 1962

Tuesday morning,
May 8, 1962.

Remember the days of Bascom Lamar,
When the show began 'neath the evening star
In Kenan, where thrushes called from trees
And the leaves were rustled by the breeze?

And the students yelled, "George, give us George!"
And he stole the show till Cordon, with gorge
In his throat, grabbed a big hickory bat
And made like he'd bash G's ten-gallon hat.

The times have changed, we've holed up indoors,
And banned bootleggers, and all but bores.
In Memorial, with its classic décor,
We run a set program without encore.

But still, it's "just for Buncombe" tonight.
It's a bit too bad if you're a little tight.
Hark back to good old Tarheel ways
And the songs and yarns of other days.

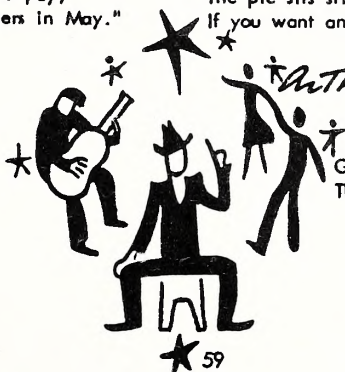
Forget Castro and Mister Khrushchev,
High taxes, and rockets, and whooping cough.
Loosen your girdles and belts of your pants.
Listen to our music and watch our dance.

Our program's rare and rich enough.
But my rimes are getting mighty rough.
The pie sits sliced upon the shelf.
If you want any more you can cook it yourself.

—Arthur Palmer Hudson

Good show, and a barrel of fun!
Thank you for all you done.

—A. P. H.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

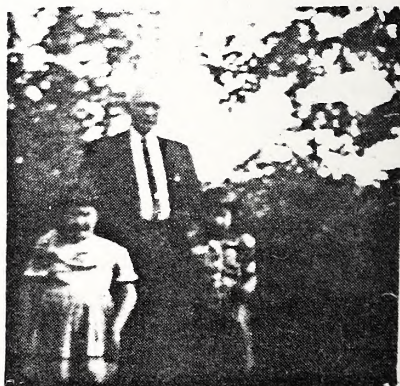
1. Plenty of copies of "An Analytical Index to North Carolina Folklore, Vols. I-VIII," Vol. IX, No. 3 (December 1961) (59 pp.), are still available at the price of 50¢ for members, \$1.00 for non-members. The "Index" has been highly praised by distinguished folklorists. Order copies from the Editor, 710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, N. C., U. S. A.
2. The Editor plans to make the December 1962 number a history of the North Carolina Folklore Society since its establishment in 1913, with a running account of principal events, a summary of all programs, brief sketches and bibliographies of distinguished members and contributors, etc. This number will go free to regular subscribers and will sell for the same price to non-members as the "Index."
3. In this connection, all members and subscribers who have ideas about the most interesting and appropriate ways of celebrating the Golden Jubilee are invited to send their suggestions to the Editor. The December 1962 meeting of the Folklore Society and succeeding numbers of the Journal should be borne in mind as media for carrying out these ideas.

PROFESSOR A.P. HUDSON RETIRING FROM FULL-TIME TEACHING [Cont. from p. 56]

to go on lecture tours such as those to East Tennessee College at Johnson City and the University of Mississippi (Humanities Lectures) in April of 1962 and to Mercer University (The Lamar Lectures) in the fall of 1961. And he will certainly endeavor to play with his grandchildren, nurse a great-grandchild (born March 22, 1962), and visit with the children on Greenwood Road.

All the while he will hope to continue eating under the provisions of the U. S. Social Security and Old Age Retirement and the North Carolina Teachers and Employees State Retirement systems.

Maybe retirement won't be so bad!



OCT 15 1963

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

Arthur Palmer Hudson

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

CAROLINA COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN THE 1840's

By John Q. Anderson

[A University of North Carolina Ph.D. in English, Dr. Anderson teaches at Texas A. and M. College. Since going to Texas, he has served as president of the Texas Folklore Society and has published extensively in the fields of folklore and regional literature. His latest book, Louisiana Swamp Doctor, The Life and Writings of Henry Clay Lewis, was published by the Louisiana State University Press in 1962. He has made several previous contributions to NCF.]

Courtship and marriage customs in North Carolina in the 1840's are humorously and vividly described by an unknown contributor¹ in a series of three letters to the Spirit of the Times, the New York weekly which published much popular humor in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. These letters emphasize the significance in community life of birth, marriage, and death, the three most dramatic events in the individual's life. Of these three, marriage and the courtship beforehand provide the most interest and amusement for members of the community.

The author of these letters, who signs himself Wm. Warrick, employed the conventional devices of the popular humor of his time--comical misspelling, spelling to indicate dialectal pronunciation, agrarian imagery, elliptical and parenthetical statements common to actual speech, caricature, and topical allusions. Though set in a framework of letters to the editor, Billy Warrick's story is essentially what Walter Blair in Native American Humor calls the oral tale captured in print.² The first letter follows:³

Piney Bottom, in Old North State
January this 4, 1844

Mr. Porter--Sir:

Bein' in grate distrest, I didn't know what to do, till one of the Lawyers counclilled me to tell you all about it, and git your opinion. You see I are a bin sparkin' over to one of our nabors a cortin of Miss Barbry Bass, nigh upon these six munse. So t'other nite I puts on my stork (stock) that come up so high that I look'd like our Kurnel paradin of the milertary on Ginrel Muster, tryin' to look over old Snap's years--he holds sich a high hed when he knows that he's got on his holdsturs and pistols and his trowns and sich like, for he's a mity proud hoss. I had on a linun shurt koller starched stif that cum up monstrus high rite under my years, so that evry time I turn'd my hed it putty nigh saw'd off my years, and they are so sor that I had to put on sum Gray's intment (ointment), which draw'd so hard that if I hadn't wash'd it in sope suds I do believe it would a draw'd out my branes. I put on my new briches that is new fashion'd and opens down before, and it tuck me nigh on a quarter of a hour to batten em, and they had straps so tite I could hardly bend my kneas--I had on my new wastecoast and a dick bussam (dickey bosom, i.e., false shirt front) with ruffles on each side, and my white hat.⁴ I had to be perticular nice in spittin' my terbaccer juce, for my stork were so high I had to jerk back my hed like you have seed one of them Snapjack bugs. Considrin' my whiskkurs hadn't grow'd out long enuff, as I were conceety to think that I look'd middlin' pear, and my old nigger oman Venus said I look'd nice enuff for a Bryde.

It tuk one bale of good cottin and six bushills of peese to pay for my close. Doddrot it, it went sorter hard; but when I tho't how putty she did look last singin' school day--with her eyes as blue as indiger (indigo), and her teeth white as milk, and sich long curling hare hang-ing clear down to her belt ribbon, and sich butiful rosy cheeks, and lips as red as a cock Red-burd in snow time, and how she squeased my hand when I gin her a oringe that I gin six cents for--I didn't grudge the price.

Mr. Porter--when I got to old Miss Basses bars (gate?), gist after nite, sich streaks and cold fits cum over me worse than a feller with the Buck augur, the first time he goes to shute at a dear. My kneas got to trimblin', and I could hardly holler, "Get out!" to Miss Basses

son Siah's dog, Old Troup, who didn't know me in my new gear and cum out like all creashun a barkin' amazin'. Seas I to myself, ses I, what a fool you is—and then I thort what Squire Britt's nigger man Tony, who went to town last week, told me about a Taler (tailor) there, who sed that gist as soon as he got through a makin' a sute of close far a member of the assembly to go to Rawley in, he spected to come out a courtin' Miss Barbry. This sorter rased my dander—for he's shockin' likely, with black whiskers 'cept he's nock-nead—with his hare all combed to one side like the Chapel Hill Boys and Lawyers.⁵ Then I went in, and after howdying and shakin' hands, and sorter squashin' of Barbry's, I sot down. There was old Miss Bass, Barbry, and Siah Bass, her brother (a monstrous hand at possums), old Kurnel Hard, a-go'in' to cort had stopp'd short to rite old Miss Besses will, with Squire Britt and one of the nabors to witness it all rite and strate. This kinder shock'd me—till Kurnel Hard, a mighty perlitte man, sed, ses he, "Mr. Warrick, you are a lookin' oncommon smart." "Yes," ses I, "Kurnel" (a sorter cuttin' my eye at Barbry) 'middlin' well in body—but in mind. . . "Ah, I see," ses he (cuttin' off my discourse), "I understand that you are—" (Mr. Porter, I forget the Dixonary words he sed—but it were that I were in love.) If you could have seed my face and felt it burne, you would a tho't that I had the billious fever—and as for Barbry, now wan't she red as a turkey cock's gills—and she jump'd up and said, "Ma'am!" and run oute the room, tho' nobody on yearth that I heerd on called her—and then I heerd Polly Cox—drot her picyur!—who is hired to weeve—a sniggerin at me. After a while, Squire Britt and the nabor went off—and Siah he went a cooning of it with his dogs, but driv Old Troup back, for he's deth on rabbits—and Miss Bass went out, and Kurnel Hard, arter taken a drink outen his cheerbox, he got behin' the door and shuck'd himself and got into one of the beds in the fur eend of the room. After a while, old Miss Bass cum back, and sot in the chimbley corner and tuck off her shoes—and then tuck up her pipe and went to smoking—the way she rowl'd the smoke out was astonishing—and every now and then she struck her hed and sorter gron'd like—what it were at I don't know, 'cept she were bother'd 'bout her consams—or thinkin' bout her will which she gist sined. Bimeby, Barbry cum back and sot on a cheer clost by me. She was a workin' of a border that looked mity fine. Ses I, "Miss Barbry, what is that you're seamstring so playgy putty?" Ses she, "It teent nothin'"—Up holler old Miss Bass. "Why," ses she, "Mr Warrick, it's a nite cap, and what on the Lord's yearth young peple now a days works and laces and befrills nite caps fur I can't tell—It beets me—bedizining out their heds when they're gwyng to bed, jist as if any body but their own peple seed 'em, and ther's young men with whiskers on their upper lip and briches opning before—it wan't so in my day—but young people's got no sense—bless the Lord—oh—me." "Lord, mammy," ses Barbry, "do hush." Ses old Miss Bass, "I shoant—for its the nat'ral truth." I sorter look'd at my briches—and Mr. Porter, I were struck into a heap—for if two of my buttons wan't loose, so that one could see the eend of my factry homespun shirt! I drop'd my handkercher in my lap, and run my hand down and happened to button it putty slick—but it gin me such a skeer—I shall never war another pare.

Miss Barbry then begun a talkin' with me 'bout the fashuns, when I were in town, but old Miss Bass broke in, and ses she, "Yes, they tells me that the gals in town has injun rubber things blowed up and tied aroun' their wastes, and makes 'em look bigger behin' than before—for all the world like an oman was worter in a curous way behind."⁶ Thinks I, what's comin' next, when old Miss Bass, knockin' the ashes oute her pipe, gathered up her shuse and went off. Then Barbry blushed and begun talkin' bout the singin' meetin' and kinder teched me up bout bein' fond of sparkin' Dicey Loomis—jist to see how I'd take it. "Well," ses I, "she's bout the likeliest gal in this settlement and I reckon mity nigh the smartest. They tells me she kin spin more cuts in a day and card her own rolls and dance harder and longer and sing more songs oute the Missunary Harmony than any gal in this country." (You see, Mr. Porter, I thot I'd size her pile.) Ses she, sorter poutin' up ond jist tossin' her hed, "If thens your sentiments, why don't you cort her—for my part I knows seveal young ladies that's jist as smart and can sing as many songs—and dance as well—and as for her bein' the prettiest—Laws a Messy! You shouldn't jedge for me, sposin' I was a man!"

I thot I'd come agin, but was sorter feard of runnin' the thing in the grown'd. Then I drawd up my cheer a leetle closer and were jist about to talk to the spot, when I felt choky and the trimbles tuck me oncommon astonishin'. Ses Barbry, lookin rite up in my face and

sorter quivin in her talk—ses she, "Mr. Warrick, goodness gracious, what does ale you?" Ses I, hardly abel to talk, "It's that drotted three-day augur I cotch'd last fall a clearin' in the new grouns. I raly bleve it will kill me but it makes no odds--daddy and mammy is both ded, and I'm the only one of six that's left and nobody would kear." Ses she, looking rite mournful and holdin down her hed, "Billy, what does make you talk so? You auter know that there's one that would kear and greve too." Ses I, peartin up, "I should like to know if it are an oman-- for if its any gal that's spectable and creditable, I could lover her like all creashun. Barbry," ses I, takin of her hand, "aint I many a time, as I sot by the fire at home, all by my lone self, aint I considered how if I did have a good wife how I could work for her, and do all I could for her, and make her pleasant like and happy, and do evrything for her!" Well, Barbry she look'd up at me and seemed so mournful and pale, and tears in her sweet eyes, and pretendin she didn't know I held her hand, that I could not help sayin, "Barbry, if that somebody that keard was only you, I'd die for you and be burryd a dozen times." She trimbl'd and look'd so pretty and sed nothin, I couldn't help kissin her, and seein she didn't say quit, I kissed her nigh on seven or eight times, and as old Miss Bass had gone to bed and Kurnel Hard was a snoorin' away, I wan't perticillar, and I spose I kissed her too loud, for jist as I kissed her the last time out hollered old Miss Bass: "My lord! Barbry, Old Troup is in the milk pan! I heerd him smackin his lips a lickin of the milk. Git out, you old vamin't, git out!" Seem how the gander hopped, I jumped up and hollered, "Git out, Troup! You old raskel!" and opened the door to make bleve I let him out. As for Barbry, she laffed till she was nigh a bustin a holdin in and run out; and I heerd Kurnel Hardy's bed a shakin like he had had my three-day augur. Well, I took tother bed, after having to pull my britches over my shuse for I couldn't unbatten my straps.

Next morning I go up airy, and Siah axed me to stay to breakfast, but I had to feed an old cow at the free pastur and left. Jist as I got to the bars, I meets old Miss Bass, and ses she, "Mr. Warrick, next time you see a dog a lickin up milk, don't let him do it loud enuff to wake up evry body in the house--perticler when there's a stranger bout." And Barbry sent me word that she's so shamed that she never kin look me in the face agin and never to come no more.

Mr. Porter, what shall I do! I feel oncommon sorry and distrest. Do write me. I seed a letter from N. P. Willis' tother day in the Nashunal Intelligensur where he sed he had a hed-ake on the top of his pen; I've got it at both eends, for my hands is cramped a writin and my hart akes. Do write me what to do. No more at presence, but remanes.

WM. WARRICK.

[Editor Porter, always alert to encourage new talent, headed the second letter "Mr. Warrick in Luck!" and introduced it with a summary of the situation described in the first, to which he appended a stanza from what appears to be a popular minstrel song:

I'd ofren heard it said ob late,
Dat Norf Carolina was de State,
What handsome boys am bound to shine,
Like Dandy Jim of de Caroline!

[The second Warrick letter, dated March 21, 1844,⁸ begins with a paragraph referring to several items of current interest in the Spirit and then continues Billy Warrick's story:]

Well, I got so sick in my speerits and droopy-like that I thot I should ev died stone ded, not seein of Barbry for three weeks. So one evenin I went down, spectin as how old Miss Bass had gone to Sociashun (for she's mity religus and grones shockin at prayers) to hear two prechers from the Sarwitch Ilans where they tells me the peples all goes naked--which is comikil, as factry homespun is cheap and could afford to kiver themselves at nine cents a yard. When I went in, there sot old Miss Bass and old Miss Collis a smokin and chattin amazin. I do think old Miss Collis beats all natur at a smokin.

Old Miss Collis had on her Sunday frock and had it draw'd up over her knees to keep from skorchin and her pettycoats rased tolerable high as she sot over the fire to be more comfortabler like, but when she seed me she drop'd them down, and arter howdyng and civerlizing each other I sot down, but being sorter flusticated like, thinkin of that scrape last time I was here about Old Troup lickin of the milk and my briches that is open before comin unbutton'd and showing the eend of my sheert, I didn't notis perticler where I sot. So I sot down in a cheer where Barbry had throw'd down her work (when she seed me comin at the bars and run) and her nedle stuck shockin in my--into me and made me jump up oncommon and hollered!

I thought old Miss Collis wouder split wide open a laffin, and old Miss Bass like to a busted and axes my parding for laffin, and I had to give in, but it was laffin on tother side and had to rub the place. . . .

Ses Miss Collis. . . "Miss Bass, they tells me that Dicey Loomis is a gwyng to be married --her people was in town last week and bort a power of things and artyfishals, and lofe sugar, and ribbuns, and cheese, and sich like!"

"Why, ses Miss Bass, "you don't tell me so! Did I ever year the best o' that! Miss Collis, ar it a fact!"

"Yes," ses Miss Collins, "it's the natural truth, for brother Bounds tell'd it to me at last class meetin."

Ses Miss Bass, hollerin to Barbry in tother room, "Barbry do you hear that Dicey Loomis is gwyng to git married? Well! well! It beats me! Bless the Lord! I wonder who she's gwyng to get married to, Miss Collis?"

Ses Miss Collis. . . "They do say its to that taler (tailor) from town. Well, he's a putty man, and had on such a nice dress--'cept he's most too much nock-need, and sich eyes and sich whiskers and don't he play the fiddle!"

Ses Miss Bass, "Well, Dicey is a middlin peart gal, but for my part I don't see what the taler seed in her."

"Nor I nuther," ses Miss Collis, "but she's gwine to do well. I couldn't a sed no if he'd axed for our Polly."

Then in come Barbry, and we how-dy'd and both turned sorter red in the face, and I trimbl'd tolerable and felt agurry. Well, arter we talked a spell, all of us, Miss Bass got up and ses she, "Miss Collis I want to show you a nice passel of chickens; our old speckled hen come off with eleven yisterdy, as nice as ever you did see."

And they both went out. Then Barbry looked at me so comikil and sed, "Billy, I raly shall die thinkin of you and Old Troup!" and she throw'd herself back and laffed and laffed; and she look'd so putty and so happy ses I to myself, "Billy Warrick, you must marry that gal and no mistake, or brake a trace!" and I swore to it.

Well, then we talk'd agreeable like and sorter soft, and both of us war so glad to see one another till old Miss Bass and Miss Collis come back. Bimeby, Miss Collises youngest son come for her, and I helped her at the bars to get up behin her son, and ses she, "Good bye, Billy! Good luck to you! I know'd your daddy and mammy afore you was born on yearth, and I was the fust one after your granny that had you in the arms. Me and Miss Bass talked it over! You'll git a smart, peart, likely gal! So good bye, Billy!"

Ses I, "Good bye, Miss Collis." Ses I, "Good bye, take good kear of your mammy, my son!" You see I thot I'd be perlite.

Well, when I went back there sot old Miss Bass, and ses she, "Billy! Miss Colls and me is a bin talkin over you ond Barbry, ond seein you are a good karackter and smart, and well to do in the world, and a poor orphin boy, I shant say no! Take her, Billy, and be good to her, and God bless you, my son, for I'm all the mammy you've got!" So she kiss'd me, and ses she, "Now, kiss Barbry. We've talked it over, ond leave us now for a spell, for its hard to give up my child!" So I kiss'd Barbry and left.

The way I rode home was oncommon peart, ond my old mare pranced and was like the man in the skriptur who "waxed fat and kick'd," ond I hurried home to tell old Venus, and to put up three shotes and some turkies to fatten for the innfare. Mr. Porter, it's to be the 3d Wensday in next month, ond Barbry sends you a ticket--and if it's a boy I shall name it arter you--hopln you will put it in your paper--that is, the weddin.

So wishin you a heap of subskribers, I remane in good helth and speerits at presence.
Your friend.

WM. WARRICK.

[The happy termination of Billy's courtship brought distress to a long-time secret admirer of his, Nancy Guiton, who describes her disappointment in a letter to Polly Stroud, a friend in Tennessee.]

Piney Bottom
this July 9, of 1844

Miss Polly Stroud--dere maddam.

I now take my pen In hand of the presence opportunity to let you know how we are all well, but I am purly in sperits, hop'n this few lines may find you the same by gods mercy as I have bin so mortyfide I could cry my eyes out bodily. Bill Warrick, Yes Bill Warrick, is married to Barbry Bass! I seed it done--a mean, triflin, deceevinist creetur--but never mind--Didnt I know him when we went to the old field skool--a little raggid orflin Boy, with nobody to patch his close tom behin a making of a dick-dicky-dout¹⁰ of himself--cause his old nigger oman Venus was to lazy to mend em? Didnt I know him when he couldnt make a pot or a hanger in his copy book to save his life, as for making of a S he always makes it tother way, just so 2 backwards. And then to say I were too old for him and that he always conceived I was a sort of sister to him! O Polly Stroud, he is so likely, particular when he is dressed up of a Sunday or a frolick--and what is worsen his wife is purty too, tho I don't acknowledge it here. Only to think how I doated on him, how I used to save bosim blossoms for him, which some people calls sweet sentid shrubs--ond how I used to put my hand in ond pull them out for him, and how I used to blush when he said they were sweeter for comin from where they did? Who went blackberryin and huckleberryin with me? who always rode to preechun with me and helped me on the horse? who mode Pokeberry stains in diamonds and squares ond circles and harts and so on at quiltnes for me. . .who always threaded my needle and has kissed me in perticler, in playing of kneelin to the wittist, bowin to the puttyist, and kissing of them you love best,¹¹ and playin Sister Feebe, and Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barly Grows¹²--at least one hundred times? Who wated as candil holder with me at Tom Bolins weddin and sed he knowd one in the room he'd heap rother marry, and looked at me so uncommon and his eyes so blue that I felt my face burn for a quarter of an hour? who I do say was it but Bill Warrick--yes, and a heap more. If I havent a grate mInd to sue him and would do it, if it wasnt I am feared he'd show a Voluntine I write to him Feberary a year ago. He orter be exposed, for if ever he is a widderer he'll fool somebody else the same way he did me. Its a burnin shame. I could hardly hold my head up at the weddin. If I hadn't of bin so mad and too proude to let him see it, I could of cried severe.

Well, it was a nice weddin--sich ice cakes and minicles and rosins and oringis and ham--four doins and chicken fixins, and four oncommon fattest big goblers roasted I ever seed. The Bryde was dressed in a white muslin figgered over a pink satin pettycote, with white gloves and

satin shoes, and her hair a curlin down with a little rose in it, and a chair aroun her neck. I dont know whether it was raal gold or plated. She looked butiful, and Bill did look nice, and all the candydates and two preechers and Col. Hard was there, and Bills niggers, the likliest nine of them you ever looked at, and when I did look at em and think, I raly thought I should of broke my heart. Well, sich kissin—several of the gals sed that there faces burnt like fire, for one of the preechers and Col. Hard wosnt shaved clost.

Bimeby, I was a setting leanin back, and Bill he come behin me and sorter jerked me back and skeared me powerful for fear I was fallin backwards, and I skreamed and kicked up my feet before to ketch like, and if I hadnt a had on pantalets I reckon somebody would of knowd whether I gartered above my knees or not. We had a right good laff on old Parson Brown as he got through a marrin of em—says he, "I pronounce you, William Warrick and Barbry Bass, man and oman,"—he did look so when we laffed, and he rite quick sed, "Man and wife—salute your Bryde," and Bill looked horrid red and Barbry trimbled and blushed astonishin severe.

Well, its all over, but I dont keer—theres as good fish in the sea as ever come outen it. I'm not poor for the likes of Bill Warrick, havin now three sparks, and one of them from Town, whose got a good grocery and leads the Quire at church outter the Suthern Harmony, the Missouri Harmony is gone outter fashion. Unkle Ben's oldest gal Suky is guyin to marry a Virginny tobacker roler, named Saint George Drummon, and he says he is kin to Jack Randolph and Pokerhuntas, who they is the Lord knows. . . . your friend,

NANCY GUITON.

Among Carolina folkways of the 1840's revealed in the Warrick Letters are militia muster, singing schools, quilting parties, and play parties. The use of tobacco was apparently common, chewing for men and smoking for older women. Some of the language used is particularly colorful: "cheerbox"—whiskey bottle, "to shuck"—to undress, "sparkin"—courting, "a spark"—a beau, and "seeing how the gander hopped"—estimating a situation.

The author of the Warrick Letters was doubtless influenced by William T. Thompson's Major Jones's Courtship, published the year before, a popular book which Franklin J. Meine says concerns "a simple, unsophisticated, good-humored Georgia youth who babbles about his love for Mary, and their amatory adventures."¹³ The letters bring to life a people and a time by the same combination of "character and incident" that A. B. Longstreet said in 1835 was the aim of his pioneer Georgia Scenes. When Porter reprinted the best sketches from his Spirit in his anthologies, he called attention to their distinctive combination of "character and incident" and found the Warrick Letters worthy of including. Recognized as realistic portrayals of manners and customs in their own time, the Letters remain amusing examples of early Carolina folkways.

NOTES

- 1 Norris W. Yates, William T. Porter and the Spirit of the Times: A Study of the Big Bear School of Humor (Baton Rouge, 1957), p. 83, says that the Letters were probably written by John Winslow of Fayetteville, a circuit court lawyer and member of a distinguished Carolina family. The Letters were reprinted in Porter's anthology, The Big Bear of Arkansas, which went through several editions between 1845 and 1855.
- 2 Walter Blair, Native American Humor, 1800-1900 (New York, 1937), pp. 62-95.
- 3 Spirit of the Times, XIII, No. 49 (Feb. 3, 1844), p. 577.

- 4 Phillis Cunningham and Cecil Everitt, Handbook of English Costume in the Nineteenth Century (Philadelphia, 1959), p. 49. Pantaloons, inherited from the late eighteenth century, opened on the side and were tight-fitting down to the calf of the leg; later they were extended to the ankle and buttoned at the calf; still later they were held in place by straps under the boots. Front openings of the waist became popular in the 1840's.
- 5 Ibid. Early in the nineteenth century, men's hair style required puffs and rolls at the forehead. By the 1840's a shorter, smoothed-down style became fashionable.
- 6 Ibid. The bustle, the most radical new fashion in women's dress in the 1840's, was a favorite topic of humorists and satirists. Bustles made of India rubber, inflated and attached to the waist, proved impractical because they punctured easily.
- 7 Nathan Parker Willis (1806-1867), poet and prose writer of the Knickerbocker School, was one of the most popular writers of the period.
- 8 Spirit of the Times, XIV, No. 4 (March 30, 1844), p. 49.
- 9 Ibid., XIV, No. 32 (Oct. 5, 1844), p. 373.
- 10 From the children's teasing rhyme, "Dickey, dickey, dout / Your shirt tail's out." Games and Rhymes, Beliefs and Customs, Riddles, Proverbs, Speech, Tales and Legends, The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, I (Durham, 1952), 176: "Giddy, giddy, gout / Your shirt tail's out."
- 11 Ibid. "Forfeit or Penalty Games," pp. 63-72. In connection with the game "Thimble," a common penalty was:

Kneel to the prettiest,
Bow to the wittiest,
Kiss the one you love the best.

- 12 Ibid., p. 100. A kissing game of European origin:

Old Sister Phoebe, how happy are we
As we go 'round and 'round the juniper tree!
We'll tie our heads to keep them all warm,
And two or three kisses won't do us no harm. . . .

See also Leah Jackson Wolford, The Play-Party in Indiana (Indianapolis (1917), 1959), pp. 186-187: ". . . And take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm, / But a great deal of good. . . ." or ". . . It will do you no harm, but a great deal of good / So take another while the kissing goes good." Ibid., note, p. 296, also a kissing game, "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grows" may be older than the fourteenth century and may derive from fertility rites. North Carolina Folklore, I, 87-88. Constance Rourke, Davy Crockett (New York, 1934), pp. 27-28, calls the game "We're on the Way to Baltimore" and says that Davy and his first wife played it about 1804 before they were married. She gives this version:

We're on our way to Baltimore,
With two behind and two before,
Around, around, around we go,
Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow,
In waiting for somebody.

'Tis thus the farmer sows his seed,
Folds his arms and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet, and claps his hands,
Wheels around, and thus he stands,
In waiting for somebody.

13 New York, 1930, p. xix.

BACK NUMBERS OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Even if back numbers of North Carolina Folklore have not yet become collector's items, they are in steady demand. A good many libraries and a few individuals are trying to complete their files. The following numbers have been exhausted or have reached the vanishing point:

Vol. I, No. 1 (1948)
Vol. II, No. 1 (1954)
Vol. III, No. 1 (July 1953)
Vol. VI, No. 1 (July 1958)
Vol. VII, No. 1 (July 1959)
Vol. VIII, No. 1 (July 1960)
Vol. VIII, No. 2 (December 1960)
Vol. IX, No. 2 (December 1961)

Subscribers who have not been careful to keep a file and are willing to part with any of these numbers are requested to send them to the Editor, North Carolina Folklore, 710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, N. C. Postage runs on the average 8¢ for one number, 12¢ for two, 21¢ for three. Any or all of these numbers as a gift will be greatly appreciated. Sales of back numbers are a somewhat important source of income for financing the journal. Please help out in this way if you feel generously disposed.

A NOTE ON TOBACCO MAGIC

By William Joseph Free

[After taking his Ph.D. in English at U.N.C., Mr. Free went to the University of Georgia as an instructor in English. He has contributed two previous articles to NCF - "The Lucy Pond: a North-Georgia Place-Name Legend," IX, 1 (July 1961), and "A Tarheel Wonder in Old Philadelphia," IX, 2 (December 1961).]

No Southern fresh-water fisherman who knows his stuff would drop a worm in the water without first giving it a liberal spat of tobacco juice. He would no more leave his favority chewing plug at home than he would his lucky hat or his best home-tied fly. Most tales of whopper-catching begin with a squirt of brown juice, and the Southerner who has spent any time where the big ones lie has heard of the bizarre attraction that a mixture of saliva and the leaf exerts on fish.

The big ones have even been known to prefer one brand of chewing tobacco to another. An uncle of mine once told of a fishing trip he took with a cousin to a western North Carolina mountain lake. As they neared the deep end of the lake the cousin knocked the bait can overboard. Undismayed by this turn of ill luck, they tore strips from their red flannel long handles and baited their hooks with these. But in a couple of hours they had caught few keepers. Then my uncle remembered a plug of obscure origin he had bought at a country general store on the way to the lake. He bit off a chew, worked up some juice, and spat on the red flannel. In half an hour he caught six five-pound bass, while the cousin, who was using a different brand, didn't catch a thing.

Saliva magic abounds in primitive folklore. Man has used his spit to charm everything from the corn crop to his sweetheart, but the earliest record I have found of the use of tobacco for magical purposes occurs in Thomas Hariot's A briefe and true report of the new found land of Virginia (London, 1588). Hariot was a mathematician, surveyor, and linguist attached to Sir Walter Raleigh's first Roanoke Island colony. His book, devoted to the fauna, flora, and inhabitants of the new world, describes as follows the native uppowoc, or tobacco.

This Uppowoc is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they thinke their gods are marvelously delighted therewith: Whereupon sometime they make hallowed fires and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice: being in a storme upon the waters, to pacifie their gods, they cast some up into the aire and into the water: so a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein and into the aire: also after an escape of danger, they cast some into the aire likewise: but all done with strange gestures, stamping, sometime dauncing, clapping of hands, holding up of hands and staring up into the heavens, uttering therewithal and chattering strange words and noises.

This practice of ceremoniously throwing powdered tobacco on fish nets, united with age-old saliva charms, perhaps evolved into the fisherman's habit of spitting tobacco juice upon his worm. If so, the fact that the ritual evolved from the Indians doubtless explains its magic, since all sportsmen know that where the outdoors is concerned Indian practices are most assured of success.

Hariot was also among the first to claim that tobacco could cure disease. He noted in his book that "it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humors, openeth all the pores of the body; by means the use thereof, not only preserveth the body from obstructions; but also if any be, so that they have not beene of too long continuance, in short time breaketh them. . . ." Hariot further noted that the Indians of North Carolina "are notably preserved in health, and know not many of the greivous diseases wherewithall wee in England are oftentimes afflicted." He attributed the Indians' good health to their practice of smoking tobacco in pipes.

Hariot's book was merely the first of a series of Elizabethan pamphlets praising the medicinal values of tobacco, a fact well documented by Professor J. T. McCullen in the July, 1962, number of this periodical. These beliefs persisted well into our own time (and indeed still persist in some quarters), but they reached a high point in an 1885 pamphlet by Civil War General T. L. Clingman of Asheville. One of the most interesting tobacco documents in the North Carolina Collection of the University of North Carolina library, Clingman's The Tobacco Remedy chronicles General Clingman's experiences with tobacco as a remedy and documents with names and dates the use of the leaf to cure gunshot wounds, black eyes, sore throat, erysipelas of the head, bunions, corns, dog bite, painful boils, cuts, contusions, snakebite, piles, caked breast in women, insect stings, "a chronic irritation of the stomach which has defied all the remedies prescribed by physicians," consumption, laryngitis, irritated ovary, sprained knee, swollen wrist, jaundice, dropsy, gout, lockjaw, rheumatism, sunstroke, pleurisy, diphtheria, torpidity of the liver, cancer, and cholera in hogs. Clingman further stated that "should tobacco cravats become fashionable it is probable that scarlet fever, choking quinsy, diphtheria, and other forms of sore throat will abandon the country."

Since running afoul the A.M.A., tobacco is out of favor as a remedy. In fact, as the wheel of fortune turns, tobacco may someday be said to cause all the diseases that Clingman claimed it could cure. But its magical powers as bait will survive as long as men love to catch fish--or, more important, to brag about it.

A TRIP TO TABLE ROCK DURING 1812

By Joseph H. Rutherford
Edited by Mrs. Albert E. Skaggs

[Mrs. Skaggs, who lives in Portland, Oregon, is a granddaughter of Silas McDowell, whose "A Spectre Cavalry Fight," edited by Professor Gary S. Dunbar, was published in NCF, IX (December 1961), pp. 23-26. In August 1962 Mrs. Skaggs wrote the editor of NCF that she found "the enclosed article with some of (her) grandfather McDowell's papers," that the identification of Joseph H. Rutherford and Rutherford's letter appeared in a little weekly paper, Blue Ridge Enterprise, published in the town of Highlands, Macon County, N. C., and edited by A. F. Clark, April 4, 1876. The letter was written in 1817, and, as Mrs. Skaggs remarks, "tells a little of the social life of North Carolina young people 150 years ago."]

"The writer of the following was a Mr. Joseph H. Rutherford, a very promising young man, and brother of Mr. John Rutherford of this county. Joseph Rutherford died in Natchez, Mississippi, at the early age of twenty-three. His death was occasioned by exposure in a terrible storm which occurred the year of his death in 1816. The Natchez Republican of that date in noticing his death speaks in highest terms of his moral and mental worth.

"Perhaps there are persons now living who have some recollection of this trip. The kind lady who furnished this says she has learned that the Miss L- referred to, was a Miss Lenoir, the Miss E- was a Miss Erwin, and the Miss B- was a Miss Bonchelle, and that Miss Gordon was from Wilks. This letter, from the amount of human nature in it, sounds as if it might have been written yesterday, yet was written sixty-four years ago, and the young men and young ladies spoken of by the writer are only known now to this generation as aged and infirm."

(The Letter)

"We left Morganton the morning of August 12th, 1812, and went to Col. Avery's (4 miles) where we partook of a splendid dinner after an agreeable dance. Our party consisted of five young ladies, eight young gentlemen, and two elderly gentlemen. These latter two volunteered to go with us 'to keep the youngsters in order,' they said, but we afterwards concluded that they needed more looking after than any others, particularly when they were in the vicinity of our medicine flask, as they seemed to think it was a preventive rather than a cure for broken or bruised shins, and also that such medicine was only good for old folks. I will not complain of them, though, for they certainly contributed a large share to the general hilarity.

"At 2 P.M. we left Col. Avery's and proceeded fourteen miles to Mr. B. Henson's, where we arrived about sunset. The weather, which had promised to be fine in the morning, now changed its aspect to a very gloomy one, bearing every indication of rain on the morrow. This had a tendency to dampen the hitherto high spirits of the company somewhat, especially of the ladies, who had started on the trip full of gayety and merriment. However, after a plain but plentiful supper to which all seemed to do justice, we engaged in a dance, and so ended the evening's festivity, although the rain poured down from two o'clock all through the night.

"The next morning the rain had ceased, and we promised ourselves a delightful day. After a breakfast of bacon, eggs, coffee, and biscuits with good butter and milk (of which fare the dainty ones seemed to take their share), we proceeded toward Table Rock. We passed over some of the detachments of the mountain within two or three miles of the Table, which were ascended with considerable difficulty, but with creditable perseverance by the ladies.

"The Hon'ble Israel Pickers (of our party) here signalized himself in a contest with some powerful enemies called yellowjackets, and, with unrivaled bravery, defended the amiable Miss Gordon from their insolent attacks. Perhaps such an act of distinguished bravery scarcely decks the pages of fame!!!

"Proceeding onward, we reached a vast pile of immense rock, where we dismounted and took our way on foot. We then ascended about half a mile, I should judge, before reaching the summit. This passage was very laborious and difficult, as many places were almost perpendicular, very rough and uneven, thickest with small bushes and green moss covering the rocks which made it very slippery and dangerous.

"I had the pleasure of assisting the lovely Miss B-, which, far from adding to my fatigue, aided in invigorating me by a sense of my responsibility; and the near proximity of so great personal attractions helped.

"We found Table Rock quite bare on top, excepting some black, sun-scorched moss and a few stunted shrubs around one edge. This elevation afforded the most pleasing and romantic prospect. An extended view on one side of perhaps fifty miles, on the other side the most wild and picturesque mountain scenery. It is above my powers of description to do anything like justice to the subject; but I shall always remember my solemn awe-stuck impressions while gazing, as it seemed, from the world above on the world inhabited by mankind! The weather not being settled yet, would change the panoramic view frequently. A stratum of dark clouds below us, different from anything I had ever seen, showed that it was raining below us, and we were above the storm; and once the sun, breaking out, suddenly threw our shadows giant-like for miles, and we observed the curious phenomenon of our shadows on the cloud. Then a hard shower burst on us, and we seemed to be in the midst of the lightning and thunder. We could not hear each other's voices, and some of the fair faces blanched. Quickly this was succeeded by sunshine, during which every eye was strained to behold such a field of nature's grandeur with a diversity beyond description.

"All professing to feel faint from such powerful emotions after our fatiguing ascent, we sat down to partake of our lunch of bread, ham, and cheese, with some wine for the ladies, and a beverage (not made strong with water) from the medicine flask for our coarser selves. Fathers G and B seemed to need the most of the nostrum! After this refreshing, we descended the mountain about 80 yards, to see what is called The Stairs. This looks very singular and is worthy of remark. On each side of an aperture 10 or 12 feet wide is a perpendicular wall of solid rock, at least one hundred feet high. Such is the natural construction that one can descend step by step until reaching the bottom of the space between these two majestic walls.

"Among the most varied and romantic scenes viewed from this eminence, is that of the mountain village, which is most worthy of admiration. It seems to be about two miles distant, and presents a striking appearance of a small village with cottages and chimneys. Our patriarchs, whose imagination had become very vivid since lunch time, professed better eyesight than we youngsters, said they saw people walking the streets. I only vouch for what my own eyes conveyed to me. It is distance that lends enchantment to this scene, the cottages being bare rocks only.

"The sun was getting low now and reminded us that we must tear ourselves away from these entrancing scenes. So descending, we took our horses and turned toward Morganton. The ladies being fatigued and their clothing damp, we stopped for the night at the first house, Gibson's.

"On entering we found a good fire with a quantity of green corn roasting before it. The Misses F C, E E, and O L of our company distinguished themselves by attending to it, and serving the company with charming, easy grace. Our patriarchs distinguished themselves (but in a different way) by singing uproarious songs, and calling blushes to the fair faces by some witty but too pointed remarks. When we engaged in a dance, these two came floundering down in the middle of the reel in such a manner that we feared that something besides the puncheon floor rendered their gait unsteady. On taking his place below me, I hinted to Father G that he had better retire from the dance, but he informed me in a stage whisper that he 'was fond of dancing, could beat any youngster at it, and was going to dance as long as he had a leg to go on! I did not think that would be much longer; so I left him to his enjoyment.

"They were not prepared to entertain so large a party at this house; so the ladies only could be sheltered for the night. We camped out, but were rendered very comfortable by their kindness, and as the reckoning corresponded with the accommodations, we had no complaints to make.

"The next day we rode on to Col. Avery's, and, although it was the third night out, we spent it in the same festive manner, dancing until the wee small hours, nor was there less gayer and activity than on the two previous nights. Here I must not fail to remark of the fortitude, untiring pleasantness, and gaiety of the ladies of our party, even under circumstances quite trying to the sex. Truly the trip would have lost one of its greatest charms without their presence.

"We remained at the hospitable mansion of Col. Avery, resting until 3 P.M. the following day, then proceeded to Morganton. We had a most jovial party at Dr. Bonchell's that night, again dancing until after midnight, and thus ending gaily this truly memorable and pleasant mountain trip.

"Written by Joseph H. Rutherford."

A FORGOTTEN POEM BY A. B. LONGSTREET

By Allen Cabaniss

[It is not generally known that the author of Georgia Scenes was one of the early chancellors of the University of Mississippi and that his body lies in St. Peter's Cemetery, Oxford, Mississippi, under a monument with a whimsical inscription. Here Professor Cabaniss, of the Department of History at Ole Miss, who contributed "The Folklore of Bus Travel" to NCF, X (July 1962), shows that Longstreet treated an incident in his academic career in somewhat the same spirit that characterizes his more famous literary work.]

On 26 February, 1851, the Mississippi Palladium, a newspaper published in Holly Springs, Mississippi, carried a "poem" entitled "'Old Bullet' et Pueri." Written in macaronic style -- partly in English, partly in Latin -- it was signed pseudonymously "University."

One night in anno fifty one,
Haec plan a pueris was begun,
Gaudenter.

Intentis was agere pell-mell
Some porcos into the College well
Violenter.

Pueri Colligunt in a group
And sequuntur porcos with a whoop,
Multi sunt.

"Old Bullet" venit in a run,
"Habeam," inquit, "multum fun
Dum ludunt."

Boys continue porcos agere
Intenti they some fun habere,
Obliti "Bullet."

Adeunt the well many in numero
And catch a porcum by the tail O!
Multum pull it.

"Old Bullet" jacet on the ground,
Cum ejus oculis he looks around
Videre pueros.

Then one E pueris eum spies,
And "video old Judicem" loudly cries
Observat nos.

Tunc M. exclamat, "give me a brick
Enim d--n him, he deserves a lick --
Bullet look out!"

Sed "Bullet" capiens the alarum
From the well fugit harum scarum
Omnes shout.

My tale nunc venit to an end,
Sed to the moral your attention lend,
Benigne.

Quum in campum you take a spree
Be sure to look behind every tree
Studiosae.¹

The incident thus celebrated was undoubtedly one which had happened only ten or eleven weeks earlier on 11 December, 1850, at the University of Mississippi, near Oxford, about thirty miles south of Holly Springs. The faculty of that institution met on 12 December to try the case of a sophomore student, Ferdinand Molloy of Holly Springs, who was found guilty of having thrown a rock at the president, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet. It was resolved that the president administer to Molloy a reprimand "in presence of the whole of the students at evening-prayer on tomorrow, Friday 13 inst."² The M of the ninth stanza is surely Molloy. "Old Bullet" was a nickname which the students gave to Longstreet.³ In the eighth stanza, Longstreet is still further identified by his most familiar designation, "Judge" (Judicem). The year mentioned in the first line is an obvious alteration for the sake of the rhyme. Intentis in the second stanza is probably a misprint for intenti, and observat nos of the eighth stanza should be enclosed in quotation marks.

A simple analysis of the "poem" reveals that the author must have been a humorist, a competent Latinist, a facile writer, one familiar with the incident, and one who claimed association with the University. Knowing, as we do, the crude and boisterous student body of the University in the third year of its existence, we may conclude that it is unlikely that a student wrote it. And every member of the faculty can be eliminated except Longstreet himself, who was therefore probably the author.⁴

This view may be challenged by the question, was Longstreet in 1850-1851 capable of sufficient humor to appreciate a joke on himself? He was indeed sixty years old. He had, during the first half of 1849, gone through what he called "the five most tormenting months" of his life at Centenary College (then at Jackson, Louisiana), the lingering effects of which were still plaguing him memory as late as August, 1850.⁵ Moreover, his early days at the University of Mississippi were filled with annoying cases of student discipline.⁶ And he was possibly still suffering from the humiliation of having not been elected to the Mississippi position when he had expected it, that is, a year earlier. These circumstances and his advanced age might militate against his possession of the sense of humor which these verses seem to require. Yet in July, 1850, an outsider characterized him thus:

Judge Longstreet is a gentleman of fine talents and winning manners. -- His conversation abounds in witticisms and good humor, and he possesses the happy faculty of governing young men, by securing their good will and esteem, rather than by the force of written obligation.⁷

It would seem that he was not yet bereft of the necessary faculty.

There are further and later evidences that he retained his humor certainly until the War Between the States. In 1852, despairing of halting an uproarious din produced by the students, he successfully accomplished that end by a public plea, which was quietly humorous and shrewdly effective: "Young men, I do not think you care how much you annoy and worry the members of the faculty who have had no sleep for two nights, but you at least are Southern gentlemen, and will not annoy ladies and deprive them of their sleep. With my assurance that you have done this for two nights, I am sure there will be no (further) horn blowing and other noises."⁸ And as late as 1857, he described one of his former colleagues in language that is, if not clearly humorous, at least sardonically ambiguous:

The reputation of Dr. Waddel never suffered from change of time, place, or society, but...grew brighter and broader at every move.... This certainly is a remarkable fact; for if there be any occupation in which merit is no guarantee of popularity, it is that of an instructor of youth.⁹

It therefore seems that the reasons for attributing the verses above to Judge Longstreet outweigh the argument against the ascription. It may even be possible that the publication in Holly Springs was calculated to allay any ill feeling that might have developed there over the discipline meted out to the youthful townsman.

NOTES

- 1 Cited in A. P. Hudson (ed.), Humor of the Old Deep South (New York: Macmillan, 1936), pp. 396 f.
- 2 Manuscript minutes of the Faculty of the University of Mississippi under the date of 12 Dec., 1850 (in the possession of the University). See also Allen Cabaniss, A History of the University of Mississippi (University, Miss.: University of Mississippi, 1949), p. 26.
- 3 See a feature article on C. L. Moore (class of 1858) in the Blytheville, Ark., Courier News, 11 March, 1927, in which Moore says, "We used to call him (Longstreet) Old Bullet because his head was as round as a cannon ball." See also the letter of R. H. Parham (class of 1854), Little Rock, Ark., to Alfred Hume, University, Miss., 15 June, 1913 (in the possession of the University); Cabaniss, op. cit., p. 200, n. 31.
- 4 Other members of the faculty were A. T. Bledsoe, J. N. Waddel, John Millington, W. A. Strozzi, and L. Q. C. Lamar, not one of whom had the sparkle and wit required to pen these verses.
- 5 See the new evidence cited by A. M. Shaw in a paper, "A. B. Longstreet's Brief Sojourn in Louisiana," read before the South Central Modern Language Association at its meeting in Norman, Okla., 30 Oct., 1948. Professor Shaw has very kindly given me permission to make use of the information; see Cabaniss, op. cit., p. 201, n. 61.
- 6 Number of instances cited in Cabaniss, op. cit., pp. 18-20, 26-29.
- 7 Quoted from the Monroe County (Miss.) Democrat by the Oxford, Miss., Organizer, 27 July, 1850, p. 1.
- 8 See Parham's letter referred to in Note 3 above.
- 9 Annals of the American Pulpit, IV (New York, 1857), pp. 63-67, cited by J. D. Wade, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study of the Development of Culture in the South (New York: Macmillan, 1924), p. 295.

A GRANDFATHER'S TALES OF THE LOWERY BROTHERS

By Susan Holly Woodward

[Miss Woodward, a transfer student from Mary Washington College, Fredricksburg, Virginia, wrote the following family account of the infamous Lowery Brothers, Robeson County outlaws, for Folklore 185 at the University of North Carolina in 1962. She is the daughter of Mr. Edgar E. Woodward, graduate of Mary Washington College, and a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Mitchell, the chief tellers of tales about the Lowerys. Her account is almost as interesting as a description of a hearty family as it is exciting as a story of North Carolina's most extravagant outlaws.]

Today, April 19th, 1962, is my grandfather's eighty-first birthday. He was born and reared around Robeson County in North Carolina and has in his mind a wealth of old stories, information and oddments that, to me, are infinitely interesting. Many souvenirs of old and half-forgotten tales ran through my mind this morning as we all gathered around the breakfast table for an average morning meal of eggs, bacon, ham, oatmeal, applesauce, toast, grits, tomatoes, biscuits, grapefruit, fresh orange juice, and milk and coffee. Dorothy and Litty, the one the cook and the other the half-cook-half-cleaning woman, were kept busy running back and forth from the dining room to the kitchen.

After the debris of the meal has been "taken around," we always sit for a spell and listen to Granddaddy and the other grown-ups talk. They talk of everything from the problem of government control to the old stories of my great-great-grandfather's day. Sometimes Granddaddy gives us advice that I will cherish all of my life. One of his favorite pieces of good common sense is that when you have an idea that you have thought about and decided is sound DON'T let it just sit in your brain - put it into action. He said that that is what he has done all of his life, and he has never been sorry for it. He said for all the money he has lost he has made it back again by the next idea acted upon without hesitation or vacillation.

The tales of the Lowery Brothers have been and will always be my favorite. Each time I am down in Fairmont I beg for more information about Henry, Steve, and the rest. My grandmother says that by the time I leave she feels as if she has been visiting with a member of the Lowery gang. The first story that I remember hearing was about the bank robbers, supposed to be the Lowery gang.

Back in the 1890's, when my grandfather, Mr. A. N. Mitchell, was just a boy, he was working in the field. When he got to a certain place in the row, the plow hit an obstacle. Thinking it was just an old stubborn root or stump, he attempted to dig on through; but as the plow hit the mysterious object there was a strong sound---as if the supposed root was a bag of marbles. Digging more carefully, he found a huge sack with the name of the Lumberton* bank on it. Granddaddy always tells us how he "whoahed the ol' mule" and went chasing back to the house as fast as he could. He was sure that the Henry Berry Lowery gang had hidden the gold in his field because someone had been right on their tail and then had forgotten where it was hidden. Granddaddy's six sisters clustered together on the porch while he got the knot of the sack untied. Instead of the expected gold, out poured pennies, pennies, and more pennies. He has kept them all these years in the same old bag.....that is until a few Christmases ago. When he found them, there must have been at least five or six hundred pennies, but his penny-collecting grandsons got into the bag. Since then the number of pennies has shrunk to almost nothing.

*Lumberton - a city about eleven miles away, the county seat.

Henry Berry Lowery was an Indian who lived during and after The War (the War Between the States). He and various members of his family took advantage of the lack of able-bodied men and commenced to steal everything that they could lay their hands on. Some of the citizens who were able to get up a posse and caught and hung one or two of the gang. This action incensed the relatives of the Indians who were lynched and (for all practical purposes) they went on the warpath. If they got wind that somebody was out to get them they would simply hunt him out and kill him.

Henry Berry Lowery was the head of a gang
And there's been many a body like to see him hang.

They ran strong from 1863 or 1864 till around the middle of the seventies. They terrorized not only Ashpole township (now Fairmont and environs) but all of southern North Carolina. My grandmother remembers her mother's telling of meeting Henry Berry one day when she was on her way to a neighbor's house. While she was in the thickest part of the woods between her place and the neighbor's, the head of the gang stepped out of the trees. The old Indian made no move to harm her but asked her numerous questions about the whereabouts of some people; the locations of and the directions to their farms. When his curiosity appeared to be satisfied, he slid back into the trees. My great-grandmother said that he seemed to be mighty interested in Mr. Donahue's whereabouts. We will soon find out why.

The smell of mustard cooking pulls my thoughts away from the Lowery gang to more immediate matters, e.g., our noonday dinner. It's almost ready. Since my aunt and uncle from Wilson are here, and it is Granddaddy's birthday, the meal is going to be especially good. To keep the mustard company, we are having potato salad, roast (from my grandfather's cows), fried chicken (from my grandmother's chickens), ham (from my grandfather's hogs), rice and gravy, okra, cornbread, vegetable soup, new green peas, applesauce, biscuits, deviled eggs, tomatoes, strawberry and peach preserves, fresh long-stemmed onions, asparagus, fresh orange juice, coconut custard, chocolate pound cake, white-icing pound cake, and plain pound cake. The only thing my grandfather loves more than being out in the country supervising is being at the dinner table eating. Not only does he himself love to eat; he wants everyone around him to eat, also. If he doesn't think that someone is making the food disappear as quickly as he would like, he merely piles the dainty eater's plate with more helpings of whatever is near. I think that he tries to out-eat himself from one meal to the next. I am afraid that such a wholehearted love and appreciation for good food can seldom be found today.

When I questioned him more about the Lowerys he told me of Mr. Donahue's close call with them. This incident took place shortly after the episode in the woods. About five miles north of Lumberton on the old Maxton road there was an ancient church with a beautiful shaded graveyard beside it. It has since been moved to Elrod, but most of the original church is still intact. It is built like most old homes and buildings in North Carolina. The steps on this church go up about six feet or so. One night when the Lowrey brothers, Steve and Henry, had been tracking Mr. Donahue for the most part of the day, they came silently through the trees in the graveyard and took wind on the tall church steps. They stayed there for some time plotting how they were going to get him. Little did they know that all the time they were there Mr. Donahue was lying flat under the steps "listenin' at 'em." As sly as they were, they never got him. It wasn't till after they were all dead or gone that he started boasting about his escape, though.

They were smart, all right. They had to be to stay alive and free and still shoot, kill, and rob, where, when, and whom they pleased. My great-grandfather looked them in the whites of their eyes one evening late while he and a friend, John L. Butler, were coming home from school. They were both about thirteen or fourteen years old at the time. A Mr. Hickory had a farm directly off the road that they had to take to get home from school. The Lowery gang had paid Mr. Hickory a visit earlier in the afternoon and were all sitting by the side of the road in a ditch, drinking all the brandy that they had stolen from Mr. Hickory. They saw the young boys coming, but not before John L. and my great-grandfather saw and heard them

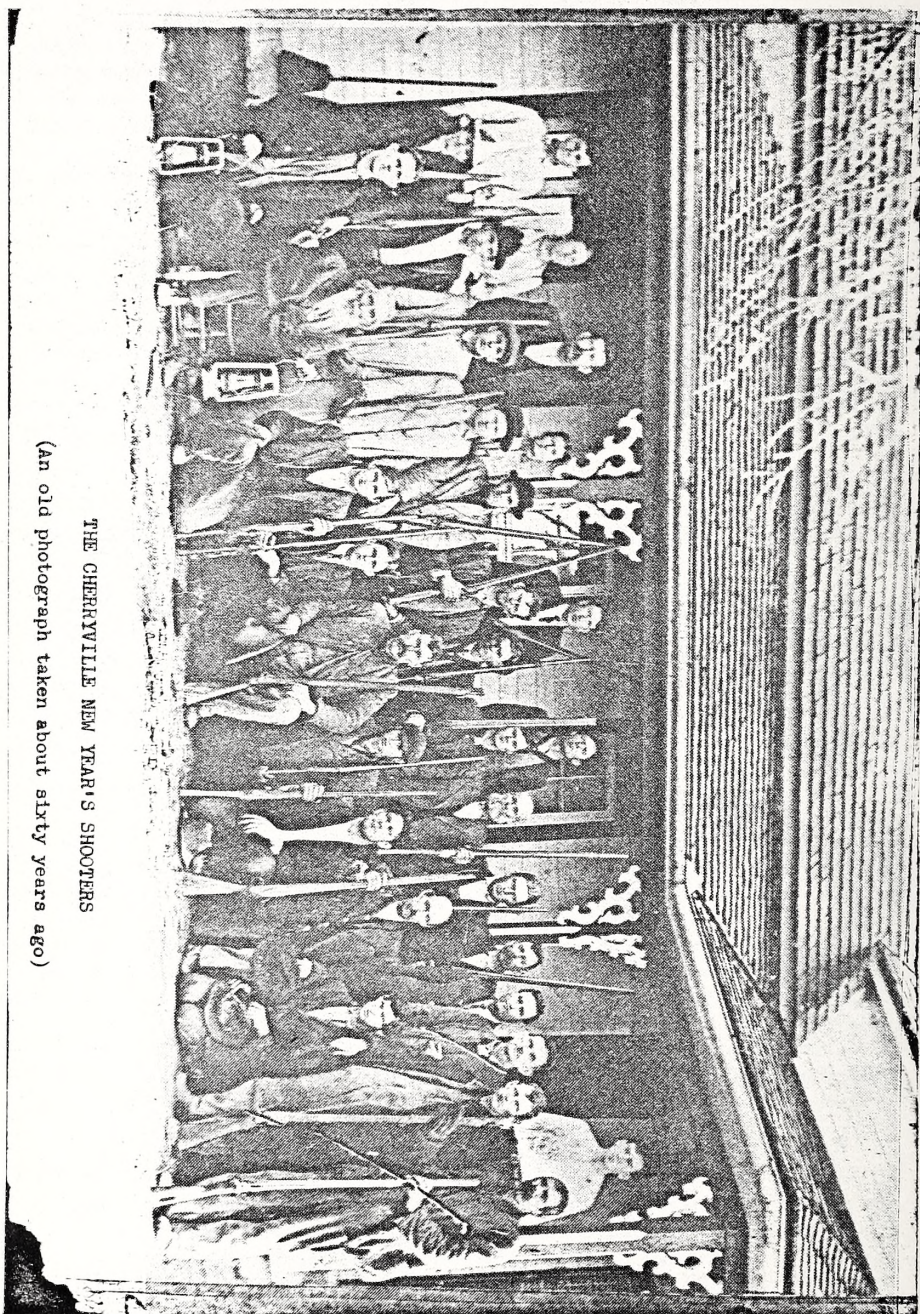
by the side of the road. Before the boys could think whether to run or play like they didn't know who they were, the gang was on them. The Lowerys forced the boys to turn their pockets wrong-side-outward and dump all of their pennies, knives, rope, and old candy into the dusty road. They asked the boys questions similar to these that they asked Mrs. Nance (my great-great-grandmother). They were especially interested in the section on down the road in the direction of the boys' homes. As soon as the gang let the boys go they headed lickety-split for home to get their shotguns. With whomever they could round up they stationed themselves along the side of the road behind some bushes. They knew that the gang would be moving this way as soon as dark had fallen. However, as they were lying in wait on Mr. Hickory's road, well on the way to Granddaddy's Uncle Miles' mill, which is in the opposite direction. They got all of his tobacco, snuff, and other store goods from the mill. Yes, sir, they were a smart bunch.

At this point my grandmother sighed and said that Uncle Miles' experience was almost as bad as the one her family had with them about one year later. Of course I urged her to tell me all about it. She related that during the War her family lived about eleven miles from Ashpole township, which, in those days, was really in the country. Most of the able-bodied men were gone to fight, and therefore there was little protection for the women at home. In a time of need they were to blow an old trumpet that they had. If anyone was within hearing distance, help would come.

One day when my grandmother's mother was in the front of the house as far away from the looming house as she could be, she heard terrible screams and cries from the other women in the family. The Lowery brothers had come and were in the loom house! Mrs. Nance kept her cherished trunk, which was covered with cowhide and bordered with brass studs, in the loom house. She had just recently sold part of her farm for two dollars and fifty cents per acre, which was good money in those days. All that money, plus all the treasures that always accumulate from one year to the next, was in the trunk. By the time she could get to the trumpet they had made off with the whole trunk and all of its contents. They paused only long enough to tie one of her petticoats and a pair of her drawers on a stick and let them fly in the breeze. They were smart-alexs, those Indian brothers, and they would just as soon have killed you as not.

After they went over to Lumberton one night and carried the safe all the way down to the river from the courthouse (they never did get it open), the state began to get worried. It finally got so bad that the governor sent some of the militia down here after them. But that didn't scare those Lowery boys. They caught one of the militia and hung him from a tree and then shot him. They really meant business when they got started. There is no telling where the battle between the Lowery boys (and their gang) and everyone else might have ended if someone hadn't closed in on Steve Lowery one night when he was holed up in their old cabin in the woods. In the front door of the cabin there was a square of about five inches by five inches that their cat could come and go by. Inside the cabin Steve was lying down on the floor in front of the fire playing a harp. Someone stuck a gun in the little square hole and killed him. After that, Henry and most of the rest of them foded out of sight. Some people think that some of his friends smuggled him out of the country into Mexico, but no one knows for sure.

Though the Lowery family thinned out right much, there are still some of their descendants living around the county. My uncle Jack Mitchell, who has lived in Fairmont all of his life, knew Henry Berry's sister's son, Spiden. He remembers once that when he was just getting to fool's hill, he rode his horse out that way one day to go hunting. As he was going by, he stopped to say hello to Spiden and found out that it was Henry Berry's sister's birthday. She was somewhere around ninety then, he said. They invited him in to have dinner with them, and when he refused they insisted that he at least stay for some cake and coffee. Uncle Jack said that it was one of the coldest days he'd ever been out in; so he accepted the invitation with relish. The old woman was as ancient as any he has ever seen, he tells us. As far as the coffee and cake are concerned, he swears that they were wonderful.



THE CHERRYVILLE NEW YEAR'S SHOOTERS

(An old photograph taken about sixty years ago)

THE NEW YEAR'S SHOOT AT CHERRYVILLE

By Donald W. Crawley

[A native of Shelby, Mr. Crawley became interested in the New Year's Shoot, practiced annually in the neighboring town of Cherryville, and prepared the following valuable account of it for a paper in Folklore 185 at the University of North Carolina in 1962. The old-time photographs are an interesting addition to our information about this old custom.

[For another account and for a study of the traditional features, see A. P. Hudson's article in Southern Folklore Quarterly, XI, No. 4 (December 1947), 235-245.]

While at home over the Christmas holidays, I decided to try to get in touch with some of the people who either participated in or knew something about the New Year's Shoot held every year in Cherryville, North Carolina. Since Shelby, which is my home town, is only twelve miles from Cherryville, it was not hard to locate some of the participants through the local police department.

My first contact was with a man by the name of Lloyd Stroupe. After talking with him briefly over the telephone, I was invited to his home to hear one of the relatively new speech criers by the name of Russell Morrison, and also to view a film on the Shoot. Mr. Morrison's version of the cry was very good, but from lack of experience, his pronunciation and expression of the phrases were not quite as polished as the rendition of some of the former members who gave the cry. I was fortunate enough to get a tape recording of the speech, which I presented to my Folklore instructor, Dr. Arthur Palmer Hudson. Even though Dr. Hudson had a more polished version by the late A. Sidney Beam, better known as "Uncle Sidney," Mr. Morrison's version seemed to be a little clearer and more pronounced. "Uncle Sidney," the last speech crier for the New Year's Shoot, was for many years well-known and loved in the Cherryville community and surrounding areas. He was the crier until the 1958 New Year's celebration, at which time he had reached the age of eighty-five and was in his sixty-fifth year as crier for the group. He, along with another man by the name of Peter Saine, had become experts at uttering the Speech that had become traditional in Western North Carolina.

In order to convey a clearer picture of the Shoot, I obtained a copy of the Cherryville Eagle dated Wednesday, January 1, 1958, and learned the following:

From 12:01 Tuesday night (Wednesday morning) until late afternoon on New Year's day, two groups of men, armed with old-fashioned muskets, will continue the practice that has been going on in and around Cherryville for hundreds of years. Cherryville is the only known community in the United States which still practices the ancient custom, which is said to have originated in Germany hundreds of years ago and brought over the seas by the settlers. This event has been celebrated in Cherryville for more than 150 years.

Come 12:01 next Tuesday night (Wednesday morning) two veterans of the New Year's shooting tradition will step forth to begin the ancient celebration. Mr. A. Sidney Beam, familiarly known in these parts as "Uncle Sid," and Peter Saine will once again take their places in the group.

Uncle Sid has been crying the immortal New Year's Speech for the past sixty-five years. Both Beam and Saine joined the ranks of the New Year's Shooters in the late 1800's, and are still making the annual trek at the ages of eighty-five.

One group of New Year's Shooters launch their annual trek on the lawn of the new municipal building on Mountain Street just off the square. The second group see their first action at the Wayside Inn cafe on the Cherryville-Lincolnton Highway. Through the night and on into New Year's Day, these shooters go from house to house firing in the New Year for the Cherryville citizens.

In recent years, the shooters have visited nearby towns to display their wares. The group has also appeared at the Cleveland County Fair and has been heard over radio stations in Hickory, Lincolnton, Shelby, and Gastonia. They were seen (over television) last season over Charlotte's WBTV, and also made the long trek to Bryson City.

Among the 1958 New Year's blasters are: Uncle Sid, Peter Saine, Gartha Beam, Harold Beam, Floyd Beam, Dennis Beam, Ben Neill, Robert Pfeiffer, Rodney Black, Dan Black, Tom Harris, Bill Greene, E. Cr. Greene, Lloyd Heavner, Russell Morrison, Ruffin White, Ken Sigmon, Luther Sisk, Dock Shull, Vance Sellers, Sam Sellers, Gerald Quinn, Howell Stroupe, and J. C. Beam.

Each year more shooters are added to the list.

Only in the last few years have the shooters used automobiles to make the nineteen-hour trek. Earlier the men comprising the group walked, and many of them carried lanterns to guide them on their way, as can be seen in the old picture accompanying this paper. The men involved in the Shoot must have a great deal of physical stamina and must be able to endure occasional blisters on their hands and feet. The blisters on the hands are a result of the numerous times the members fire their guns, and the blisters on their feet often result from excessive walking. From the Cherryville Eagle, dated Thursday, January 1, 1948, we learn the following:

It is an enterprise which demands vigor, vim, and vitality as the band starts out at midnight on New Year's Eve and continues until late in the afternoon on New Year's Day.

In regard to the film which I mentioned earlier in the paper, I consider it one of the most informative and educational aspects of my visit to Cherryville. Mr. Stroupe showed me a film which involved the methods employed in carrying out the Shoot. In the first place, the Speech Cry is probably the most important feature of the traditional custom, according to the majority of men with whom I spoke. In regard to this aspect of the Shoot, Lloyd Stroupe had the following to say: "We go up to a man's house, and one of the men of the group calls his name. If the man who is called answers, we shoot our guns. If he does not answer, we do not shoot, but move on to our next place. If the man accepts our call, however, he is supposed to be reverent. Any person who is called should remove his hat as a sign of his reverence. The Speech Cry is more or less a sermon." It is interesting to note at this point that Stroupe brought out the fact that, as well as he could remember, only one man showed his respect for the event by removing his hat during the 1962 New Year's Shoot. This feeling of reverence was also brought out by a man named Richard Pope when he said: "The whole purpose of the Shoot is to show God that you are thankful for another year." Apparently, as might be expected, the actual participants in the event have a greater understanding of the custom's true purpose - to show thankfulness to God for allowing them to live to see the beginning of a New Year.

As well as I could gather from the information which Lloyd Stroupe and several other men gave, nearly all the old-timers of the group are now dead, and he seemed rather distressed at the thought of the Shoot's losing some of its effectiveness, as a result of the lack of insight and knowledge of its real purposes. He also said that he had thought many times of printing a pamphlet pertaining to the event which he would sell at cost. However, it was his opinion that unless this were done quickly, a great deal could be lost by not recording many of the old-timers' ideas about and attitudes toward the event.

At this time, Stroupe brought out a point which I was totally unfamiliar with in my research on the subject. He said that there was also a Speech Cry for the woman of the house if she answered the call. He said he didn't know if there were any copies of this version, or if it had ever been recorded, as has been the more familiar Speech Cry, but that it was

definitely different. To me this seemed adequate proof of the necessity of these people in preserving many of the aspects of the Shoot which will be useful for future generations in carrying it out.

The familiar Speech Cry reads as follows:

"Good morning to you, Sir.
We wish you a happy New Year,
Great health, long life,
Which God may bestow
So long as you stay here below.
May he bestow the house you are in,
Where you go out and you go in.
Time by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day.
Small the lost days may appear,
But yet they soon amount up to a year.
This another year is gone,
And now it is no more of our own,
But if it livings our promises good
As the year before the flood.
But let none of us forget
It has left us much in debt,
A favor from the Lord received
Since which our spirits hath been grieved.
Marked by the unerring hand,
Thus in his book our record stands.
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to each of our accounts?
But while you owe the debt is large
You may plead a full discharge.
But poor and selfish sinners, say
What can you to justice pay?
Trembling last for life is past
And into prison you may be cast.
Happy is the believing soul.
Christ for you has paid the whole.
We have this New Year's morning
Called you by your name
And disturbed you from your rest.
But we hope no harm by the same.
As we ask come tell us your desire
And if it be your desire
Our guns and pistols they shall fire.
Since we hear of no defiance
You shall hear the art of science.
When we pull triggers and powder burns
You shall hear the roaring of guns.
Oh, daughter of righteous (ness), we will rise
And warm our eyes and bless our hearts,
For the old year's gone and the New Year's come
And for good luck we'll fire our guns."

After the Speech Cry, each shooter advances from the group and fires his musket in a straight-our pattern. The muskets are held away from the bodies of the shooters, and each man turns his head to a certain extent in case the barrels of these old muskets should explode.

In addition to this safety precaution, most of the muskets are taped securely around the barrels. As can be seen in one of the pictures enclosed, some of the men hold their muskets in front of them when shooting while others fire to the rear. In any event, this is a matter of choice since the guns are not loaded with any ammunition. Even though there are certain basic methods which all the shooters use, each man uses a slightly different form from the others in the group.

Beginning at one minute past twelve o'clock on January 1, the shooters make their way to from sixty to seventy locations before they finish late that afternoon. Each shooter fires over one hundred times, and each uses from six to seven pounds of powder, the whole group using over one hundred pounds. From the Cherryville Eagle dated Thursday, January 1, 1948, I obtained the following:

"Mr. Bean (Uncle Sid) along with his nephew (Lawrence Beam), journeyed to Granite Quarry Monday morning, where they secured one hundred pounds of powder which they will fire in their old muskets. Generally there are around twenty-five shooters each year, along with a number of spectators."

Although a lot of work is involved in carrying out the Shoot, the participants do not altogether lack enjoyment. In the 1953 celebration, the shooters were given two bushels of little Tennessee peanuts grown in Gaston County in red soil and fertilized with Vigoro. The rows were laid off for the peanuts with a black stallion by Eddie McCoy Chapman and the plants were worked out with a goose-neck hoe. After this production they were parched under the Cherryville electrical current and eaten by the New Year's Shooters. At this same time, the shooters were also awarded a stack of baked brown-apple pies which measured nearly one hundred feet in height. In addition, they were given a ten-gallon urn of black coffee and a bushel of Staymen Winesap apples. As the New Year's shooters were leaving the feast, it was discovered that one apple pie was left. After some deliberation, it was decided to award it to the highest bidder in the room who would participate in the annual round in 1954.

In speaking of the awarding of food to the shooters, Mr. Stroupe made the following statement about the 1961 trek: "We had breakfast at Ruffin White's, where we received a lot of different meats, and in Dallas we shot for a man who gave us barbecue. We used to shoot for his dad, and people like that always show the most hospitality."

In regard to the publicity received by the shooters, Mr. Stroupe also had this to say: "Last year we were lucky to be heard over WBTV, and Channel 9 (Charlotte) took pictures of about everyone that shot."

Originating in Germany many years ago, the custom of the New Year's Shoot has become a local tradition in Cherryville. Some of the people are a little indifferent when questioned about the event, and can only add a statement like "It's a good thing" when questioned. However, the great majority of the local people take great pride in their local custom and are glad to provide any information they can. Even though I was somewhat disappointed in my efforts to find pertinent information on the subject, what I did find helped me better to understand the custom and to realize that more is involved than just crying a speech and firing old muskets.

In the last few years, a new group of shooters has been added to the two which previously dominated the scene. The oldest of these segments (as one part of the three segments of the whole group) is known as The Cherryville New Year's Shooters. They are the only such chartered group of their size and character in the United States, and included such old-timers

as Uncle Sidney Beam, Dock Shull, Epham ("Eph") Stroupe, and many others. A second group consists of the Traditional New Year's Shooters, which includes many of the recent shooters today. The last of the shooter groups are known as the Original New Year's Shooters. In my effort to find out more about the validity of this group, I found a copy of the Cherryville Eagle, dated Wednesday, December 27, 1961, which read: "A third group of New Year's Shooters has been organized and will be known as the Traditional New Year's Shooters, organized under the direction of Lloyd Stroupe."

These shooters, comprising all the groups, travel from place to place, and sometimes do not leave one place until each member has fired his musket from two to three times.

Aside from the actual New Year's Shoot, a man by the name of S. Vance Sellers has been writing poems to accompany the activities of the shooters in welcoming in the New Year. I first learned of this poem after reading Dr. Hudson's article on the Shoot in a reprint of Southern Folklore Quarterly of December, 1947, and was able to get Mr. Sellers' version from him pertaining to his 1961 poem. Every year he seems to add a bit of new material to the text of his writings, and I believe, after reading several of them, that his 1961 version is definitely one of his best. This version reads:

Again we met at the Wayside Inn
On one hundred and fifty highway.
So our friends could hear our speech
And watch(ed) us blow our powder away.

That was the largest crowd I've seen
Down at the Wayside Inn
We hope they come back next year
And bring along a friend.

We drove down to Black's Grill,
About a quarter of a mile away,
And fired two rounds down there
Before we all drove away.

Then we drove to Mrs. Wright('s)
Then we drove to Mrs. Violet Carpeter('s)
To say helio, this New Year's day,
And her daughter served us a delicious meal
Before we all went away.

The weatherman sure played his hand
This year, I must say,
By covering the ground with 7(seven) inches of snow
While we were blowing our powder away.

We had the largest crowd this year,
I believe forty guns or more,
And some that were in our crowd
Had never been with us before.

Some of the places where we stopped
They must have been sleeping sound;
So we just kept on driving
Till we arrived back in town.

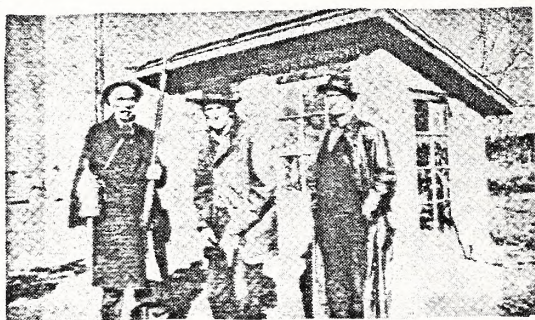
We fired two rounds for Ed Chapman.
Then he made us feel so glad,
By serving us the best ham breakfast
That we have ever had.

We shot one round for Clara Beam
So he could enjoy our New Year's fun.
After he served us cake and coffee
We drove on down to Lincolnton.

Everywhere we shot this year
Our friends sure did enjoy of fun
And especially our good friend Joe R. Nixon
While we were down in Lincolnton

Before I close this New Year's poem
Just one thing I want to say:
I want to thank our friends for their treat
After firing our guns, that snowy New Year's Day.

While firing our last rounds in Cherryville
The snow continued to cover the ground,
And for Alvin Barrett over at Waco
We fired our last New Year's round."



In this picture, viewing from left to right, we see SAM MOONEY, EPHAM STROUPE, and SIDNEY BEAM (Uncle Sid). This picture is very old, and it is interesting to note the old powder keg which was carried by Mr. Mooney for many years.

Epham Stroupe, pictured in the center, used to be the leader of the Shooters approximately thirty-five to forty years ago. Lloyd Stroupe, who is one of his nephews, uses one of his muskets now in the Shoot. This picture shows three of the oldest members of the Shoot, all of whom are now dead.



At the top of this group of pictures, standing closest to the camera, is S. Vance Sellers. He not only is a devoted participant in the New Year's, but also composes an annual poem commemorating both the Shoot and the welcoming in of the New Year. This picture was taken while the shooters were preparing for the event, and Mr. Sellers and several other men can be seen holding their muskets.

At the bottom left can be seen a man commonly referred to as Dock Shull. He is one of the old-timers and was a leader of one of the groups before his death. It is interesting to note that he, unlike the majority of other shooters, preferred to hold his musket to the rear when firing.

At the right is one of the oldest men still participating in the Shoot. His name is SAM SELLERS and he was said to have ranked along with the youngest in the long New Year's trek of 1962.

FRANKIE SILVER

By Elaine Penninger

[Born at Marian, near the scene of the Frankie Silver legend, and brought up on stories about Frankie, Miss Penninger is a graduate of the Woman's College, U. N. C., holds a Ph.D. from Duke, and teaches English at the Woman's College, U. N. C.]

Ballad 301 in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (Durham, North Carolina, 1952, vol. II, pp. 699-703) concerns Frankie Silver, who murdered her husband just before Christmas in 1831, burned most of the corpse in the family fireplace, and accounted for his disappearance by suggesting that he had been drowned, but was detected, tried and hanged in Morganton on July 12, 1832. Her ballad is one she is reputed to have composed by way of confession and sung from the scaffold.

The editors of the Brown Collection note that Frankie's ballad is the worse for not having undergone "more of the rough but chastening nurture of oral transmission" (p. 701). If not the ballad proper, the whole legend has had some experience with an oral transmission which has, I think, honed it down and altered it into a tighter and more dramatic tale. My grandmother, Mrs. B. W. Young, who was born in 1887 in Yancey County, near the South Toe river where Frankie came to grief and fame, has recounted a version of this story many hundreds of times, always as if it were something very nearly contemporary. Only the bare details remain. Frankie's child, the floundering of the dying man, Frankie's fear, and her attempts to remove the bloodstains are all gone, and only her striking her husband with an ax remains. Similarly, her disposition of the corpse is reduced to her burning it in the fireplace. Concerning the drowning alibi, there is an addition: Frankie put on her husband's boots and walked to the river, stepping backwards into the tracks on her return, so that the snow showed his bootprints leading to but not away from the river. The most interesting variant, however, concerns the detection of the crime, in the Brown Collection reported to have been made through bloodstains and the discovery in the spring of unburned parts of the corpse. As my grandmother tells the story, "Frankie went to a quilting, and the woman that was having the quilting was cooking a big pot of stew meat, and the smell of that meat cooking made Frankie so awful sick that everybody knew she had done it." The trial all but disappears. As Frankie was about to be hanged and expressed a wish to say something, her father is reputed to have cried out, "'Die with your secret, Frances'" (Brown Collection, II, 700), or as my grandmother more colloquially -- and more probably -- phrases his command, "Die with it in you, Frankie." Of the ballad itself she repeats only one line. In the Brown text a line in stanza fifteen runs "Not fit for earth, not fit for heaven." My grandmother's version allows Frankie more alliteration but less hope: "Not fit for heaven, not fit for hell."

PROGRAM OF THE DECEMBER 1963 MEETING OF
THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

This is to announce the fifty-first annual meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society on Friday, December 7, 2 P. M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, Professor Richard Walser presiding.

The Public Program

"Norwegian Folk Musical Instruments" (Illustrated), Joan Moser, Brevard. -- A Fulbright Fellow in Norway last year, Miss Moser returned with native folk musical instruments, pictures in color of Norwegian peasant life, and tapes of musical recordings, all of which she will use in illustration of her subject.

"Songs and Dances of the Carolina Charter Colonists, 1663-1763," Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill. -- Author of a book on the subject recently published by the Carolina Tercentenary Commission, Professor Hudson will briefly describe songs and dances known to have been extant in the period, and introduce University of North Carolina students who will illustrate examples in costume.

"Songs of the French Broad River," Obrey Ramsey and Tommy Hunter, Madison County, North Carolina. -- An extraordinarily fine banjo player and a folksinger of note, Mr. Ramsey, assisted with guitar background by a friend, will offer a program of songs and ballads of his native region, including some of his own composition.

An unusual feature of the meeting will be an exhibit, in The Sir Walter Hotel, of oil paintings by Artus M. Moser, of Swannanoa, including a group of "North Carolina Folk Heroes" (Elisha Mitchell, Tom Wilson, Zebulon B. Vance, and Thomas Wolfe), and a few genre scenes and landscapes. A folklorist of distinction, and a former president of the Folklore Society, Mr. Moser is also a painter of his native State.

The Secretary-Treasurer will present a brief report on membership, finances, and events of interest. There will be an election of officers for 1963 and some announcements of plans for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Society and the Tercentenary of the Charter to the Lords Proprietors of the Carolinas.

You are cordially invited to attend the meeting, bringing friends with you.

In view of extraordinary expenses involved in the two celebrations noted above, members and friends of the Society who feel able are invited to add something to their annual dues. All contributions will be gratefully received and wisely used in the furtherance of plans that should interest all patriotic North Carolinians and make them proud of their heritage.

CHEERS FOR ST. MARY'S

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

On his own initiative, Professor Herbert Shellons has taken a step which should be to the advantage of his students in sociology and anthropology at St. Mary's School and Junior College in Raleigh, and is certainly to the advantage of North Carolina Folklore. He has induced eighty-odd of his students to subscribe for the journal at the student rate. He expects to use it as course material, and he hopes that reading it will stimulate among his students an interest in folklore.

St. Mary's is not the first institution to give multiple subscriptions for North Carolina Folklore as a source of teaching materials. For several years the Winston-Salem City Schools have been using eighty-odd copies of each issue in a course called "Common Learnings." This course is designed to acquaint pupils of the junior high schools with their cultural heritage, especially the cultural heritage of North Carolinians. It is rightly judged that folklore is one of the most important aspects of that heritage. So in the libraries of all the junior and senior high schools of Winston-Salem, North Carolina Folklore takes a place along with other periodicals and with encyclopedias and other reference books as a source used in papers and various school projects. The journal helps to bring up to date the great Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina, published in seven volumes by Duke University Press, 1954-1962. Many high schools are aware, or are being made aware, of the Brown Collection. Every year more and more high school pupils learn to use it in studies of North Carolina folklore undertaken as class and individual projects. The journal is a valuable supplement to the Brown Collection. It has published much that was missed by the makers of the Brown Collection, and keeps abreast of folklore activities.

Subscriptions from the Winston-Salem City Schools and St. Mary's College and from libraries scattered all over the United States and a few foreign countries are an important source of revenue for the support of the Folklore Society and its activities, especially the publication of North Carolina Folklore. If the editor had to depend on membership dues alone, it would be impossible to continue North Carolina Folklore in its present size.

Even so, the problem of financing the journal and paying the expenses of the annual meetings is a difficult one. For that reason, the Secretary-Treasurer, in his announcement of the annual meeting for December 1962, has invited those members of the Society who are financially able to do so to add something to their dues for 1963. This is to repeat that appeal. We shall need more money next year to finance our celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Society.

One of the projects for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Society is the publication of a history of the North Carolina Folklore Society. This is now in process of completion. It will include: 1) a running history of the Society, with an account of every annual program, 2) an all-time list of the members of the Society, and 3) a bibliography of the folkloristic publications of members of the Society. The latter alone will run to big proportions, for at one time or another the North Carolina Folklore Society has numbered among its members many of the chief folklore scholars of the United States. If funds are available, this history of the Society will be published as one or more numbers of North Carolina Folklore for 1963.

So cheers for St. Mary's and the Winston-Salem City Schools and libraries which may make this publication possible.

And cheers for any member who adds something to his dues for 1963 or who sends a separate check, in any amount, for furthering the work of the Society. At least fifteen rais for any member who may be able to induce a North Carolina philanthropist to give a few hundred dollars to the North Carolina Folklore Society.

BOOK NOTICES

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

For various reasons, the present editor of *North Carolina Folklore* has abstained from running book reviews. But for various reasons he finds himself in possession of four interesting books which he cannot and does not wish to refrain from noticing briefly

THE NORTH CAROLINA MISCELLANY. Edited by Richard Walser, drawings by Poul Gray. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, c. 1962. Pp. vi, 275. \$4.75.

Described on its attractive dust jacket as "A collection of warm and delightful fragments of North Carolina's past and present. . . excerpts from novels, essays, poems, historical records, and newspaper and magazine articles," it is exactly that. But it is not a grab-bag of goodies, like a treat-or-trick Hallowe'ener's poke. It is organized with some system in five chapters -- Places, People, Incidents, Oddments and Observations, and Folklore -- and it has a modicum of critical and scholarly comment emanating from Professor Walser's long and fruitful labors as the chief North Carolina anthologist.

Both the sequence of the chapters and, to some extent, the contents of each show some regard for historical chronology and for relationships to North Carolina's great names and events. For example, chapter one contains an excerpt of Giovanni Verrazano's description of the Atlantic sandbanks, from Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1600), and the one of "Incidents" draws from the same source Arthur Barlowe's account of the discovery of Roanoke Island. Appropriately, too, "Oddments and Observations" begins with Thomas Heriot's "Tobacco for Sir Walter Raleigh's Colonists." In this book, in their own words we can read Captain Charles Johnson's story of the capture of Blackbeard and George Washington's impressions of Tarboro and Greenville. We can ponder, too, over Burke Davis's evidence that the father of Abraham Lincoln was a North Carolinian. We can chuckle over an event so recent as that of the Lumbee Indians' putting the Ku Klux Klansmen to rout at Maxton in 1958.

Though much of what has gone before and much of what is to follow ore folklore, the chapter under that captain hoards a few jewels of the sort. "It's a Long Time between Drinks" is one of the most carefully documented accounts of sayings. "Buncombe" is not so completely done. These two entries leave one with regret that Professor Walser seems to have omitted "Vale of Humility between Two Mountains of Conceit." (The lack of a subject index makes it difficult to check what is included and what is not.) One is grateful for the inclusion of "The Whang Doodle" (247-250).

NORTH CAROLINA MISCELLANY is a pleasant book to have at hand for occasionally reaching into North Carolina curiosa. It records many aspects of the character and history of North Carolina. Since it is not closely organized, it lends itself to rapid changes of taste and interest, like a dictionary changing its subject often. It offers no feast but many bonbons. It should also be useful for settling disputes. Most of the writers and personalities are briefly identified in its "Notes on Contributors." A pity it has no subject index.

THE HIGHLAND SCOTS OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1732-1776. By Duane Meyere. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, c. 1961. Pp. viii, 218. \$6.00.

This book has met successfully one test of a good job -- that of supplying well-documented information on a specialized subject. Asked by the Carolina Tercentenary Commission to write a little book on *Songs of the Carolina Charter Colonists, 1663-1763* (which he has completed and which has just been published), the present reviewer of *The Highland Scots of North Carolina* was naturally interested in what the book has to say about an important element of the State's population. When did the Highland Scots come to North Carolina? Why?

Where did they settle? What is said about their education, general culture, folklore, and especially their singing and dancing?

The present reviewer was pleased to find more precise and interesting information on these questions than he had reason to expect. Professor Meyer has examined the British and the American colonial records of the period 1663-1776, including the reports of such travelers as Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. He has shown a special interest in the Jacobites, who, if they didn't have the better cause, had better songs than the Hanoverians and Whigs. He has shown how the craze for emigrating to America expressed itself in song and dance. He has presented concrete, live data on the Highlanders in their homeland and in the Cape Fear region of North Carolina. One popular notion, that most Highlanders came to America shortly after and in consequence of their loss of the battle of Culloden, he has corrected. The greatest emigration came some years later, and as a result of a "population explosion" which exhausted local sources of subsistence. He has shown how the Scots came to North Carolina, when, and where they settled, around 12,000 of them by 1776. North Carolina received more of them than did any other colony in the British Empire of the eighteenth century.

THE HIGHLAND SCOTS IN NORTH CAROLINA reads well and through its careful research and excellent documentation gives the reader the comfortable satisfaction that it is a true relation. A good instance of both of these qualities is its account of Flora MacDonald.

AUNT MALISSA'S MEMORY JUG, ORIGINAL FOLK STORIES. By Lattye Eunice Arnold. New York: Exposition Press, c. 1962. 141 pp. \$3.00.

Miss Arnold, a North Carolinian and a music teacher by profession, is also a folksinger and storyteller. A member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, she has sung at annual meetings and at folk festivals, and she has told many of the stories in this book from a Raleigh radio station.

The Memory Jug is a real jug used to mount keepsakes. With every one of the twenty-odd keepsakes on her jug — from shoe buckles, horseshoe nails, and golden links to wooden valentines, a Cologne bottle, and a knitting needle — is connected a story. The stories involve such delightful characters as Miss Malissa and her brother, cousins, neighbors, and others. Both stories and characters seem drawn from country and small-town folk and folkways in North Carolina of fifty or more years ago. The settings and the language are a pleasant mingling of this milieu and the vague world of fairy and household tales. Occasionally the stories bring back to a reader nurtured in this tradition such childhood memories as granddaddy longlegs, haunts, kite-flying, and rimes about sugar-lumps and knitting. The present reviewer has read a good many of the stories. They are not to his taste, and he found some of them tedious and somewhat factitiously sentimental and prettified. But doubtless he was not the right reviewer. He can understand how few men, but many women and most children would enjoy them. And he is impressed by the author's ingenuity in creating a little world that hovers between the old folktales and the familiar landscape of rural and smalltown Southern life.

THE ANATOMY OF DIRTY WORDS. By Edward Sagarin. With an Introduction by Allen Walker Read, Columbia University. New York: Lyle Stuart, Publisher, 1962. 220 pp. \$4.95.

The present reviewer's interest in this book is not merely prurient. As a folklorist, he has found erotica, obscenities, and scatological material in his collecting and his collectanea. About these he has not been prudish but has not been more than healthily prurient, he trusts. He has not always known what to do with them. Often they exhibit in high degree, albeit on a low level, the operation of folk fantasy, imagination, and wit. They are a very real part of normal human life. When, for the sake of other qualities in a folk item, he has dared to

publish, he has published without excision or bowdlerization. He makes this avowal because he and other American scholars were charged with having done otherwise, in a paper presented two years ago to the American Folklore Society in Philadelphia when the problems of erotica and obscenity were discussed at length. He denied suppressing or bowdlerizing anything of the sort when he was helping to edit The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. Since then he has received several collections of North Carolina folklore for publication containing, not for publication but for rounding out the record, appendices of off-color examples of the same kind of folk material. These are in his files. For these reasons, the editor of North Carolina Folklore was curious about how a scholar of reputation whose book contains a foreword by an eminent American philologist would handle the subject of "dirty words."

This book is about the anatomy, physiology, psychology, and semantics of words having to do, mainly, with excretion, excreta, procreation, and sexual activity among English- and American-speaking people, and about the tabus and substitutions connected with them. The subject is of course closely connected with morals and, in a sense, with religion. Let it be said at the outset that this subject is handled learnedly, honestly, objectively (albeit with healthy humor and clean wit), decently, and wisely and constructively.

Unlike the author of the book, the present reviewer is forced to follow the example of the writer of the American Folklore Society paper referred to. It was wittily pointed out, in comment on that paper, that while lamenting the prudishness of other American scholars, he had discussed his subject at great length without, himself, using a single four-letter word! But the readers of this review know most of them, unless they have been blind and deaf all their lives.

The author of The Anatomy of Dirty Words remarks: "When one refers to a four-letter word, all other words of four letters fade from the language. . . . There is only one four-letter word in the English language." He cites the "Harvard lyricist (who) wanted to ridicule the arch-enemy of his beloved institution, and (who) wrote: Yale is a four-letter word, whereupon his song was censored." (One wonders whether University of Carolina lyricists may not have tried it out on their arch-rival.) The author goes on to establish the main thesis of his book by saying that "a study of the non-sexual uses of the word and expressions and phrases in which it is found would display hostile attitudes toward people, places, things, situations, and processes. This is indeed the case" (p. 139).

The general thesis, indicated above, is developed in nine chapters "Taboos without Totems," "The Handwriting on the Wall," "The Policy of the Big Stick," "Sticks and Stones will Break My Bones," "Euphemist, What's the Good Word?" "Linguistics: Erotica and Curiosa," "In the Beginning There Was a Seed," "To the Victors Belong the Soiled." Some of the examples of euphemisms and taboos are amusing illustrations of the hypocrisy of well-meaning people. The discussion of taboos reminds the reviewer of an instance in which the administrative officers of a university passed up an otherwise well-qualified young-woman candidate for a teaching position which would have male students because her German name, innocent enough in that language, was spelled like one of the four-letter words and was likely to be pronounced according to English sounds. There are many suggestions that obscenity in speech is in part a consequence of poverty of vocabulary, though whether raising the level of language competency will result in "purer" language is not predicted. There is, however, some comfort in the thought that: ". . . the language about which so much debate rages is actually antisexual and puritanical. The more obscene it is, the more it reinforces the puritanical codes that are reflected in the idiom and internalized in the minds of users, writers, speakers, and readers" (p. 173).

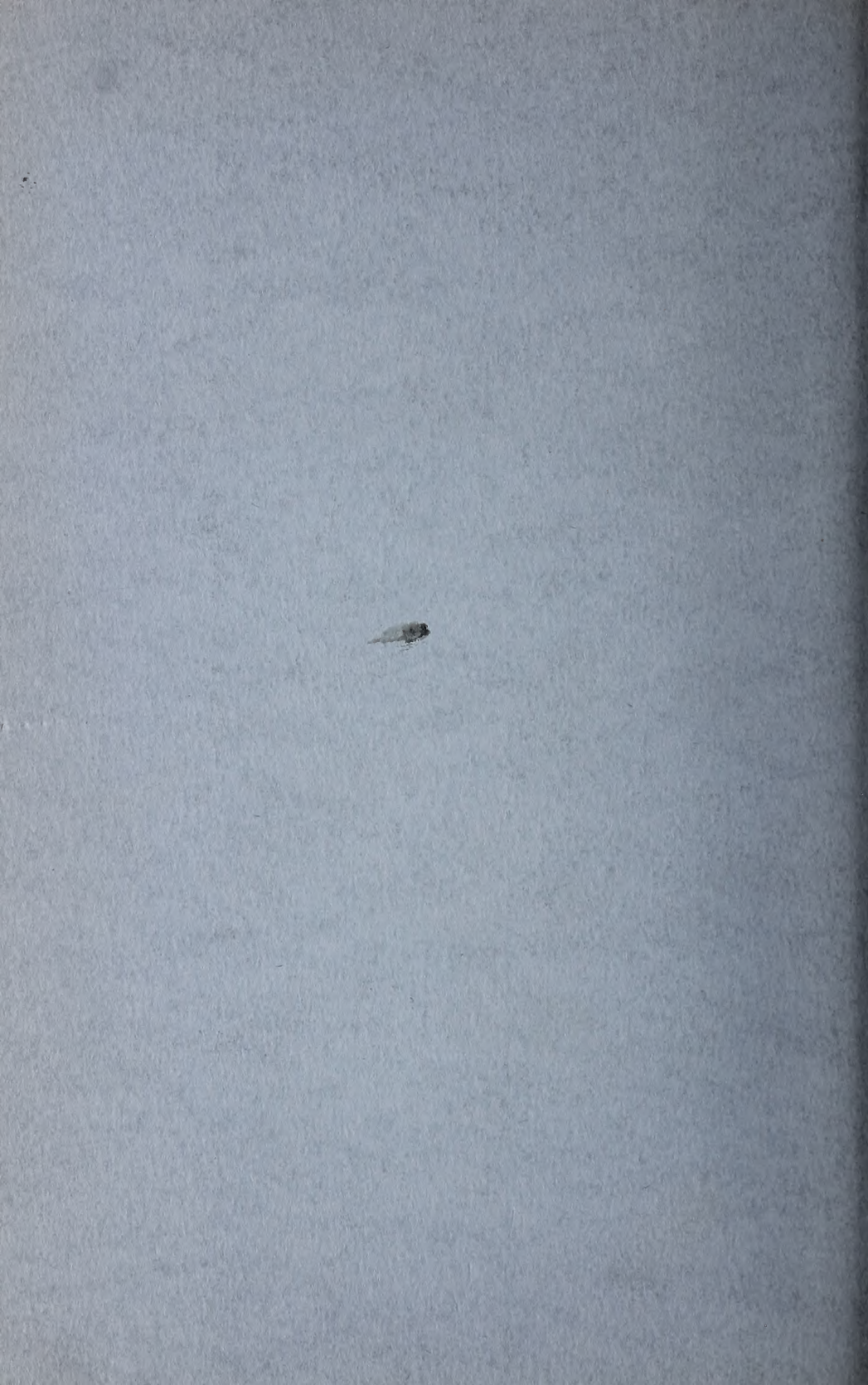
Perhaps the reader of the book may draw some comfort from the alleged inverted puritanism of obscenity and from the hope that when the problem of dirty words is viewed with greater enlightenment, and when hypocrisy and insincerity in social prejudices and false standards are abated, the language situation will improve. The "General Index" and "Index of Words and Phrases," occupying eighteen pages, will recall most of the dirty words which most readers

know and perhaps a few which they have never heard. They will also suggest the scope of this study and the gravity of the problem that they represent -- a phenomenon and a problem which in the opinion of this reviewer are dealt with honestly and decently and wisely.

Songs of the Carolina Charter Colonists, 1663-1763. By Arthur Palmer Hudson, Ph.D., Kenan Professor of English and Folklore, The University of North Carolina. A Publication of The Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission. Raleigh, Box 1881: The Carolina Tercentenary Commission, 1962. Pp. x, 82.

The Editor abstains from reviewing his own book and from embarrassing a friend or gratifying an enemy (if any) by asking him to review it in North Carolina Folklore. He does, however, call attention to a feature of the program for the annual December meeting of the Folklore Society which will exhibit some of the songs and dances discussed in the book.

FOLKLORE KEEPS THE PAST ALIVE. By Arthur Palmer Hudson. Eugenia Dorothy Blount Lamar Lectures, 1961, Delivered at Mercer University on October 24, 25, 26. Athens: University of Georgia Press, c. 1962. Boards, pp. vii, 63. \$2.50.



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1913, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

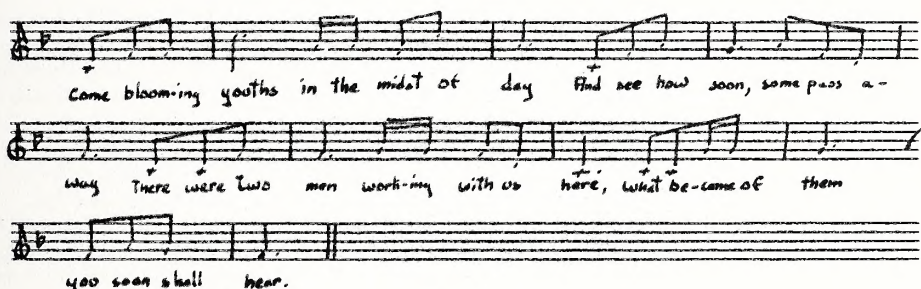
THREE FOLKSONGS FROM NORTH CAROLINA

These three folksongs from North Carolina were collected by Mrs. Carl Wiseman and Miss Hilda C. Kasting between 1939 and 1942 while teaching at the Riverside Schaal near Spruce Pine, North Carolina. They were part of a collection of twenty-five songs -- largely gathered from the Harmon family of Beech Creek -- submitted as a term paper by Miss Kasting to meet the requirements of Herbert Halpert's class in American folksong at UCLA in the summer of 1958.¹

"The Ore Knob Song," sung by Ella Fae Woodring of Beech Creek, has been reported only once before. The text in the Brown Collection is virtually identical, containing one stanza omitted from the Woodring version.² The additional stanza in Brown is an imperfect one and may have been added by the compiler of the manuscript collection loaned to Dr. Brown by Miss Lura Wagoner. The tune in Brown (IV, 270) is made of four phrases which might be labelled, in order, C, D', A, and B. They correspond to the four phrases of the Woodring tune, which might be labelled A, B, C, and D.

Mrs. Kasting's notes accompanying the collection say only that Miss Woodring learned the song from Ellender McBride Harmon. And to the speculative notes in Brown may be added Mrs. Kasting's note: "The two men mentioned in 'The Ore Knob Song,' Shirley and Smith, were killed in a mine at Ore Knob in Ashe County, North Carolina, about 1897 or '98."

The Ore Knob Song



Come blooming youths in the midst of day,
And see how soon some pass away.
There were two men working with us here,
What became of them you soon shall hear.

They worked all day till evening tide
Before the ground, it made a slide;
Just fifty minutes before five
They were healthy men and yet alive.

Before the whistle blew far six,
Their die was cast and their doom was fixed;
The rock and dirt came tumbling down,
And under them those men were found.

Both cold in death they could not live,
 For Christ took the spark that he did give;
 They were carried to the top, a dreadful sight;
 How lonesome was that Tuesday night.

Poor Shirley had a wife and children dear,
 Poor Smith had a mother, sad news to hear.
 But we hope they read for consolation,
 Read and believed God's revelation.

But with the Lord, there is nothing stranger,
 He could their hearts in a moment change.
 How He did hearts renew,
 And received them in the heavenly crew.

They say the dead may some day rise
 To meet beyond the upper skies.
 We hope they've gone to that shore
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

Then let us take heed what the Scriptures say,
 That we all must work as well as pray,
 For any time when we cannot hear,
 The summons of death may appear.

"Hicks' Farewell" is a bookish thing, neither in text nor tunes (two are used) far removed from the shape-note tradition which gave it birth and currency. The version collected by Mrs. Wiseman and Miss Kasting was from the singing of Mrs. Anne Phillips of Beech Creek and hews closely to the original by the Rev. B. Hicks, written sometime before William Walker included it in his Southern Harmony in 1835.³

The tune as notated by Miss Kasting is closest to that reported by Cecil Sharp, but on additional twenty-odd years in oral tradition have taken their toll. The Phillips tune has flattened out, that is, the intervals are generally smaller than those of Sharp's "D" version. (This flattening-out process, first noted by Phillips Barry, is a general process in oral tradition.) Furthermore, the Phillips tune is less ornamented and more straightforward, although this may be the result of the notation technique rather than the singing style.⁴

Hicks' Farewell

The time is swiftly roll-ing on when I must faint and die. My
 bod-y to the dust re-turn and there for-got-ten lie.

The time is swiftly rolling on
When I must faint and die,
My body to the dust return
And there forgotten lie.

Let persecution rage around,
And Anti-Christ appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground,
There's no disturbance there.

Through heat and cold I've often went
And wandered in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent
And the Saviour dear.

My brother preachers boldly speak
And stand on Zion's wall.
Trevine (sic) the strong, confirm the weak⁵
And after sinners call.

My brother preachers, fare you well;
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see,
But soon we'll meet above.

My little children near my heart
And nature seems to bind;
It grieves me sorely to depart
And leave you all behind.

O Lord, a Father to them be.
And keep them all from harm.
That they may love and worship thee
And dwell upon Thy charms.

My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The times been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn,
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

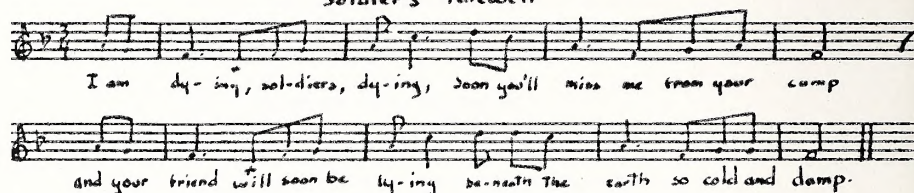
How often have you looked for me,
And oftimes seen me come,
But now I must depart from thee
And never more return.

For I can never come to thee;
Let not this grieve your heart.
For you will shortly come to me
Where we shall never part.

Apparently, only Kenneth Goldstein has noted that "Soldier's Farewell" is an adaptation (one hesitates to use the word "parody" for a song of such serious intent) of "The Dying

Californian," the original refashioned during the Civil War when the battlefield of popular music was littered with the bodies of dying soldiers bemoaning their fate.⁶ For the original, see John H. Cox's Folk Songs of the South and the headnote there.⁷ The song here was sung by Mrs. Wiseman, in Avery County.

Soldier's Farewell



I am dying, soldiers, dying,
Soon you'll miss me from your camp.
And your friend will soon be lying
Beneath the earth so cold and damp.

Tell my father when you meet him
That in death I prayed for him.
And I hoped that I could meet him
In a world that is freed from sin.

Tell my mother when you meet her,
That in death I prayed for her,
That her boy would have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, soldier, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I speak of now.
Tell, oh tell, her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow.

Tell, oh tell her, may God bless her,
For she is very dear to me,
How I wished once more to kiss her,
And her lovely face to see.

Notes

1. Dr. Halpert passed the manuscript on to this writer with the suggestion that it might offer additional material for a study of the Harmon family singing tradition, a study which regretfully lies in abeyance.
2. Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, II, 497.
3. For a fuller account of the song's history, see George Pullen Jackson, White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands (Chapel Hill, 1933), pp.202 ff; Down East Spirituals and Others, 2nd ed. (Locust Valley, N. Y., 1953), p. 56; Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America, 2nd ed. (Locust Valley, N. Y., 1953), pp.31; 54. For other references to texts, see Brown, III, pp. 589-90.

4. Sharp was at some pains to notate idiosyncratic singing style for English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1932). ("Hicks' Farewell" is in volume II, pages 142-143.) None of the tunes notated by Miss Kosting are ornamented and it would appear that she deliberately notated only melodic skeletons.
5. In the original text, this is: "Confirm the drunk, confirm the weak."
6. For some indication of the sentimental blood-letting of the music of the Civil War, see Willard A. and Porter W. Heaps, The Singing Sixties (Norman, Oklahoma, 1960), pp. 159-267; Irwin Silber, Songs of the Civil War (New York, 1960), pp. 113-164.
7. Folk Songs of the South (Harvard, 1925), p. 232. Other texts and tunes are in H. M. Belden, Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folklore Society (Columbia, Mo., 1940), pp. 350-1; Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, II (Columbia, Mo., 1946), pp. 181 ff; A. P. Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi (Chapel Hill, 1936), pp. 221-22; Jackson, Down-East Spirituals, p. 55; and Jackson, Spiritual Folksongs, p. 37.

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[Editor's note: Mr. Cray modestly requests, "May I ask only that my name be tacked on to the end of the article if you should use it since I can hardly take credit for the real work involved, that is, the collecting. "]

[Mr. Cray, a former student of Wayland Hand's at UCLA, is now a reporter and political writer for Frontier Magazine. His research on matters folkloristic is now avocational -- "Saturday and Sunday scholarship," as he puts it. He has published in Western Folklore, Midwest Folklore, Ethnomusicology, and elsewhere.]

RUNNING LOG RAFTS ON THE UPPER CAPE FEAR RIVER

By Hannis Taylor Latham, III

[A student from Washington, North Carolina, Mr. Latham, drawing largely from stories and information supplied by his grandfather, wrote the following paper for Professor Hudson's introductory course in folklore at the University of North Carolina in January 1963. Mr. Latham also prepared the illustrations, which will follow at the conclusion of the article.]

The Cape Fear River is formed by the confluence of the Deep and Haw Rivers at Moncure, North Carolina, in Chatham County. It flows in a general southeasterly direction for 203 miles and empties into the Atlantic Ocean at Cape Fear near Wilmington.¹ The river is navigable as far up as Fayetteville.

As early as 1840 the Deep, Haw, and Upper Cape Fear River valleys were known for their possession of rich agricultural and natural resources. In 1848 a detailed survey was conducted by William Beverhart Thompson, Civil Engineer, for the Pittsboro Convention of July 1847 in order to obtain as "estimate of the probable cost of improving the Upper Cape Fear and Deep Rivers." This improvement was to take place in the form of numerous locks and dams from "Hancock's mills in Moore County" down to Jones Falls about fifteen miles below Fayetteville.²

Private navigation companies, the State of North Carolina, and the Federal Government were interested at that time in carrying out the development program, for it would have meant the tying of Wilmington, the chief seaport of the state, with the rich and fertile river valleys in the northwestern part of North Carolina. This connection would lead to a flourishing trade of finished products for raw materials between the two areas, not to mention the great cultural advances and opportunities that would be opened to both regions.

This dream was never fully realized, however. The lack of technical knowledge plus the great amount of capital required for such an undertaking stood in the way. By the time these obstacles could be overcome, the North and South were at war. After the war, during the reconstruction period, the state was worse off than ten years before the war, as far as achieving her goal for connecting the heart of the state with Wilmington was concerned. Later the development of a complex railroad system completely did away with the idea.

Several dams had been built before and after the Civil War, but they were soon abandoned when they proved impractical. The ruins of these old dams can still be seen today at certain points along the river.

There was a growing market for lumber and timber in Wilmington after the war. From Fayetteville on down, the quiet water of the Cape Fear offered quick and inexpensive transportation of logs to the sawmills and lumber yards of the eastern seaport. Trees could easily be cut, put in the water, and combined into crude log rafts for the trip to Wilmington.

For the men who made their living cutting timber in the Upper Cape Fear Valley above Fayetteville, it was an entirely different story. Running timber over the rapids and through the falls became a skilled occupation, and the making of the sturdy log rafts that could withstand the powerful force of the turbulent waters became an art.

My grandfather was one of these men. He was born in Harnett County near Lillington in 1866 and is ninety-seven years old today. He has farmed all his life, and for eight winters, in the late 1880's and early '90's, he "worked at rafting timber" on the Cape Fear.

On account of the great drop in the river bed between Buckhorn Falls (near the confluence of the Deep and Haw Rivers) to Fayetteville, fifty-seven miles down stream, the Upper Cape Fear moved with great force and speed. The drop between the two above-named points is 132 feet, averaging 2.3 feet per mile.³ There were numerous rapids between these places which

twisted and turned among gigantic boulders. (See map at end of this article.)

No crude log raft could survive the treacherous run over the rapids from Buckhorn to Averbosboro, just below the infamous Smiley's Falls. If a man was to take timber over the falls he had to build a raft that was strong and could be controlled.

In relating to me his experiences while rafting timber, my grandfather described the procedure used in building a raft.

First, the giant virgin long-leaf pines were cut. These trees were called "ton" timber because of their size. The bark and snags were then removed; this process was called "scoring down" the tree. A "blacking line" was then used to make a straight line on the log to help guide the man who "hewed-out" the tree.

The "blacking line" was simply a long piece of twine covered with a mixture of smut and water (blacking) which was aligned lengthwise on the log and held tightly at both ends while someone pulled it away from the tree and then released it. When the line snapped back against the tree it would leave a black line.

The hewer would take his broadaxe and hew out the logs on three sides, which resulted in three flat surfaces. The timber was then turned over so that the one remaining rounded surface of the tree was exposed. This surface was "scored" but not "hewed." (See illustration II.)

The next task was to get the log to the "landing" or place at the edge of the river where the raft was assembled. Mules were used to drag the logs up and down over the hilly country until they reached the landing. The fourth rounded side of the log which had not been hewed was the side on which the log scraped the ground. This practice was called "letting it to rough."

When I asked my grandfather how many mules it took to move a log he replied, "Hit depends on how big they was." He cut two "sticks of timber" that required eight mules each to haul them to the river. "Now that's a whole heap o' mules to hang to one piece o' timber, but we did it."

Once the timber had been hewed and straightened, and hauled to the river, it was then ready to be assembled into a raft of timber.

A raft was made up of sticks of timber fitted side by side and connected by poles which were pinned across the front and the back of each "clamp." (See illustration III.)

The outside logs of each clamp were called "streamers." A two-inch "orger hole" was bored in the ends of each streamer. Then a "grub, or white oak, or hickory saplin' about the size of your arm" was "hewed out till it'd fit the two-inch orger hole." A "knot" was left on one end of the sapling. The sapling was called a "clamp" or "raft pole" or "pin."

"Then you'd fill in with as many sticks o' timber as you wanted, depending on how wide you wanted the raft." These timbers made up the "bed" of the raft and usually ranged in number from 10 to 15.

When the desired width had been reached, the clamp poles were put in place and the timber was "butted" tightly "agin it."

The clamp poles were held in place by the knot on one end and by a wedge splitting the pole on the other. This made up one complete clamp.

The rafts could be extended simply by connecting the streamers of the following clamp. My grandfather said they often carried 100 sticks of timber--sometimes 120. A raft, then,

could be made up of several clamps of timber and might be eighty yards long (See illustration IV.)

Above and below the falls two or three men could guide a raft, but while "shooting the rapids" it would take a dozen or more men, depending on the number of clamps and also the speed of the water.

The rafts were guided or steered by long oars. The oars were nothing but pine poles, hewed out at one end far about twelve feet to provide a smooth handle for the men. At the other end was the "blade," which was "commenced out" about 15 to 30 feet from the end. Starting toward the middle of the oar, it tapered off until it was only about an inch thick at the end of the blade and a foot or so wide. (See diagram.)

The man who was in charge of the oar and who told the other men how to handle it was called the "oar toter." The oar was used as a rudder to guide the raft and was manned by five or six men in the rapids. There were usually two oars on each raft--one forward and one astern. By dipping the blade in the water in the rapids and then walking "agin hit" the men could change the direction in which the raft was traveling. The streamer on that particular clamp acted as a fulcrum.

The oar was used in the smooth water below the rapids simply to keep the raft from running against the bank.

The life of a raftsman on the Cape Fear River was not a dull one, not on the Upper Cape Fear, anyway. My grandfather told me he once went up to Buckhorn Falls to help take a raft down to Averbarsa, between Smiley's Falls and Fayetteville. He went to see "Ol' Uncle Josh," who was the "pilater" or man who usually took charge of the rafts in the falls. He asked Uncle Josh how the water was. He said he could carry the raft through Smiley's Falls and Narrow Gap if he could hand-pick the men that would make the trip.

Uncle Josh was an old darky, as were most of the good raftsmen. My grandfather told me, "Niggers was better than a white man . . . they know more about it." Uncle Josh was afraid that he would "hang up" on the racks because the water was mighty "sca'ce." They got through Narrow Gap all right and Ol' Uncle Josh "hollered keen, hollers one after another 'cause he'd gotten through all right."

"First thing he knowed the raft was running right directly to 'Lil' Betsy Stewart,' a rock as big as a house." (The racks were named by the raftsmen so that they could identify them.) "They's another rack bigger'n that one called 'Big Betsy Stewart.'"

"The raft was going just as straight to that rock as it could go. Uncle Josh hollered, 'Throw it, men, throw it!' But it didn't make a bit o' difference." In spite of all they could do, the raft hit Lil' Betsy Steward and ran right up on her. The first clamp was smashed instantly. The raft didn't stop until the second clamp had lodged itself up on the rock. The men were finally able to swing the back clamps around with their oars, and the raft backed off the rock. No one had been hurt, for they all had run for the back clamps, but the front clamp had "scattered and piled up like cornstalks."

On another occasion when he was helping a group of men run a raft through Smiley's Falls the oar toter gave the order to hold the oar. "They all turned it loose but myself," my grandfather said. Then the oar toter yelled to them to "smash the oar down!"

My grandfather jumped up on the oar with his breast "in order to smash it down, which if they'd all done--four more--we'd smashed it down or broke it in two. But they didn't do it.

"Hit just flew me up like a kite. I was up yonder 'bout 60 feet . . . I looked around to see . . . well, I was agoin' to fall in the water--that's what I was a'glad of . . . I didn't want to fall back on the raft."

He was thrown off in front of the raft and managed to swim against the current while the raft came toward him. "Water run over me in rolls as big as this house and covered me up. I'd hold my breath and whenever I'd catch my breath, then I'd blow out."

He finally made it back to the raft, where he was pulled out by an old darky.

"They'd everyone left their other oar Every one of 'em had come up frant ta see me drown ... when I wa'n't thinking about drowning."

"'You'd better get that ather oar,' he said, 'and get busy.... If you don't you'll all be in the river.' Well, they got it and got busy and got to work. I'd been in the river so much till I understood it."

A trip from Buckhorn to Averagesboro like the one above could be made in one day. It required three men to take a raft to Lillington. There a dozen more would be hired to make the trip over Smiley's Falls. When the raft reached Averagesboro all would get off except the three men going on down to Wilmington. The Buckhorn-to-Averagesboro trip "paid about three dollars" and was "good money in those days."

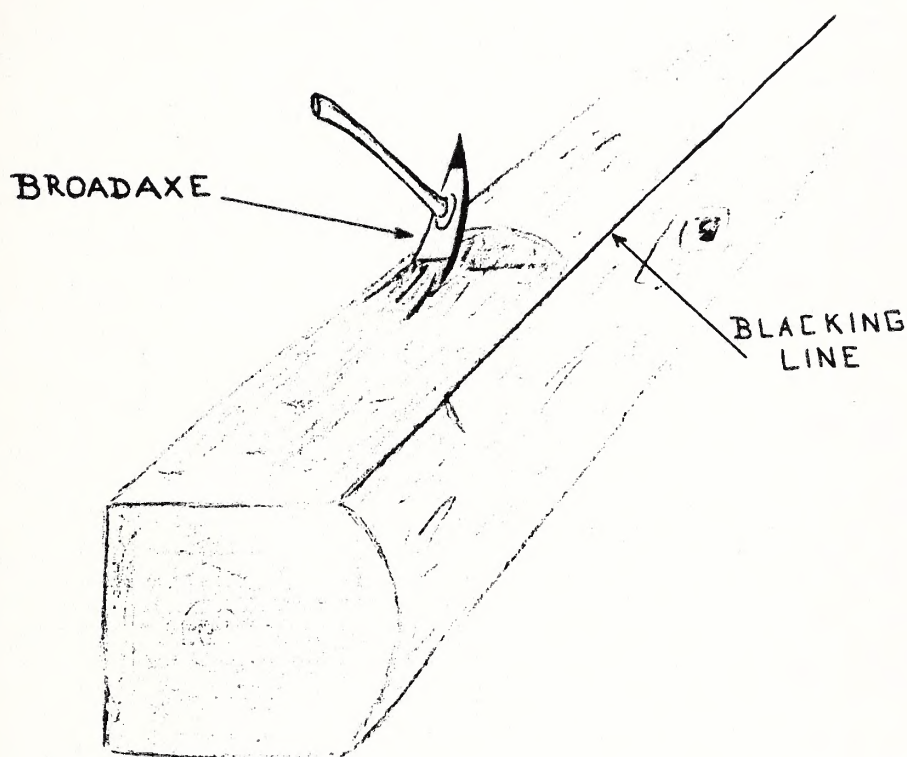
The trip to Wilmington would take about a week. There the timber would be sold and the raftsmen would return to Hamett County by train.

The raftsmen have long since disappeared from the Cape Fear River, and many of their customs, sayings and skills have disappeared with them. Most of the material in this paper has been collected in tape recordings made while my grandfather was telling me of his rafting days. This project has been an attempt to save in some way a small part of the past-- of an era very rich in folklore.

Notes

1. Cape Fear River, N. C., Letter from the Secretary of War, January 3, 1934, p. 8.
2. Report upon the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, by William B. Thompson (Raleigh, 1848), pp. 3-15.
3. Survey of Cape Fear River Above Fayetteville, Letter from Secretary of War, 1895, p. 2.

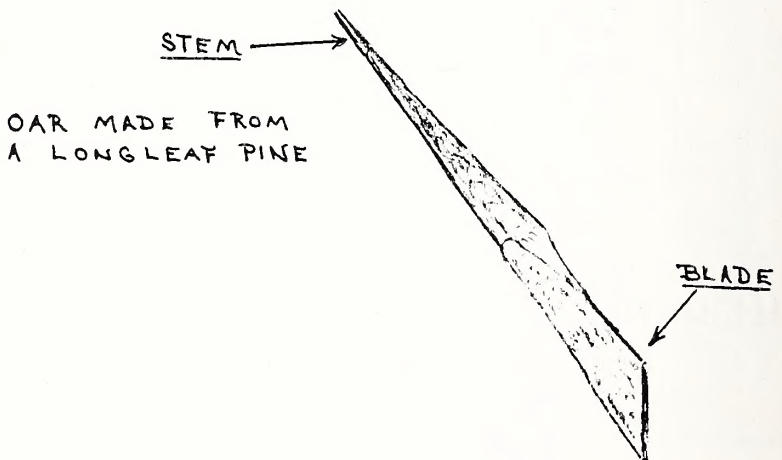
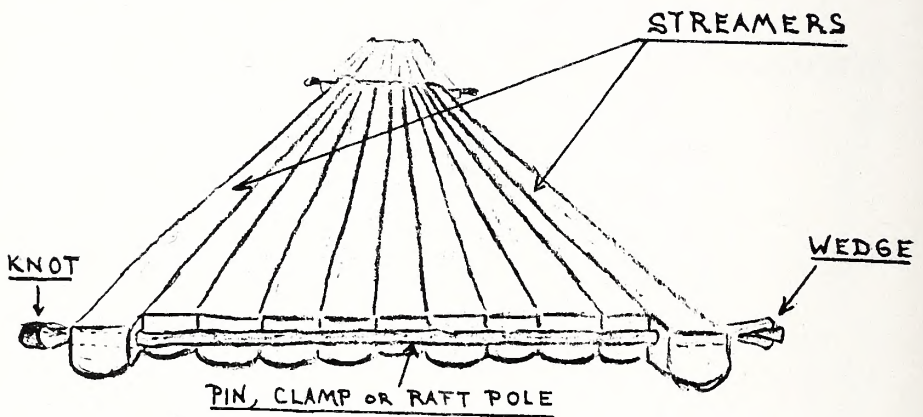
Main source of information was my grandfather, George Washington O'Quinn, whose voice I recorded on tape while he was giving me the information.



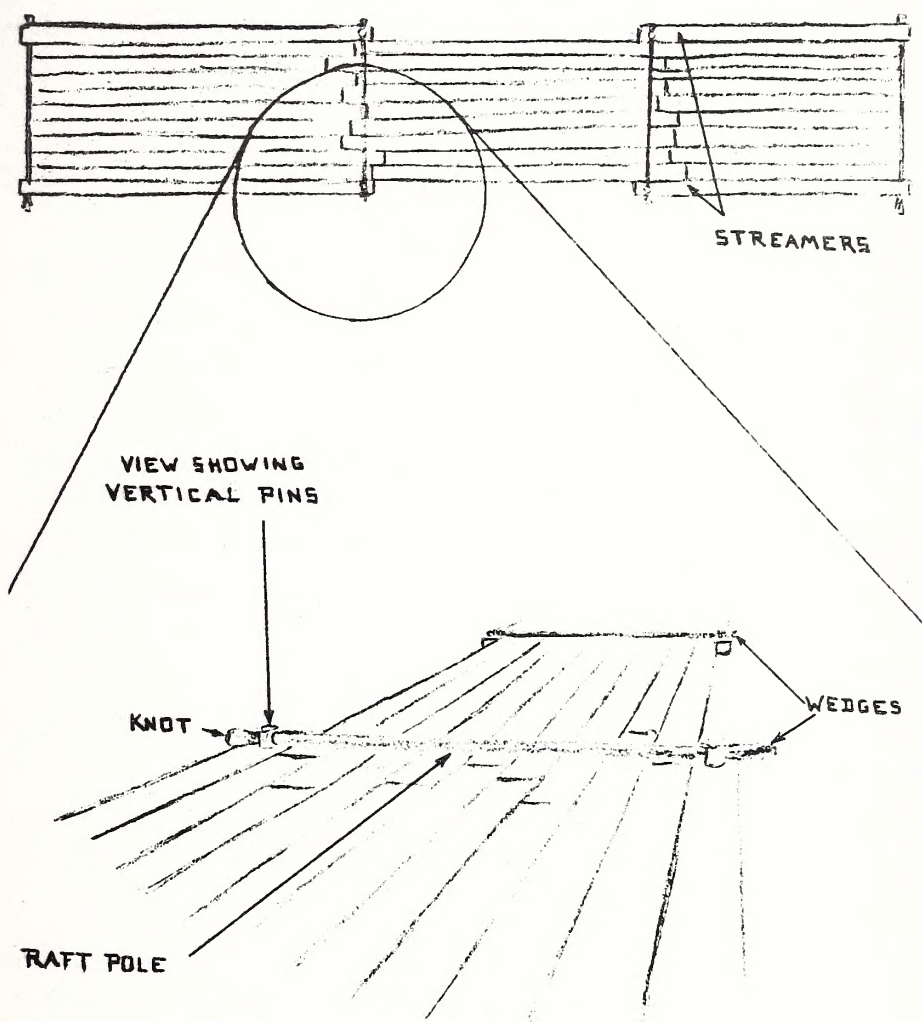
HEWING A PIECE OF TIMBER
ON THREE SIDES

III

RAFT MADE UP OF TWO CLAMPS



IV
THREE-CLAMP RAFT — TOP VIEW



MINUTES FROM JACK SWAMP QUAKER MEETING HOUSE

By Hazel Griffin

[Originally from Northampton County, Miss Griffin is an instructor in English at North Carolina State College. She has contributed articles to North Carolina Folklore, VI, 2 (December 1958), 30-31, and VIII, 2 (December 1960), 45-46.]

In the early days of the Friends Society (Quakers) in North Carolina the members kept close watch over the conduct of its members. Matters of deportment, such as gambling, engaging in cock fights, holding of and trafficking in slaves, the rearing of children, and the carrying out of civic responsibility, were carefully watched over and discussed openly and freely at monthly and quarterly sessions. Full reports of the sessions were recorded in the minutes, which have been carefully preserved by the society.

From the minutes (Vol. I, 1794-1812) of the Jack Swamp Monthly Meeting held in the northern part of Northampton County on "the 5th day of the 4 mo 1794," the date of the first session of the Meeting House, here is a verbatim portion of the "Querries Read" and answered to in writing:

"1st Meeting Pretty well attended by the greater part. Yet there appears a Slackness in same attending on weak dayes the hour observed 7 unbecoming behavior mostly guarded against.

"2nd A good degre of love and Unity preserved amongst us. Tale bearing Discouraged, and where differences arise endeavours are used to end them.

"3rd Plainness pretty well kept to by most part by friends yet some are too Deficient therein those that have children Endeavours to train them in the Principals of our Religion Endeavouring to use Restraints for their preservation.

"4th No complaint of anyones using to Excess or being concerned in gameing or Lotteries.

"5th None trade in slaves nar hold them as such and those that have them under their care Endeavours ta use them well as their abilities will admit of.

"6th Friends mostly live within Bounds no complaint.

"8th [no. 7 omitted here] No Lawsuits Some neglect keeping Wills the other part of the advice appears to be mostly observed." [In general the report was that] "things appe Pretty well."

After the appointment of "William Patterson Son James Binford Son of Thomas and grandson Patterson" to represent the state of the meeting to the Quarterly Meeting, the session was adjourned "till next in the course."

The original minutes of the Jack Swamp Meeting House, which closed in 1829, are now kept in the Woodland, N. C. (Northampton County), Friends Meeting House. A microfilm copy is in the Department of Archives and History.

TWO GROUPS OF TALES

By Elaine Penninger

[A native of Marion, North Carolina, educated at the Woman's College, U. N. C., and Duke University, Dr. Penninger is a member of the English staff of the Woman's College, U. N. C. She contributed an article on Frankie Silver to North Carolina Folklore, X, 2 (December 1962), p. 28.]

Some Travellers' Tales

The mountains of North Carolina are now widely famous as a summer resort. Fifty years ago, their beauty was less accessible and accommodations for tourists were less luxurious, but perhaps the travellers who came saw more of what life in the mountains really means, and certainly they were longer remembered as persons by their hosts.

My great-grandmother Young kept visiting preachers, and to her surprise through one of them got into the summer-boarder business, when a young preacher in a burst of zeal ran an advertisement in the Charlotte paper for boarders, in her name but without her knowledge until the boarders began to appear. Some of them must remember yet the old house, originally log but then boarded and ceiled, with its open-ended entry ten feet wide, its view as yet unspoiled by the scars of mica mining. And some of them are remembered, particularly a child who was a doubled-jointed midget and the wonder and admiration of all the grandchildren for many years after she and her father drove away again in a buggy to catch the train in Micaville.

Great-grandmother Cox lived on the main road, and kept the post office. Her visitors were benighted passers-by, like the family that camped out by the spring, boiled their supper over a fire, and came to the house to seek shelter when a storm came up. The woman developed terrible colic from badly cooked cabbage and kept the household awake all night, but I suppose she recompensed them by giving them a story to tell on winter nights, as my mother tells it yet periodically. There was more genuine excitement in the pair who arrived late one bitter night--perhaps twenty years later--having been refused shelter everywhere else along the road. When the woman finally removed her bonnet, she was seen to be marked with unhealed smallpox. But they stayed the night. The next day there was an awful fumigating, and nobody caught her smallpox, but such a brush with danger was worth recounting to every newcomer.

These two households produced two marriages between the sons of one and the daughters of the other, among them my own grandparents. Grandma and Grandpa, before they moved to town, lived too far off the road to attract visitors in the regular way, but one wretchedly cold night when Grandma had stayed up late to read (not strictly cricket, since the next evening she would want to skip that part of the book when she read aloud after supper), she heard a noise and looked out and saw a saddled mule poking about in the yard. She knew that meant something was wrong; so she roused Grandpa and the hired hand, who soon found a fellow who had got drunk and started home, or somewhere, and had fallen off his mule, to freeze to death if Providence had not landed him in the neighborhood of a woman so given to reading that she would sacrifice wood and lamp oil and sleep to it.

Later on, cars came to the mountains, but the cars got in ahead of improved roads and were a noisy rarity, so rare that everybody went out to see them pass and so noisy that there was no danger of anybody's missing the sight. After the second Young-Cox wedding, the groom's youngest brother went into Micaville to bring back a churn for the newly-weds. As he came home on horseback, carrying the stone churn and the dasher inside the churn, he made such a racket that everybody thought he was a car and came out to see him pass. It was the best part of the wedding for him.

Many of these people are living yet, but I suppose now on cold winter nights they and their neighbors talk less of these old things and more often of The Beverly Hill Billies.

Some Ghost Tales

The world's supply of ghosts seems in same danger of diminishing. Before he was twenty-one, my father had seen two and had a near-miss of a third, whereas I, long since grown--and hence somewhat out of the ghost-seeing age--have seen only one.

To start with the near-miss, the ghost was for a while something of a community property in the country around Sharan, South Carolina, now pretty well a ghost in its own right. It hung around a country church for some weeks and was seen by a good many people, until one night a man rode by the church a little too near, and it jumped from behind a post onto his horse. This ghost turned out to be a mad woman who had escaped from an asylum and had been living, nobody knows how, about the church.

The second ghost, too, belonged to the community. It was reported to have been seen in a church graveyard a number of times, and a party of boys made an agreement to go one night to see it. My father and another boy were late, and when they reached the meeting place, they discovered that the others had gone on ahead; so they set out up the road and soon met the rest returning full speed with the news that the ghost was indeed visible, crawling around on all fours in the high grass of the graveyard. Father and his companion went on, determined not to be outdone. As they peered through the fence, they saw the specter, on all fours and slowly moving amongst the graves, an old white goat which raised its head and said, "Ba-a-a-a" when it noticed them.

The third father saw strictly on his own, when he started out one day before dawn to look at his rabbit gums. In the path ahead of him, eight feet tall, white and translucent, was a formless shape which neither spoke nor advanced nor retreated, but stood quivering jointlessly, as though blown by the morning wind. Father, laying aside in the interests of practicality whatever he knew of the nature of ghosts, shot at it several times, but the shot passed through it, scarcely altering its steady motions. With a logic which may be questionable, and perhaps nerved by the approach of day, father decided that if he couldn't hurt it, it couldn't hurt him, and advanced for a closer view, which revealed a stray corn stalk growing in the middle of the path, bleached by the winter and covered with heavy cobwebs, swaying gently in the breeze.

Compared with these, my own encounter with a college freshman in a white nightgown, wandering about in search of someone whose clock had not stopped to tell her that it was two o'clock in the morning, seems spiritless indeed.

FOLKTALES FROM RUTHERFORD COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

By Grant McRorie

[Mr. McRorie, from Rutherford County, was a student at East Tennessee State College during the 1962-1963 session. He submitted the following paper to Professor Ambrose N. Manning in the latter's course in American folklore at that college. Professor Manning, with Mr. McRorie's consent, offered the paper to North Carolina Folklore.]

Rutherford Courthouse

The town of Rutherfordton had been the seat of Rutherford County for many years before the courthouse mysteriously burned one night. It was thought at the time that some residents of Burnt Chimney, seven miles away, set the fire in order to have the county seat moved to their town. However, nothing was proved and plans were made to build another one.

The officials of the then progressive county decided to erect an even bigger and better building on the same spot. Very few problems confronted the county wisemen in coming to their decision. The plans were drawn up and all seemed well, until it was realized that the bigger building could not be built on the old foundation because of its smaller size.

Many choice sites were available in the somewhat barren town; however, because of the peculiarity and selfishness of certain persons, a proper site could not be agreed upon. It seems that everybody in the town and county wanted it built in a different place. It was under these circumstances that the problem was resolved in a rather light-hearted manner.

The town of Rutherfordton lies on the crest of a hog-back-shaped ridge, which runs north-south and nestles itself in a snug little valley in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. On the north end of town, Cleghorn Creek flows briskly along and on the south end, Miller's Creek winds its way through the pines and cottonwoods. At this time, when distilling was legal, there was a liquor still located on each creek. If a line had been drawn between the two, it would have run straight through the middle of town along what is now Main Street.

Knowing these facts and being tired of arguing over the new location, the officials decided that they would walk from one still to the other until they decided on a suitable spot. Even though it was the middle of the summer and about a mile between the two stills, the men thought they could thus get a better look at the layout of the town and its possible building sites.

Starting on the south end at Miller's Creek Still, they climbed the somewhat steep slope, walked along the crest, and then descended to the Cleghorn Creek Still. Being thirsty from their exertions, they decided to wet their whistles with some of the products of the still before reclimbing the hill.

Before long they found themselves at Miller's Creek, thirstier than ever. Drinking some of the cool, clear moonshine to quench their thirst, they continued on their way only to return several times later in the day.

After several "wet" trips to and fro, the greyish fog of dusk found the men trudging up the south slope of the hill. They had no more than reached the crest when almost all together they passed completely out.

The sun peeping in the valley the next morning saw the heavy-headed men waking up one by one, each saying, "This is the place; this is where we'll build the courthouse." And so it was, for today the county courthouse stands high on the crest of the hog-back ridge overlooking both Cleghorn and Miller's creeks.

The Witch Ball

Not long before the turn of the century, Elsie Bennett, from the Sunshine Community of Rutherford County, was doing the daily chores on her farm home when a ragged old woman stopped by and begged for some food.

Being a little afraid and thinking the old woman to be a common beggar, Elsie said no and ordered the woman off the property. The beggar-woman then became very mad and warned that she would make Elsie sorry that she had refused her some food. On her way out of the yard, she saw the cow grazing nearby, and prophesied that the cow would be dead in the morning.

That night soon after Paul, her husband, had come home from the fields, Elsie told him of the incident. Naturally scoffing a little and making light of his wife's fear, Paul put the cow in the barn and locked the door.

The next morning when they went to the barn to milk the cow and do their morning chores, the Bennetts found the cow dead behind the locked barn door. Beside her lay a round ball about the size of a baseball. From the marks on the cow's head, it was plain that it was the ball that killed the cow. Paul got an ax and chopped the ball in two. It was made of horse-hair and cowhide much like the present-day baseball. In view of the old woman's prophecy, they called the ball a "Witch Ball" and assumed the woman to be a witch.

Later the same day, while Elsie was washing clothes in the trough beside the well pump, something whizzed by her head, missing her only by inches. Being scared almost to death, she called Paul, who hunted for and found the object. It was a witch ball, exactly like the one that had killed the cow. These incidents scared the Bennetts so much that they kept their children at home for the next few days and stayed close themselves.

Several weeks later, the "law" passed the farm with a body in their wagon. They stopped to water their horses and Paul Bennett's curiosity made him ask who it was that was dead. The lawmen didn't know, but showed the body to the Bennetts. Elsie immediately recognized it as the body of the woman who had stopped to beg for food. All agreed that the woman was indeed a witch, because they never had another happening like the ones with the witch balls.

The Red-Eyed Dog

A story is told in the Golden Valley Community in the northeastern part of the county of a dog which appears when the moon is full. The dog looks like any other dog except for one detail: it has red eyes.

This red-eyed dog has been reported to have been seen many times over the years by quite a few people in the Golden Valley area. All the incidents have occurred after dark, between the hours of eight o'clock p.m. and two o.m. In almost every case when the dog has been seen, a dead dog has been found the next day in the immediate vicinity.

Several people have tried to kill the red-eyed beast, but no one has ever been successful. It seems that the dog vanishes when one tries to approach it.

There has been much speculation about this mystery. Is it the ghost of a dead dog? Is it real? No one seems to know the answer to these questions and the mystery remains, probably never to be solved.

Hollifield's Pig

One night about a half century ago, George Hollifield was going home after dark. He had been out in the fields all day, and as with most young farm boys, his appetite was bringing him home at a fast pace.

It was a rainy night and George could hardly see twenty feet clear of where he was on an old wagon road. The seldom-used road was the shortest way home and George was a little leery of its strange darkness.

As he continued down the road, he heard the heavy clomping of an animal coming toward him. Stopping to listen, he could hear the rhythm of four hooves heavily pounding the wet ground. Walking slowly, George soon saw the animal coming toward him on the same side of the two-tracked road. Crossing to the other side to let the thing go by, he was amazed to see the animal do likewise. However, the animal did not cross as an animal would; it seemed to float as if it were being picked up.

After seeing this, George turned and ran the way he had just come. Circling, he took another way home, where, as he told his weird story, he described the animal as looking like a large pig.

The next day, Hollifield and a few of his friends returned to the spot. They found some large, odd-shaped tracks which were definitely not pig tracks. They knew, also, that no pig had been missing the night before.

Much head scratching and inquiry has gone to no avail. The animal has never been found, nor the tracks identified, and so the mystery lingers until this day.

The Headless Man Of Stoney Creek

Stoney Creek runs a peaceful course as it meanders its way through Rutherford County and slips silently into South Carolina. One would never suspect that it passes one of the most haunted spots in the Piedmont.

Shortly after Stoney Creek drops out of McDowell County to the north, it passes by a little church on a hill. The church is now old and battered, and the grave markers in the nearby burial yard are so weather-beaten that no names are legible. Needless to say, the church has been handed down to the Negroes in the area.

Years ago, this was a pretty church. It was the meeting place of the people in that section. A big oak in the yard bore in its bark the names of playful children and moon-struck lovers. It was a happy place, until one night when the moon seemed to fill the sky and a soft breeze rustled the leaves of the oak, a lover waited there patiently for his beloved.

It is assumed that he was a waiting lover, for no one really knows or will ever know. His body was found the next morning under the massive oak with its head ripped from the shoulders and missing. It was undoubtedly carried off by his assailant or assailants, for it was never found.

The body, being unidentifiable and claimed by no one, was buried in the church graveyard by the people of the church. The passing of time soon erased the mysterious killing from the minds of the people, and they returned to their normal way of life, that is, until one night when the moon was full and the soft breeze sifted through the leaves of the churchyard oak.

Many people passing the church saw and heard something standing under the oak. It was a headless body wrapped in a sheet, begging for its head with a moan that was softer than the moonlight which illuminated the hill.

"TWO SAD STORIES" BY SILAS McDOWELL

Contributed by Mrs. A. E. Skaggs, Sr.

[The following stories were copied by Mrs. Skaggs, of Portland, Oregon, from the papers of her grandfather Silas McDowell and sent to the editor of North Carolina Folklore, with permission to publish them. The editor has refrained from correcting errors in spelling but has made a few changes in punctuation and mechanics.]

[Silas McDowell (1795-1879) came from Charleston, South Carolina, to North Carolina in 1816 and worked at the tailor's trade at Morganton and Asheville. According to J. P. Arthur, Western North Carolina, a History from 1730 to 1913 (Raleigh, 1914), p. 427: "He married a niece of Governor Swain, and moved to Macon County in 1830, where for sixteen years he was clerk of Superior court. He was a practical mineralogist and geologist, botanist and scientist of original views." McDowell was also a celebrated raconteur. For further information about him, see Professor Gary S. Dunbar's note on him in North Carolina Folklore, IX, 2(December 1961), 23.]

In the month of July 1816, I, Silas McDowell, came from Charleston, S. C., to Morganton, N. C., to make my home. I was a tailor by trade.

While in Morganton I boarded with Mrs. Nancy McEntire, a small, sprightly old Irish lady, apparently short of sixty years of age. She was warm-hearted, sensible, and well educated, with only enough of the Irish brogue lingering in her speech to lend to her kind words that tender pathos that vibrates deep down in the heart.

Many of my leisure hours were spent in her company, while she related instances of her past life, and the following two made a deep impression on me.

A Forced Marriage

Mrs. McEntire said:

"I have a sad story to tell you, McDowell, and it relates to my early history; but don't be alarmed with the thought that I will bore you, for I will be brief in its narration. My maiden name was Young, and I was the only child of an Irishman who belonged to the middle class, and a tenant of Col. Stewart, who lived at Castle-Reigh. (Stewart was the father of Lord Castle-Reigh who is now prime minister of England.)* My father and mother both died before I was five years old. I was raised in the family of a paternal uncle, and, being heir to two thousand pounds, I was as well educated as my uncle's daughters were.

"I grew to be a woman of some pretensions for beauty and had many suitors. Among them was Robert Maxwell, a small, graceful, black-eyed man, with dark curly hair and a very fair skin. He was witty and intelligent. We became betrothed, which fact my uncle opposed on the ground that Robert Maxwell held no landed property. My uncle annoyed me by insisting that I should receive the attentions of an old linen draper, at least thirty years my senior. Maxwell and I had arranged to elope and come to America, but we were betrayed; I was confined to my room, and closely watched.

"At last they took me in a closed carriage to the city of Cork, and I was placed on board a small ship which was bound for Charleston, S. C. This was just at the close of the War of the Revolution in the year of 1784. On the next day, after I was placed on board the ship, I was

* According to the Dictionary of National Biography, Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, was foreign secretary, 1812-22. - Editor's note.

visited by my uncle and his family, who had come to take leave of us. There also came on board James McEntire and a Catholic priest. My uncle in a few words stated that he had transferred his guardianship of me, with my money, to his friend James McEntire, and bade me rise to my feet and the priest would make me McEntire's wife. Of what followed I have no recollection, and when my mind returned I was in the city of Charleston, in a boarding house and utterly devoid of strength. I was recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever and shock, and being attended by a doctor and James McEntire. I demanded of McEntire how I came to be there, but the doctor bade me hush and not to attempt to speak until my strength returned. It was nearly a month before McEntire informed me that I was his wife, and then ensued a scene that I will not trouble you with; but I did inform him plainly that as a husband I loathed him as I did a toad! I said that I could not love an old man, and never would render him the sacred duties of a wife. To confess the truth, McDowell, I never have loved James McEntire, even though his uniform kindness did subdue my hatred, for he was honorable and kind. I can say, upon my honor, that without loving him, I have made him a loyal wife; but my countryman Thomas Moore has hit the nail on the head when he writes, 'Love is a light which shines but once on Life's dull stream.' And thus my story ends!"

Circumstantial Evidence

It was perhaps more than a month before Mrs. McEntire had an opportunity for another long conversation, and then she commenced the second sad story.

"Twenty-two years ago my husband was sheriff of Burke County, and also kept the jail. At that time the most common crime was horse-stealing, and hence the law against that crime was vigorous, hanging for the first offence, and sometimes on very slight testimony. My story is based on an instance in point.

"Sometime in the month of July there was brought to jail a handsome and well-grown youth in his 18th year. His name was John Hendricks. In a few days he was followed by his mother, a noble-looking old lady, named Elizabeth Hendricks, who continued with him until death, for he was hanged in a few weeks afterward.

"Their prior history was this.

Elizabeth had married before the Revolutionary War a celebrated Tory leader named James Hendricks, who afterwards was killed, leaving her and her only son, John, in the middle districts of South Carolina. But her neighbors were Whigs, and at school John was tormented with the fact of his father being a Tory. This caused his mother to sell out and locate on the head of the North Pocomoke River near the mountains, where there was a neighborhood of respectable men who had given support to King George of England. In this secluded spot Elizabeth and John Hendricks lived up to his 18th year, when he parted from his mother for the first time and went to visit his uncle in Wilks County.

"The first night on his return trip home his horse died and he then proceeded on his way by foot. On what he expected to be his last day's travel, and what would bring him to his mother, night overtook him when he was a full eight miles short of home, and far away from any residence. Foot-sore and exhausted, he sank to rest under the spreading boughs of a large pine tree and soon fell asleep, and perhaps dreamed of his mother.

"At break of day, he awoke and resumed his journey. After sunrise he was overtaken by a gentlemanly-looking stranger, mounted on a fine horse, who asked him thus: 'Young man, you appear to be tired of walking. I assure you that I am tired of riding, so suppose you mount my horse for awhile?' The young man thankfully complied, and the stranger went on to say that he would go on foot and cut off a bend in the road, but for the young man to wait at the forks of the road if he reached there first. On reaching the designated point, the young man stopped, and soon he saw a company of men on horse-back, who rode up and arrested him as

a horse-thief, and brought him to the Burke County jail.

"His mother on learning the fact immediately followed, and continued with her son up to his execution, the date of which and that of his trial can be known by reference to the records of the criminal docket of the Superior Court of Burke County."

I, Silas McDowell, made the following copy, which reads thus:

"State of North Carolina, Morgan District, Superior Court of Law, September term 1794, Present and presiding the Honorable Samuel Ash and John Williams, John Haywood, Prosecuting Attorney.

"State verses John Hendricks, Arraigned and pleads Not guilty to horse stealing.

"Jury impaneled and sworn. The jury found the prisoner at the bar, John Hendricks, guilty of the felony of horse stealing whereof he stands charged, as in the bill of indictment for said offence, and was this morning called to the bar to receive judgment of the court, and it being demanded of him why said sentence of death shall not be pronounced against him, saith nothing; it is therefore commanded by the court that the said John Hendricks be taken from hence to the place of confinement from whence he came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that he be hanged by the neck until he be dead; and it is ordered by the court that the Sheriff of Burke County carry this sentence into execution on Friday, September 28th, 1794, betwixt the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock."

The indictment is layed on the 1st day of August and the execution took place on the 28th of the next month -- summary proceedings surely!

Mrs. McEntire continued as follows:

"When brought to the gallows, the youth (O, he was a handsom young man!) in a manly voice made a short address in substance as follows: 'Citizens of Burke County, there are many of you here this day to see my execution -- to see as you suppose a crimenel render his life to atone for a breach of law. It is in vain that I reiterate that I am innocent of this charge, because a jury of my countrymen, upon circumstantial evidence, have honestly, no doubt, pronounced that I am guilty of horse stealing. God's providences are mysterious; but I die innocent of the charge. Sheriff McEntire, a word to you and I will be through. You have been kind to me and also to my poor mother -- God bless you! Now do your duty and do it quickly; but it will kill my mother, I know it will!' There was not a dry cheek on the grounds save that of his mother -- she was as rigged in features as a stature and as tearless. To quote from an ancient poet --

'She looked like Niobe in her grief,
When signs nor tears would give relief.'

"Elizabeth Hendricks embraced her son with the exclamation, 'Farewell for awhile, my unfortunate son!' and like a stature she stood by and saw life depart and the last quiver of his manly limbs. And when he was placed in his coffin, she tried to compose his distorted features, smoothe the hair on his youthful forehead, and then implanted a mother's kiss, and rose from her knees with the simple words, 'My work on earth is finished.' All this was done so coolly and business-like that a murmur ran through the crowd -- 'That woman surely lacks a mother's heart!' Was this the case? We shall see!

"I pressed her to leave the grounds and come home with me, but she shook her head and answered, 'Mrs. McEntire, you mean well, but there is no use in it -- my heart is broken!' She then gathered her mantle around her and hurried away through the crowd.

"That evening, two miles south of Morganton and near the Rutherford road, a woman was seen and she seemed to be asleep, reposing on her mantle. On approaching her, she was discovered to be Elizabeth Hendricks, and she was dead! Her grave yet marks the spot where she died, while superstition makes the schoolboy's heart beat quick lest darkness should overtake him before he passes the lonely grave.

"Ten years after Hendricks's execution, a celebrated thief and counterfeiter met justice and was hanged. He confessed to having been the man who placed John Hendricks on a stolen horse when he found himself too closely pursued."

I impulsively exclaimed, "John Hendricks's name shall be redeemed!" I went immediately to the clerk's office and procured the above copy from the records of his trial. My landlady remonstrated thus: "McDowell, where is the use of such a thing? John Hendricks's body has lain quietly in the grave for twenty-two years, and his mother, she has been dead that long, too, and who can be benefited by the knowledge of his innocence? Moreover, it might give pain to the survivors of the jury who found him guilty."

I put the copy of the court proceeding away and have kept it sacredly for sixty years.

Silas McDowell,
Franklin County, North Carolina, Sept. 1876

SONGS MY UNCLE TAUGHT ME

By Frank L. Warner

[Mr. Warner is from Rocky Mount, North Carolina. A graduate, class of 1961, of Duke University, he has recently completed requirements for the M. A. degree in the Department of Dramatic Art at the University of North Carolina. Nephew of the distinguished folksong singer Frank M. Warner, he is himself also a singer of folksongs, many of which he learned from his uncle. The Editor is happy to have Mr. Frank M. Warner's imprimatur for publication of this article.]

This paper will present the texts of eleven folksongs and ballads that have been collected over the years and over a wide area by Frank M. Warner, my uncle. The songs are from a single area of the United States, and represent no special ethnic or economic or racial group. They are given as indicative of the wide range of songs collected by Frank Warner, and are intended as much as a tribute to his avocation of preserving the musical heritage of our nation as they are to set down and make official the particular texts found herein. For other versions of these songs have been found, and have been published in other collections by other collectors. Some will be familiar to the reader; others, unfamiliar. However, they are all true folksongs, in that they came from the people. Only very small amounts of editing have been injected into these texts -- Frank Warner is more a reporter of what he hears than a rewriter of original material. These songs and ballads, then, are special in many ways: most of all because they are my favorites of the Songs My Uncle Taught Me.

Perhaps a few words on Mr. Warner's background would be helpful. He was born in a small town in Alabama. Before he was six years old, his family moved to Jackson, Tennessee, where my father was born. Finally, his father, who worked with the YMCA, was transferred to Durham, N. C., as General Secretary for that area. Frank attended Duke University, and it was there that his interest in folk music began. He speaks of this time in a recent letter:

"I did become conscious of folk music for the first time at Duke through Dr. Brown. My activity in the glee club, quartette, and string club led him to ask me to sing songs that he taught me from his collection, to illustrate his lectures -- even in a big tent at the Raleigh Fair.

"My real interest in the material, however, was generated mostly by people Anne and I met at singing parties in New York, when songs from down home seemed more interesting to my new audiences. We had heard of Nathan Hicks at Beech Mountain, N. C., as a dulcimer-maker. I got him to make one for me, and we decided to go to see him.

"One visit led to another ... from the mountains to the sea ... from Carolina to Canada, as per the notes on the albums. Such people as Carl Carmer, William Rose Benét, and others of similar ilk encouraged us, and gave us leads...."¹

The Dr. Brown mentioned above is, of course, Dr. Frank C. Brown, who for many years at Duke University collected the ballads and folksongs, as well as other folk material, preserved by the people of North Carolina and found in that state. Dr. Brown's classes and his interest in the young singer spurred the interest that started Frank Warner on his avocation.

After graduating from Duke, moving to New York, and getting married, he followed in his father's footsteps as a YMCA official. Frank Warner began to take his wife and loaded station wagon for their annual vacations, not to some sunny resort area, but to the outlying regions of this country where the songs were still alive. Anne, Frank's wife, was in charge of getting the texts down on paper (they had no recording apparatus back in the 30's), while Frank learned the tune and how to play it on the dulcimer made for him by Nathan Hicks, a banjo made in the mountains of North Carolina, and his own guitar. As he mentions in the letter, the trips took them over most of the Eastern Seaboard, into regions where even the car had to be left behind. But their rewards were great, for they found not only the songs of the heart of America, but also fast, warm, and true friends among the people they talked to and sang with. As these trips increased in range over the years, and as their two sons, Jeff and Gerret, joined them later, the amount of songs in Frank Warner's repertory built up a considerable wealth of historical interest.

Soon people heard of Frank Warner and his songs, and he was asked to record some of them for a small company in New York called Disc Records. Among the people who accompanied him on this first venture were Bess Lomax and Pete Seeger. After that company went out of business, and the record out of print, Frank began to record for the Elektra Company. He has made more than four albums for this company, as well as others on smaller brand-name records. Several times a year he is asked to make guest appearances at various colleges and universities over the country, where his concerts are always successful and warmly received. Most recently he was appointed the Hoyt Fellow at Jonathan Edwards College of Yale University.

Frank Warner's singing is remarkable in that he sings the songs as he hears them. His songs themselves (although to call them "his" means that they belong as much to the people as to him) are remarkable in showing the history, face, and emotion of a country's past. They are presented here in that spirit, and as a tribute to him for preserving them.

1. Blue Mountain Lake

This song comes from the lumberjack area of New York's Hudson Valley. It was sung to Frank Warner by an old man who had been a lumberjack himself in his younger days. His name was John Galusha, but everyone called him "Yankee John."

This song and the following one have in common an Irish ancestry. Even the melodies are Irish, and attest to the fact that many of the strong men of Ireland came to American early to work in the vast woodlands to the north. This one is typical of the Irish "Come-all-ye" type of song.

¹ Frank Warner, from a personal letter of April 18, 1963.

Come all you good fellers, wherever you be,
Come sit down a while and listen to me.
The truth I will tell you without a mistake
About the racket we had 'round the Blue Mountain Lake.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

There was the Sullivan Brothers and Big Jimmy Lou
An' ol' Mose Gilbert and Dandy Pat too.
A good lot of fellers as ever was seen --
And they all worked for Griffin on Township Nineteen.

Bill Mitchell, you know, he kept our shanty,
And as mean a damn man as you ever did see.
He'd lay round the shanty from morning til night.
And if a man said a word, he was ready to fight.

One morning 'fore daylight Jim Lou he got mad
And knocked hell out of Mitchell, and the boys was all glad.
And his wife she stood there, and the truth I will tell;
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell ketch hell!

Old Griffin stood thar, the crabby old drake.
A hand in the racket we thought he would take.
When some of the boys came and took him away,
"Becripes," said Old Griffin, "I've nothin' to say!"

You may talk of your fashions and styles to be seen,
But none can compare with the cook of Nineteen.
She's short, thick, and stout, without a mistake,
And the boys call her Nelly, the Belle of Long Lake.

And now my good fellers, adieu to you all,
For Christmas is a-comin', and I'm goin' to Glens Falls.
And when I get there I'll go out on a spree --
For, you know, when I've money, the devil's in me!

2. Gilgarry Mountain

This song, also an Irish import, was given by Mrs. Lena Bourne Fish, an old woman from East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, who shared many of the songs she remembered from her childhood with the Warners. Substantially the same version of this song is given in Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by William Cole. The action of this version, however, takes place on Kilgarry Mountain.

As I was a-goin' over Gilgarry Mountain,
I met Colonel Pepper, and his money he was countin'.
I drew forth my pistols and rattled my sabre,
"Stand and deliver, for I am a Bold Deceiver."
Mush-a-ringum durum da,
Whack fol de daddy-o,
Whack fol de daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar.

The shining golden coins, they sure looked bright and jolly.
I took the money home, and I gave it to my Molly.
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me,
But the devil's in the women, and they never can be easy.

When I awakened, between six and seven,
Guards were around me in numbers odd and even.
I flew to my pistols, but, alas, I was mistaken,
For I fired out my shots, and a prisoner was taken.

They put me in the jail, without judge or writin',
For robbin' Colonel Pepper on Gilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down,
And I bid a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo Town.

Now some take delight in fishing and bowling;
Others take delight in the carriages a-rolling.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
Courtin' pretty girls in the mornin' so early.

3. Dan Doo

This song is a North Carolina mountain version of Child ballad No. 277, "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." It was given to Frank Warner as the first of 119 songs by Frank Proffitt in 1938. Four versions from North Carolina alone, including Frank Proffitt's, are in The Brown Collection. The song is sung with high good humor, and the tune is rollicking.

Good little man came in at noon.
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
Good little man came in at noon -
"Have you got my dinner soon?"
To my high land, to my low land,
Crish, crash cringo.

"There's a little piece of bread layin' on the shelf."
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
"There's a little piece of bread layin' on the shelf.
If you want it you can get it yourself."

Little man went out to his sheep pen.
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
Little man went out to his sheep pen.
He downed the wether and off with his skin.

He laid the hide all on her back.
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
He laid the hide all on her back.
The way he made that hickory crack!

"I'll tell my father and all my kin,"
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
"I'll tell my father and all my kin
The way you dress your mutton skin."

"You can tell your father and your brothers too,"
Dan-doo, dan-doo.
"You can tell your father and your brothers too
What a whippin' I give you."

4. Lord Lovel

This famous ballad, published in American broadsides, is one of the most popular in tradition today. Its variants are spread over a wide area. This version is from Massachusettes.

Lord Lovel he stood at the castle gate,
Combin' his milk-white steed,
When along came Lady Nancybelle
A-wishin' her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishin' her lover good speed.

"Where are you goin', Lord Lovel?" she said.
"Where are you goin'?" said she.
"I'm goin', my Lady Nancybelle,
Stronge countries for to see," etc.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said.
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my lady Nancy, " etc.

He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And he rode to London town.
And there he heard Saint Mary's bells ring,
And the prople all mournin' around, etc.

"Is anyone dead?" Lord Lovel he said.
"Is anyone dead?" said he.
"Some call her Lady Nancybelle,
Some call her Lady Nancy, " etc.

He caused the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the pall to be fallen down.
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
And the tears came trinkeling down, etc.

Lady Nancy died like it was today;
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow.
Lady Nancy died of a broken heart;
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow, etc.

They buried her there in the old churchyard.
Lord Lovel they laid close beside her.
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, etc.

They grew and grew 'til they reached the church top.
And from thence they could grow no higher.
And there they twined in a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, etc.

5. The Ballad of Montcalm and Wolfe

This song tells of the Battle of Quebec in 1759. The hero of the story is the British General James Wolfe. His opponent in the battle was General Louis Montcalm, a close friend. Both were mortally wounded in the battle. This version seems to be lacking a verse or two from the first few verses, since it is somewhat unclear to whom the song is addressed. However, in later verses we are led to assume that it is Wolfe's sweetheart, whom he is leaving in England. The song was greatly popular in the 18th and early 19th centuries, and then almost forgotten. Frank Warner found it in the Adirondacks of New York State.

Bad news has come to town, bad news is carried.
Some says my love is dead; some says he's married.
As I was pondering on this, I took to weeping.
They stole my love away whilst I was sleeping.

Love, here's a ring of gold, long years I've kept it.
Madame, it's for your sake, will you accept it?
When you the posy read, pray think on the giver.
Madame, remember me, for I'm undone forever.

Then away went this brave youth and embarked on the ocean.
To free Amerikay was his intention.
He landed in Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack, being brave and hearty.

He drew his army up in lines so pretty
On the Plains of Abraham back of the city,
At a distance from the town where the French would meet him,
In double-numbers who resolved to beat him.

Montcalm and this brave youth together walked:
Between two armies they like brothers talked,
Til each one took his post and did retire;
It was then these numerous hosts commenced their fire.

Little did he think death was so near him,
Oh, little did he think death was so near him,
When shot down from his horse was this our hero.
We'll long lament his loss in tears of sorrow.

He raised up his head where the cannons did rattle.
And to his aide he said, "How goes the battle?"
His aide-de-camp replied, "It's ending in our favor!"
Then says this brave youth, "I quit this earth with pleasure."

6. Tom Dooley

This song, which gained such great popularity recently on radio, television, records and jukeboxes, was given to Frank Warner in the summer of 1939. The man who sang the song for my uncle was Frank Proffitt of the North Carolina Mountains. His grandmother had lived in Wilkes County, N. C., where she knew Tom Dula and Laurie Foster. The song was handed down in the Proffitt family, not some story of a far-off happening, but a personal possession, a family keepsake. It was included, in a somewhat condensed version, on Frank Warner's first Elektra album, and he has sung it at every concert he has given, telling along with the song the story of Frank Proffitt. The first verse is repeated after each stanza as a chorus.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Pore boy, you're bound to die.

Met her on the mountain,
There I took her life.
Met her on the mountain,
And I stabbed her with my knife.

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be,
If it hadna' been for Grayson
I'd'a' been in Tennessee.

Hand me down my banjo,
I'll pick it on my knee.
This time tomorrow
It'll be no use to me.

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be,
Down in some lonesome valley,
Hangin' from a white oak tree.

7. Old Abe, or We Go Marchin' On

This humorous song of the Civil War has several distinctions. First, it is a Union song collected in the South. This peculiarity is not a case of its being transferred or swapped; it is indigenous to the North Carolina mountains. It comes from Frank Proffitt, whose grandfather was in the Union Army. Many of the mountaineers were Union sympathizers, and there is more than one mountain family in which brother fought against brother on the sides of the Union and the Confederacy. This song also strikes a very modern note: the gripe of the G.I. who can take it, but doesn't have to like it. Its flagrant disrespect on the part of the common soldier for the great leaders is not often found in song. The tune is "John Brown's Body."

Old Abe is in the White House, a-takin' of a snooze.
General Grant is a-bustin' his gut with his booze.
While we're out here a-wadin' in the snow without no shoes.
But we go marchin' on.
Glory, glory halleluya.
Glory, glory halleluya.
Glory, glory halleluya.
And we keep marchin' on.

Every time you shoot a Rebel, there is one thing for sure,
Every time you shoot a Rebel, there is one thing for sure:
For every one you shoot, there will be a dozen more.
But we go marchin' on.

Old Abe he freed the colored folks, glory hallelu
Old Abe he freed the colored folks, glory hallelu
I wish to my Lord that he would free me too,
And I'd go marchin' on.

Winter is o-comin', and it's gettin' mighty cold.
Winter is a-comin', and it's gettin' mighty cold.
Soon all the generals will be crawlin' in their holes,
But we go marchin' on.

8. The Days of '49

This is the song of the broke and broken miner returning from the gold fields of California. Since prospectors went west from every section of the country, this song has been found in many versions over a widespread area. However, so far as I know, there has not been found a version in North Carolina. Frank Warner got this from Mr. Galusha of Minerva, N. Y.

I'm old Tom Moore from the Bummer's Shore
In the good old golden days.
They call me a bumner and a gin sot too,
But what care I for praise?
I wander around from town to town,
Just like a rovin' sign;
And the people all say, "There goes Tom Moore,
Of the days of '49."
In the days of old, in the days of gold,
How ofttimes I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold,
In the days of '49.

There was Nantuck Bill, I knew him well,
A fellow that was fond of tricks.
At a poker game he was always there,
And heavy with his bricks.
He would ante up and draw his cards
And go in a hat-full blind.
In a game of bluff, Bill lost his breath,
In the days of '49.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy;
He was always gettin' tight.
And every time that he'd get full
He was always huntin' a fight.
One night he run up against a knife
In the hands of ol' Bob Kline.
And over Jake they helt a wake
In the days of '49.

There was poor ol' Jess, the ol' lame cuss,
He never would relent.
He was never known to miss a drink,
Or ever to spend a cent.
At length ol' Jess, like all the rest
Who never would decline,
All in his bloom went up the flume,
In the days of '49.

There was Roarin' Bill from Buffalo,
I never will fergit.
He would roar all day and he'd roar all night,
And I guess he's roarin' yet.
One night he fell into a prospector's hole
In a roarin' bad design,
And in that hole, roared out his soul,
In the days of '49.

9. Lynchburg Town

This song was contributed to Frank Warner by Colonel Tom P. Smith, who lived in Guyandotte, West Virginia. Really a fragment rather than a full song, it is an example of the early black-face minstrel songs which gained popularity and passed into folk tradition. Carl Sandburg's American Song-Bag and Lomax's Our Singing Country have versions of this song, while the middle "floating verse" about the scolding wife is given in The Brown Collection. Here again, as in "Tom Dooley," the first verse is repeated as a chorus after each verse.

I'm gwine down to town.
I'm gwine down to town.
I'm gwine down to Lynchburg Town
To tote my tobacco down.

Wish I had a big black horse,
Saddle and some corn,
Pretty little girl to stay at home
And feed him when I'm gone.

Now, if I had a scoldin' wife,
Shore as you are born,
Tote her down to New Orleans
And trade her off for corn.

I'm gonna get some sticks and sand
To make my chimney higher,
Keep that doggoned old tomcat
From puttin' out my fire.

10. Jolly Rovin' Tar

This song of the sea came from "Grammy" Fish of New Hampshire, who said she had learned it many years ago from an old man who used to sail on a whaler. Another version of the song, called "Get Up Jack; John Sit Down," is given by John and Allen Lomax in American Ballads and Folk Songs. In their notes, they say the song was "sung and written down by John Thomas, a Welsh sailor on the Philadelphia in 1896."

The ships may come and ships may go,
As long as the sea doth roll.
Each sailor lad just like his dad
He loves the flowin' bowl.
A trip ashore he does adore
With a girl that's plump and round.
When his money's gone, it's the same old song:
"Get up, Jack -- John, set down."

Chorus:

Come along, come along,
Yau jolly brave boys,
There's lots of grog in the jar.
We'll plow the briny ocean
With the jolly ravin' tar.

When Jack gets in, it's then he steers
For same old boardin' house.
He's welcomed in with rum and gin,
They feed him on pork souse.
He'll lend and spend and not offend,
Till he lies drunk on the ground.
When his money's gone, it's the same old song:
"Get up, Jack -- John, set down."

He then will ship aboard some ship
Far India or Japan.
In Asia there the ladies fair
All love the sailor man.
He'll go ashore and on a tear
And buy some girl a gown.
When his money's gone, it's the same old song:
"Get up, Jack -- John, set down."

When Jack gets old and weather-beat,
Too old to roam about,
It's then he'll stop in some rum shop,
Till eight bells calls him out.
He'll raise his eyes up to the skies
Sayin', "Boys, we're homeward bound!
When your money's gone, it's the same old song:
Get up, Jack -- John, set down."

11. The Unreconstructed Rebel

Naturally I have saved my very favorite song for last, and this is it. This bitter and uncompromising song was taught me many years ago by my uncle, and it has remained my favorite though many others fallowed. Its spirit, courage, irascibility, and bravery in the face of overwhelming odds have made it the easiest to remember and the most fun to sing myself. The song was written as a poem by Innes Randolph, a member of the Confederate Army who went on to a position on the Baltimore American. The poem took the public's fancy during the embittered days of Reconstruction, and it was everywhere altered whenever necessary to make it fit the particular memories and background of a certain singer. This version, which is one of five that Frank Warner has unearthed, is from Hillsboro, North Carolina.

I'm a good ol' rebel soldier
And that's just what I am.
And for this Yankee nation,
I do not give a damn!
I hate the Starry Banner,
It's stained with Southern blood.
And I hate the pizen' Yankees,
And I fit 'em all I could.

I followed ol' Marse Robert
For fo' years near about.
Got wounded at Manassas
And starved at Point Lookout.
I catch the rheumatism
From fightin' in the snow,
But I kilt a chanct of Yankees,
And I wisht I'd a' kilt some mo'!

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Are stiff in Southern dust.
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot.
And I wish't we'd a got three million
Instead of what we got!

I hate the Yankee nation
And the uniform of blue.
I hate the regulations
Of this great Republic too.
I hate the Freedmen's Bureau
With all its mess and fuss.
Oh, the thievin', lyin' Yankees --
I hate 'em wuss and wuss!

I cain't pick up my musket
To fight 'em any mo'.
But I ain't gonna love 'em,
And that is certain sho'.
And I don't want no pardon
For what I've done or am,
And I won't be reconstructed
And I do not give a damn!

Alan Lomax has said: "When Frank Warner picks up his homemade banjo and throws back his head and lets go, you hear the people of the frontier singing. You can lean back and he will take you to the sandy lowlands of the Carolina coast, to the far reaches of the blue Smokies, or to a rough bunkhouse in the lumber woods. Listen to Frank -- he's a big hunk of America singing."

And Carl Sandburg: "I consider Frank Warner perhaps the best singer of folk songs in America."

THE DECEMBER 1962 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society met on Friday, December 7, 1962, 2 P.M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, President Richard Walser presiding. The public program was well attended.

Miss Joan Moser, of Brevard College, gave an illustrated talk on "Norwegian Folk Musical Instruments," using specimen instruments, projected pictures, and tape recordings brought from Norway after her year in that country as a Fulbright Fellow.

Author of Songs of the Carolina Charter Colonists, 1663-1763, recently published by the Carolina Tercentenary Commission, Arthur Palmer Hudson briefly described songs and dances known to have been extant during the period, and introduced Miss Guerry Matthews and Daniel Brack, University of North Carolina students, who sang examples of the songs.

Obay Ramsey, banjoist and folksinger, and Tommy Hunter, guitarist, both from Madison County, North Carolina, presented "Songs of the French Broad River," an attractive group of songs and ballads from their native region, including one of Mr. Ramsey's own compositions.

An unusual feature of the meeting was the exhibit, in The Virginia Dare Ballroom, of oil portraits of "North Carolina Folk Heroes" -- Elisha Mitchell, Tom Wilson, Zebulon B. Vance, and Thomas Wolfe -- by Artus M. Moser, of Swannanoa, a folklorist of distinction and a former president of the Society.

Officers were elected for 1963: President, Earl H. Hartsell, Chapel Hill; Vice Presidents, John D. F. Phillips and Miss Ruth Jewell, Raleigh; Secretary-Treasurer, A. P. Hudson, Chapel Hill.

Before going out of office, President Walser appointed the officers for 1963 and J. D. Clark as a committee to consider plans for celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Society in 1963.

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE



ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

A HISTORY OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY,

T. Barry Buemann

A Publication of
THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY and
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL
Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Earl H. Hartsell, Chapel Hill, President

John D. F. Phillips, Raleigh, 1 Vice President

Ruth Jewell, Raleigh, 2 Vice President

A. P. Hudson, Chapel Hill, Secretary-Treasurer

The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1913, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill, Chairman

Isaac G. Greer, Chapel Hill, Vice Chairman

Manly Wade Wellman, Chapel Hill, Secretary

The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

A HISTORY OF
THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

By T. Barry Buermann

Editor's Foreword

The Golden Jubilee of the North Carolina Folklore Society might appropriately have been celebrated in 1962, on the fiftieth anniversary of a meeting, in Raleigh in the fall of 1912, of interested persons to consider plans to form a state folklore society. But the actual formation of the Society -- the adoption of a constitution and bylaws, the election of officers, and the formulation of a program -- did not take place until March, 1913. (A second meeting was held on November 24, 1913.) Hence the decision to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary in 1963.

The occasion is being celebrated in two main ways. (1) The public program of the fifty-second meeting of the Society at 2 P.M., December 6, 1963, includes a paper by Professor Joseph D. Clark, "Fifty Years of the North Carolina Folklore Society," and a talk by Dr. W. Amos Abrams, "I Knew Frank C. Brown." (2) A history of the Society is being offered in abbreviated form in the present issue of North Carolina Folklore.

The writer of "A History of the North Carolina Folklore Society," to follow, is Mr. T. Barry Buermann, now at the University of Illinois. A native of St. Louis and a graduate of St. Louis University, Mr. Buermann entered the Graduate School of the University of North Carolina as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow in English in the fall of 1960. His primary interest came to be medieval English language and literature, and he did excellent work in all of his courses, including one in British and American ballads and folksongs taught by me. When he asked me to direct him in a folklore project, I suggested that he prepare an index to the journal North Carolina Folklore. Mr. Buermann did so, and I published "An Analytical Index to North Carolina Folklore, Vols. 1-8" in North Carolina Folklore, IX, 3 (December 1961), 1-59. He then decided to prepare, also under my direction, a history of the Society, and set about that task. While he was engaged in this, a University of North Carolina specialist in the field of his major interest accepted an offer from the University of Illinois, and Mr. Buermann followed him to that institution. Mr. Buermann decided to complete the history project. He has done so.

"A History of the North Carolina Folklore Society," which follows, as a whole consists of a narrative in four chapters, with full documentation and bibliography; an appendix A, comprising a consolidated list of members of the Society, 1913-1963; and an appendix B, composed of a bibliography of folkloristic writings by members of the Society. The "Analytical Index," referred to above, may be regarded as a sort of third appendix.

I deeply regret that the financial condition of the Society makes it impractical to publish more than the narrative text of this "History," without complete footnotes and bibliography and without the appendices mentioned above. The omitted portions may be found in copies of "A History of the North Carolina Folklore Society," by T. Barry Buermann, deposited in the Library of the University of North Carolina.

Newman I. White's "General Introduction" to The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, I (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1952), 12-28, may be consulted for further information.

A. P. H.

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS

Fifty years ago, during the early months of 1913, the following notice arrived in the homes of many North Carolina citizens:

The Committee an Organization
of the
NORTH CAROLINA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
urgently requests you to become a charter member
by sending in your name before March 20.

Eighty-five interested persons responded to that call, and in the spring, on Easter Monday, March 24, 1913, the first of many annual meetings was held in no less important a place than the Senate chamber of the North Carolina General Assembly at Raleigh. This meeting formally established the North Carolina Folklore Society, and approximately sixty people were present to adopt the society's constitution.

The seed for this society, which bloomed so enthusiastically on that spring Monday, was actually planted in the previous fall. Frank C. Brown, acting on the request of John A. Lomax, President of the American Folklore Society, undertook in North Carolina to organize a folklore group that was to be a branch of the American Folklore Society. He asked forty professors in the colleges of the state to attend a meeting in Raleigh on December 4, 1912, to consider possible plans with that aim. Practically all the colleges of the state were represented by members of their faculties, or by letters expressing the writers' desire to cooperate in the plan. Those attending this preliminary meeting were eager, and they planned the first annual meeting for the spring. They also appointed Professors Frank C. Brown, Tom Peete Cross, and James F. Rayster as a committee to solicit members, to write the constitution and bylaws, and to plan a program for the first meeting.

Supporting Frank C. Brown in his project were several folklorists from the American Folklore Society, whose membership was almost not at all connected geographically with the Tar Heel State. In the years 1911-1913, the only North Carolinian who was a member of the American Folklore Society was Mrs. J. B. Havre, from High Point, North Carolina. Surprisingly enough, however, Mrs. Havre did not become a member of the North Carolina branch when it formed. The American Folklore Society was at this time experiencing financial and membership needs similar to those with which the North Carolina Folklore Society has itself been acquainted from time to time. In 1912 the editor of the national society, Franz Boas, advocated a stronger effort to increase membership in order to finance a larger journal. He also pointed out the need to obtain material on Negro folklore. These two considerations probably prompted President Lomax to instigate an organization of folklorists in North Carolina. He himself, three years earlier, had recognized these same needs in his home state of Texas and had organized the Texas branch of the American Folklore Society, with a membership of sixty-six persons. The interest of the American Folklore Society in this North Carolina branch is evident also from the plans of its vice-president, George Lyman Kittredge, one of the most distinguished scholars in America, to deliver an address on folklore at the first meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society. Unfortunately and unavoidably, he was not able to reach the meeting in time. With reciprocal interest, Article IX of the new constitution stated that one of the obligations of the Carolina members was to see that the Journal of American Folklore had "as wide circulation in the State as possible."

These close ties with a folklore society whose members were predominantly from the Boston and Cambridge areas of Massachusetts did not prevent the citizens of North Carolina from recognizing the worth and importance of their own state heritage. Notable people from all areas of life immediately perceived the benefits of preserving North Carolina folklore with which many of them had grown up.

Those who became charter members naturally included most of those forty college professors who organized the first meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society. Among these educators and others who also became charter members were many distinguished persons.

Robert D. W. Connor was an outstanding figure in North Carolina historiography and historical activities. He taught in secondary schools for eight years and then became Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, which was founded largely through his efforts, and which became, under his direction, one of the most effective agencies of the sort in the United States. Mr. Connor was associated with the commission when the North Carolina Folklore Society began. He was Kenan Professor of History and Government at the University of North Carolina from 1921 to 1934. His was also the honor of becoming the first Archivist of the United States. He later returned to Chapel Hill to become Craige Professor of Jurisprudence and History, serving in that capacity until his death in 1950. His book Cornelius Harnett: An Essay in North Carolina History won him the Patterson Memorial Cup in 1910. Archibald Henderson, one of the few charter members still living, is also Kenan Professor of Mathematics at the University of North Carolina. In 1920 he became head of his department, and since 1948 has been Kenan Professor Emeritus. Besides being a mathematician, he is also one of the world's foremost authorities on George Bernard Shaw. Professor Henderson's published output includes more than fifty books or parts of books plus hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles, pamphlets, and tracts. The only authorized biography of Shaw, his George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works, in 1911 received the Patterson Memorial Cup. Professor Marcus C. S. Noble was Kenan Professor Emeritus in Education from 1934 to his death in 1942. In addition, Professor Noble was Dean of the School of Education and, before teaching in Chapel Hill, was the first superintendent of public schools at Wilmington, North Carolina. His History of the Public Schools in North Carolina won the Mayflower Society Cup in 1931. Another interesting professor at Chapel Hill was Collier Cobb, an outstanding geologist who studied and wrote about moving sands, coast lines, and soils along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the North Pacific Ocean.

Of course, not all the important professors who were interested in folklore were from Chapel Hill. Benjamin F. Sledd taught modern languages and English at Wake Forest College for over fifty years. He also produced several volumes of poetry. Thomas W. Lingle, after being President of Blackburn College at Carlinville, Illinois, from 1904 to 1908, was a professor of history at Davidson College until his death in 1937. During World War I he took time from his teaching to perform welfare service with the Tenth French Army near Verdun, for which he was decorated by the French Minister of War. Jay B. Hubbell, another charter member who is still living, is a professor of American Literature. He taught at Wake Forest College and has become Emeritus Professor of American Literature at Duke University, where he taught for over twenty-five years. He has contributed to numerous literary publications, and he received the Mayflower Society Cup in 1955 for his book The South in American Literature, 1607-1900. Tom Peete Cross, after he taught at Chapel Hill in 1912 and 1913, was a professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Chicago for many years. Among his interesting publications in folklore are "Witchcraft in North Carolina" and his important Motif-Index of Early Irish Literature. John Matthews Manly was a distinguished professor of English at various universities for over fifty years. He headed the English Department at the University of Chicago for thirty-five years. He wrote many books and articles on English drama and other literature. For his and Edith Rickert's eight-volume work The Text of the Canterbury Tales, he received the Sir Israel Gollancz biennial prize from the British Academy. James Y. Joyner, after first becoming a lawyer, showed his versatility by teaching English at the State Normal and Industrial College of North Carolina for nine years, then by becoming Superintendent of Public Instruction for North Carolina for seventeen years until 1919. At this time, Professor Joyner further showed his wide range of interests and resigned to engage in tobacco farming: from 1921 until his death in 1956 he was President of the North Carolina Tobacco Growers' Association. Lest the impression be given that only important male professors responded to the North Carolina Folklore Society's invitation to become a charter member, Elizabeth A. Calton should be mentioned. She was a professor of English at Meredith College in Raleigh and the author of many works on the education of women, especially in Southern colleges.

In addition to distinguished teachers, the first members of the North Carolina Folklore Society also included prominent college administrators. At the University of North Carolina, C. Alphonso Smith, a professor of English, became Dean of the Graduate School before he moved to the University of Virginia as Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English and, later, to the United States Naval Academy as Head of its English Department. Edward V. Howell was Dean of his School of Pharmacy at the University of North Carolina for over fifty years. Nathan W. Walker, after being Superintendent of Public Schools at Asheboro and the State High School Inspector for North Carolina for over ten years, became Dean of the School of Education at Chapel Hill. At North Carolina State College, Thomas P. Harrison was Professor of English and Dean for twenty-five years. At the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, William C. Smith was Dean of the College of Liberal Arts for many years. One early member of the society, who, apparently by some mistake, did not become enrolled as a charter member, should be mentioned here. James F. Royster was one of the committee of three professors who organized the North Carolina Folklore Society. Besides writing several books on the English language and literature, he was Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and then Dean of the Graduate School at Chapel Hill.

Seven of the charter members were or became college presidents. Charles Lee Smith was President of Mercer University in Georgia before he became a director and, later, President of Edwards and Broughton Publishing Company in Raleigh, North Carolina, until his death in 1951. William A. Harper, besides being the author of many books on religion and education, was President of Elon College. Daniel H. Hill was President of North Carolina College of Agriculture and Engineering until 1916, when he resigned to accede to the request of the State Confederate Veterans Association to write a history of North Carolina during the Civil War. Henry J. Stockard, a poet who was inspired by the traditions of North Carolina, was also President of Peace Institute at Raleigh. William L. Poteat was President of Wake Forest College for over twenty years. His first interest was teaching biology, and he wrote The New Peace, a book on science and religion, for which he received the Patterson Memorial Cup in 1915. Duke University has had two presidents who were charter members of the North Carolina Folklore Society. At the time of the society's inception, William P. Few was President of Duke University, then called Trinity College, and held that position for thirty years. When President Few died in 1940, Robert L. Flowers assumed the presidency until 1948, when he became Chancellor.

Professor Frank C. Brown, because of his roles both as founder and as the moving force of the North Carolina Folklore Society for thirty years, deserves a separate discussion. For thirty years as Secretary-Treasurer of the Society until his death in 1943, he arranged the programs for annual meetings, managed the finances and physical details of meetings, corresponded with folklore collectors everywhere, and busily collected massive amounts of folklore, himself. For instance, in two and one-half months in 1939 he traveled 2500 miles in the mountains of North Carolina and recorded 225 songs. During his years of teaching English at Duke University, he eventually became head of his department. But, more than the average scholar, Dr. Brown was also a man of affairs. For many years he was a sort of general consultant and executive officer for most of the university's general social and ceremonial functions. During the years when Trinity College was being transformed into Duke University, he was the principal link between the institution and its architects. Hundreds and thousands of details of land purchase, labor management, public relations, and of securing equipment for laboratories, dormitories, theatres, and classrooms passed through his hands as comptroller. In view of Professor Brown's extreme dedication to Duke University, to folklore, and to the North Carolina Folklore Society, the following tribute, enthusiastically given him during a nomination speech for Secretary-Treasurer, contains more truth than humor: "Ladies and gentlemen, our Secretary-Treasurer is a regular steam engine in pants."

Although the founding membership was predominantly composed of educators, other areas of life were well represented by important charter members. In fact, nearly fifty per cent of the original members have been included in Who's Who in America. Of these, many were ministers, lawyers, statesmen, authors, and business men.

The Rev. Hight C. Moore, ordained to the Baptist ministry, was pastor of churches in Morehead City, Winston-Salem, and New Bern. He was very active, and often an officer, in the Southern Baptist Convention. Not only did he edit the Biblical Recorder in Raleigh from 1908 to 1917, but he also wrote many books on religion and North Carolina. The Rev. Marion T. Plyler was ordained a minister in 1892 in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was pastor of churches in seven different North Carolina communities and, during the years the folklore society was being formed, was Presiding Elder of the Elizabeth City District of North Carolina. Besides being Editor and Manager of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, he wrote several historical biographies of religious men. The Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire, Sr., became Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina upon the death of Bishop Lyman in 1893. He wrote numerous books on the history of the Episcopal Church in North Carolina, and his autobiography, Nonnulla, contains much folklore in its many stories and traditions about North Carolina.

In the field of politics, many lawyers were interested in preserving the traditions of North Carolina. In New York, the very prominent lawyer George Gordon Battle, who had been born on Cool Spring Plantation in Edgecombe County in North Carolina, joined the society. J. Bryan Grimes, the Secretary of State for North Carolina from 1900 to 1924, was a member. On the national governmental level, Frederick A. Woodard served in the United States House of Representatives from 1893 to 1897. Josephus Daniels, besides being Editor of the Raleigh News and Observer for more than half a century, accepted the high national offices of Secretary of the Navy for President Wilson during World War I and of Ambassador to Mexico from 1933 to 1942. He wrote many books dealing with Woodrow Wilson, the United States Navy, and his diplomatic experiences. For his writings he received the Patterson Memorial Cup in 1922 and the Mayflower Society Cup in 1945.

Other important writers included Charles L. Van Noppen and Richard T. Wyche. The former was an author of poetry and translator of Dutch literature, about which he lectured at various universities. In fact, the Dutch universities appointed him as their "literary ambassador" to American universities. Richard T. Wyche was professionally a storyteller for over forty years. Besides lecturing at universities, he was a co-founder and an editor of Story Tellers' Magazine.

Business also had important representatives among those North Carolina citizens interested in folklore. James H. Southgate was important in the banking and insurance business for thirty-five years. In 1896 he had the honor of being the candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the National Prohibition ticket. Julian S. Carr, a general in the Civil War when he fought in Barringer's Brigade of Hampton's Corps, was President of the Bull Durham Tobacco Company, of the First National Bank of Durham, and of the Ormond Mining Company. George W. Watts, who started as a traveling salesman for the tobacco house of G. S. Watts & Company in Baltimore, aided in organizing the firm of W. Duke, Sons, and Company in Durham and thus became a partner. His firm joined the American Tobacco Company in 1890. Subsequently, he also became President of Pearl Cotton Mills and director of a railroad and of steel and chemical companies. In these important positions, he became very active in philanthropic enterprises and charitable organizations.

Such, then, was the impressive character of the membership of the North Carolina Folklore Society fifty years ago. Leaders in every professional area showed their patriotic interest in the traditions of their native state. Truly, the list of charter members, owing to the efforts of Frank C. Brown and his small committee on organization, appears to be more like a 1913 social register and directory of important citizens for the Tar Heel State than merely a brand-new society's membership roster.

CHAPTER II

GROWING PAINS AND DEVELOPMENT

The first meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society in March of 1913 established patterns and traditions that have lasted for fifty years. At that time, members elected the first of many officers: President, Frank C. Brown; First Vice-President, Haywood Parker; Second Vice-President, George W. Lay; Third Vice-President, O. W. Blacknall; and Secretary-Treasurer, James F. Royster. An important change in the officers, however, occurred after this first meeting:

"Professor Royster, who had not been present when the officers were elected, declined to serve as Secretary-Treasurer of the Society; in accord with Article VII and with full consent of all concerned, the Council then elected Professor James F. Royster President and Frank C. Brown Secretary-Treasurer."

Since the office of Secretary-Treasurer involved the greatest number of duties, including the important control of the records, finances, and especially of the folklore that was to be collected by the society and its members, it was fortunate that Frank C. Brown, the founder of the society and later the most important collector of folklore in the society, should have been compelled to accept the office of Secretary-Treasurer. For thirty years in that office, he directed and unified the work of the society he had founded. Other officers have frequently changed during the last fifty years. For 1963, the officers are Earl H. Hartsell, President; John D. F. Phillips, First Vice-President; Ruth Jewell, Second Vice-President; and Arthur Palmer Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer (an office he has held for twenty years).

The first meeting also established the form that later meetings would take. The Organization Committee in 1913 had recommended that a "literary part" of the program of the first meeting precede the adoption of the newly-drawn constitution, the election of officers, and other business matters. Accordingly, in 1913, the following program entertained and instructed those present:

"The Uses of Words in Different Parts of the State and Some Legends"
----- T. M. Pitman

"Witchcraft in the Mountains of Virginia" ----- Benjamin Sledd

"Magic"-----Tom Peete Cross

"Some Early Settlements of Moors and Greeks along the Coast of North Carolina
and Some Legends Emanating Therefrom" ----- Collier Cobb

For fifty years, a program designed for the entertainment and instruction of an audience interested in folklore has preceded the business section of the annual meetings. In December of 1962, the most recent meeting continued that precedent. The popular program has likewise continued to include, on the average, four interesting presentations of folklore. Unfortunately, the society has not required its members to submit copies of their lectures for the records. But many of the lectures and recitals appear very interesting merely on the bases of their titles and of their composers. For example, in the 1958 meeting Donald MacDonald, the chieftain of Clan MacDonald in the Carolinas, presented a lively program of "Our Scottish-American Heritage." This included a variety of Scottish songs, dances, and bagpipe music from North Carolina. In 1927, another unusually interesting program of folklore was given. OaKeNanTon (Running Deer of the Mohawks), the great Indian baritone who had sung before appreciative audiences in London and in many continental cities, sang and interpreted in his native dress the folksongs of the Mohawks. Most of the programs have been well balanced between exhibitions of folklore and the more scholarly presentations of university professors. Usually, a folk singer was present with his guitar or banjo to give firsthand evidence of folksongs. Dr.

Brown, however, seldom participated in the literary program, although his extensive work of collecting folklore certainly would have warranted such appearances. He did read, in 1923, a paper entitled "Discussion of North Carolina Folk Songs" and, in 1929, a paper on "Treasure Hunting in North Carolina."

The society's annual meetings have always been held in Raleigh, North Carolina. The second meeting was only eight months after that first meeting in the Senate chamber on March 24, 1913. For this November meeting, however, the society moved into the Hall of the House of Representatives, evidently in order to have more space for its growing audiences. All the meetings have been open to the general public. On December 2, 1914, the third annual meeting so crowded the Hall of the House of Representatives that many persons were forced to stand. Since this third meeting, the North Carolina Folklore Society has almost always held its meetings in conjunction with the meetings of the State Literary and Historical Association. In one year, however, none of the state societies met in Raleigh. In 1918 a serious influenza epidemic raged throughout North Carolina during the autumn and winter, the usual time for the society's meeting. Thus, the officers held their positions until the next year and no dues were collected. Yet every other year the society has met in the autumn. The meeting place has shifted back to the Senate chamber now and then. But in 1923 the society left the legislative halls of the state Capitol and held its meetings at Meredith College and the Women's Club Building until 1927, when the meetings began to be held at the Sir Walter Hotel. Here they have continued each year, except for occasional excursions to the Carolina Hotel and to the Women's Club Building.

Although the early meetings of the society established traditions that have lasted until the present, still the North Carolina Folklore Society has grown and developed within these patterns. The constitution of the society states that "the Society shall have for its object the study of Folk-Lore, and especially the preservation by collection and publication of the popular folk-lore of our State." The story of the North Carolina Folklore Society is essentially one of gradually achieving these goals.

Whereas each meeting's popular program partially attained these goals by presenting folklore for entertainment and study, Frank C. Brown tirelessly worked toward the publication aims of the North Carolina Folklore Society. The newly-adopted constitution had even suggested that a volume entitled Annual Proceedings of the North Carolina Folklore Society, which would include folklore materials, should be published each year. By the end of 1913, Frank C. Brown had collected "a very considerable mass of folklore . . . by means of the circulars of information, personal effort, and through the medium of the newspapers." At the following annual meeting, the society unanimously endorsed a recommendation that the society should undertake to publish a volume of North Carolina Folklore containing the material collected up to that time. In consequence of problems of various magnitudes, that volume of North Carolina Folklore did not come into existence until the publication of the first volume of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore nearly forty years later, in 1952.

At the 1914 meeting, Dr. Brown was very intent upon immediate publication. He had sent more than a thousand letters to enlist support for the publication of a volume of folklore. He received 175 responses, all saying, "Publish the volume by all means," and all subscribing in advance. The plans were definite enough to prescribe "a royal octavo volume bound in best art cloth in the state colors with white backbone and having on the side the Great Seal of the State stamped in gold." In 1915 the Publication Committee of the North Carolina Folklore Society named Frank C. Brown as editor of such a volume and directed him to edit the manuscripts and to publish the volume "in such form as his judgment directed."

Dr. Brown was somewhat of a perfectionist. He was quite proud, at each subsequent meeting, to announce how many more items had been added to make the volume of folklore more complete. At the same time, he kept promising an early appearance of the publication. In 1916, he announced, "I feel confident now that I shall be able to get the whole copy in

the hands of the printer this year." Yet in 1917 he said, "We might have rushed into the publication of our collection a year or more ago, but since we shall hardly be able to publish another volume of any pretentious size and form in many years, if ever, it has seemed wise to all whom I have consulted that we should wait until we could capture as many as possible of the rare airs to the ballads and other songs in our possession." He pleaded at this time for a recording machine with which to accomplish this task. General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, generously donated an Ediphone to the society by the time of the next meeting in 1919. For many years after that, Dr. Brown himself collected folklore and solicited folklore collected by other organizations and individuals. For instance, The Trinity College Folklore Society and The Arran Society pledged all the folklore they collected to the North Carolina Folklore Society. But Dr. Brown no longer promised any deadlines for the completion of his work, even though the importance of publication was not forgotten. Year by year, he added more to his collection and reported to the society the new items and areas of North Carolina folklore which he was accumulating.

Furthermore, Dr. Brown was more inclined to collect folklore than to publish it. Newman I. White makes this quite clear when he quotes a personal letter from Dr. Brown:

"When I try to write an article I almost invariably lose interest in it before I get my notes copied. My interest is at fever heat in making an outline and in making a rough draft, but as soon as this has been made, somehow my interest lags and I almost become sick when I feel that it is necessary to tear the thing to pieces and rewrite it."

Dr. Brown's procrastination caused several out-of-state members to forsake the society because they had not received their promised publications. In addition, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds withdrew a gift of \$500 which she had made for editorial purposes. As a final result, Dr. Brown's collection of unpublished folklore outlived its collector. In 1941 Dr. Brown was ill enough not to be able to attend the society's annual meeting. This illness preceded a very severe attack of pneumonia. In Dr. Brown's words, "I did not take time to recuperate after my attack and consequently had considerable trouble in bringing myself to something like normal during the summer." As a result of this illness and of his seventy-three years of age, Frank C. Brown passed away June 3, 1943.

If Dr. Brown lacked the virtue of speed in his work, he certainly did not lack accuracy and completeness. Any bad effects which his delay in publication had upon the North Carolina Folklore Society were minimized by the monumental mass of folklore he had collected and categorized. His material now fills seven large volumes of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. From the very first year of the society, he was vigorously traveling about the state and gleaning what folklore he could from its native citizens. Summers were his favorite time for collecting. In 1936 Dr. Brown spent a large part of the summer collecting as he covered 1200 miles in seventeen counties of the state. John A. Lomax, who in 1912 as president of the American Folklore Society had asked Dr. Brown to form the North Carolina society, was the Curator of the Archive of American Song at the Library of Congress. Dr. Brown says that Mr. Lomax was with him during a large part of July:

"We were able to make some very interesting aluminum records; during the other part of the time, I used my own machine with wax cylinders. Records add very greatly to the use of one's material because one can reproduce the actual tones of voice, words, and pronunciation."

Dr. Brown expresses his desire, in this same letter, to buy a recording machine. He afterwards did so. This new machine, an improvement over the Ediphone, helped Dr. Brown on many summer collecting tours after this date. In the summer of 1939, he "covered something over two thousand miles of mountain roads . . . [and] was able to make 225 recordings, which represent some very rare songs." Between 1939 and 1942 Dr. Brown thus went on numerous collecting trips with his new machine. This activity appears especially ironic when

one notes that in 1939 Dr. Brown was actually preparing his material for publication. He was marking items to be copied; in the summers of 1941 and 1942, he was sending his materials to his secretary to be copied. Yet, at this very time, "he was riding joyously about the mountains recording songs and getting better versions of songs recorded years before."

As early as 1932, Dr. Brown's enthusiasm for collecting had changed his point of view toward the North Carolina Folklore Society. In the early years of the society, the folklore collected and to be published belonged to the society and its members. They had a right, which Dr. Brown recognized, to study this material in some kind of publication. Yet, as Dr. Brown collected more, he came to view this folklore as his personal collection, to be published when, in his judgment, it was sufficiently ready. In 1932, Dr. Brown was warned that younger members of the society seemed to be planning a coup because of their dissatisfaction with Dr. Brown's lack of progress in publication. They wanted to index his materials and place them, out of his hands, in the archives of the North Carolina Historical Commission for all to see. Dr. Brown's answer showed that "he regarded a large part of the collection as due solely to his own efforts, and therefore not public property." He wrote, "I am quite sure that I am not going to give up my materials to anybody." Following years show Dr. Brown's survival of this attempted rebellion; he continued as Secretary-Treasurer to collect and collect without any publication.

Dr. Brown's death in 1943 was a grave crisis for the North Carolina Folklore Society in several respects. Dr. Brown, in his continuous office as Secretary-Treasurer, had really become the director of the society's activities. New officers turned to him for advice and guidance. The resolutions adopted in December of 1943 memorializing Dr. Brown estimated his importance to the society: "He may justly be called the chief activating principle of the Society." The members recorded their "deep sense of loss."

Fortunately, George P. Wilson had remained the President of the society since 1938, and possessed the experience with the society to help it through this time of trial. But even Professor Wilson was fearful for the society:

"Dr. Brown's death will result in a falling away of quite a number of members of the Society. To fill up this lacuna, we should make an effort to secure other members. I suggest that every person interested in folklore try to induce persons to join and to come to the meetings. I know that some new members will come in. But whether the converts will be equal to the backsliders, I do not know."

The letter announcing the December meeting in 1943 concurred in this fear. The notice stated that, unless the members took an interested and active part in the society, "it will languish and finally die."

This fear for the North Carolina Folklore Society continued into 1944. R. E. Currin expressed the attitude of most members that the society was in danger of becoming defunct: "The thanks of all North Carolinians are due you gentlemen [the officers of the society] who are taking so much interest in keeping alive the Folklore Society."

Furthermore, although Dr. Brown had stated his desire that his collection be published, his material, one of the main reasons for the existence of the society, was still unedited. With Dr. Brown's death, there was a strong possibility that it would never be published.

This time of crisis in the North Carolina Folklore Society demanded someone to assume Dr. Brown's duties as "director" of the society. That need was filled in part by the second Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folklore Society, Arthur Palmer Hudson, who has subsequently shown his aptitude for this position by remaining in office for twenty years. Upon his arrival at Chapel Hill in 1930 from the University of Mississippi, Dr. Hudson joined the North Carolina Folklore Society. For four consecutive years prior to Dr. Brown's death, Dr. Hudson had been a vice-president of the society. In this position, his friendship with

Dr. Brown and his knowledge of the affairs of the society increased. Dr. Hudson appeared on the literary programs of 1938, with a paper entitled "Onomastica Aethiopica, or, The Science of Naming Negro Babies," and of 1941, with a paper simply entitled "Riddles." In the late summer of 1943, George P. Wilson, then President of the society, wrote to Dr. Hudson, requesting that he assume the position of Secretary-Treasurer. All the other officers of the society had voted unanimously with Professor Wilson in favor of Dr. Hudson. Professor Wilson also wrote that Dr. Hudson's nomination was urged by "one other person, a very prominent authority in folklore." Dr. Hudson capitulated reluctantly to his fellow officers' wishes on September 28 of 1943 and has held his office continuously since that date.

The selection of a new Secretary-Treasurer, however, was just one of the problems to be solved during this crisis. Dr. Brown's collection of folklore still had to be published. This project, if pursued, also would give the members of the society a sense of continuity in the society's work--a continuity seemingly broken by Dr. Brown's death. The problem of publication had in part been foreseen by Dr. Brown. Professor Newman I. White, his long-time friend and colleague, wrote:

"In the spring of 1943 Dr. Brown, then in good health, had asked me to attend to the publication, so far as practicable, in case I survived him. After his death the three most interested parties--Mrs. Brown, the North Carolina Folklore Society, and Duke University--asked me to proceed according to a general plan I had suggested."

In short, the plan was to publish The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, the folklore collected by Dr. Frank C. Brown during the years 1912 to 1943 in collaboration with the North Carolina Folklore Society, of which he was Secretary-Treasurer 1913-1943.

At the 1943 December meeting of the society this plan and the selection and acceptance of Professor White as General Editor were approved. Professor White, present at this meeting, was introduced, and he outlined his plans and problems. The material, which Dr. Brown had estimated would fill a thousand pages of print, Dr. White judged to be large enough for four separate volumes. Volumes I and II would include ballads and folk songs; Volume III would present tales, games, and sayings; and Volume IV would comprise folk customs and beliefs. His work was twofold. He had to classify, index, and copy the material which Dr. Brown had left, and he had to choose editors for the different areas of folklore. Toward these purposes, he sent out a form letter asking for advice about the methods and details of his editorial work and, especially, about possible editors for individual volumes in the collection. Duke University, because of its respect for Dr. Brown's work, guaranteed in 1943 to publish the collection, although as late as 1948 Dr. White was "seeking a more advantageous publication by a commercial publisher. The manuscript, so far, has been considered and regretfully declined by four commercial publishers." These publishers told Dr. White that "the heavy expense of the publication cannot be justified by the anticipated sales." Thus, Duke University assumed the publishing responsibilities of this projected four-volume collection.

The publication of this collection, however, has taken almost as long a time as Dr. Brown did to collect the folklore. At the 1947 meeting Dr. White reported that the first volume was ready for publication and that the remaining three volumes would be ready by 1949. Before the 1948 meeting, Dr. White reported that three volumes were ready for the printer, but that the last would require at least another year. Death, however, again claimed the editor of the North Carolina folklore collection. "Shortly after the meeting (1948) members of the society were shocked and grieved by news of the death of Newman I. White at Cambridge, Massachusetts [where he was doing research], on December 6." Hence, the publication of the collection was again delayed, although Dr. White had substantially organized the collection into the form that it would assume when it was later published.

Dr. Paul F. Baum, not a member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, but a colleague of both Doctors Brown and White at Duke University, was chosen for the General Editorship of the publication. In the 1949 December meeting, Dr. Baum's report on the collection was read

in his absence. The editors of Volume I desired to revise their work further. This volume now included games, rhymes, riddles, folk speech, proverbs, sayings, tales, and legends. In Dr. Baum's opinion, the other volumes were also not as ready for publication as Dr. White had said. He decided to divide the projected volume on ballads and songs into Volumes II and III. He also saw the need of a fifth volume for superstitions because Volume IV would now present the music to the texts in Volumes II and III. Dr. Baum predicted that the first three volumes would be printed in 1950.

The following year came and passed. Dr. Baum reported at the next annual meeting that, because of delays by the printers, the first three volumes would not be out until the end of 1951. In 1951, however, the members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, meeting in December, received, not the expected volumes, but a brochure from the Duke University Press announcing the publication of the first three volumes in the spring of 1952. These volumes did appear in the spring. In 1955, however, Dr. Baum realized that the music to Volumes II and III would also require two volumes as, some years earlier, the texts of the ballads and songs had required two volumes instead of one. Volume IV, The Music of the Ballads, was published in 1957. And Volume V, The Music of the Folk Songs, appeared in 1962. Meanwhile, the volume on superstitions had itself been enlarged to two volumes. In 1957, Volume IV of the collection announced this fact. Dr. Baum projected 1960 as the publication date for these last two volumes. Volume VI appeared in 1961, and Volume VII has not been published, even though Wayland D. Hand, the editor of these last two volumes, wrote Dr. Hudson in 1955 that he was "putting on the finishing touches right now."

Such is the stormy career of Dr. Brown's one volume of North Carolina folklore which he planned in 1914 and almost sent off to the printers in 1916. The resulting publication, so far, is as follows:

- Volume I. Paul G. Brewster, Archer Taylor, Bartlett Jere Whiting, George P. Wilson, and Stith Thompson (eds.). Games and Rhymes. Beliefs and Customs. Riddles. Proverbs. Speech. Tales and Legends. Durham, 1952.
- Volume II. Henry N. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson (eds.). Folk Ballads from North Carolina. Durham, 1952.
- Volume III. Henry N. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson (eds.). Folk Songs from North Carolina. Durham, 1952.
- Volume IV. Jan Philip Schinhan (ed.). The Music of the Ballads. Durham, 1957.
- Volume V. Jan Philip Schinhan (ed.). The Music of the Folk Songs. Durham, 1962.
- Volume VI. Wayland D. Hand (ed.). Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina, 1-4873. Durham, 1961.

Thus, folklore publication, stated as a desideratum in Article II of the North Carolina Folklore Society's Constitution, finally is reaching its goal.

Dr. Hudson, as Secretary-Treasurer, has not been reluctant to fulfill the publication aims of the society. When he assumed his office in 1943, he already had published eight articles and four books on folklore. He has perseveringly assisted in the publication of the Frank C. Brown Collection and, on his own initiative, has guided the North Carolina Folklore Society to other significant achievements in accord with the constitutional purposes of the society.

Dr. Hudson initiated a "News Letter" when he assumed his office of Secretary-Treasurer. These letters kept all the members, not just those who had attended the December meetings, informed about the affairs of the North Carolina Folklore Society. He was interested in

revitalizing the lagging support of the society's members. In the years 1943-1944, only twenty-five per cent of 300 members paid their dues! Erminie W. Voegelin, Editor of the Journal of American Folklore, in 1944 complimented Dr. Hudson on this new feature of the society: "The News-Letter bids fair to stimulate year-round interest in society affairs, and the idea is one which other state societies which lack publishing media might find attractive."

In February of 1945, Dr. Hudson's "News Letter" called the attention of the society's members to the advantages of joint membership in both the North Carolina Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society. Within a month, more than the minimum number of ten members joined both societies, and thus the North Carolina Folklore Society became an affiliate of that national society. The previous year's meeting had approved such an affiliation because of the advantages of associating with the national society, of having news and notices published in the Journal of American Folklore, and also of receiving that journal with a reduction in the dues which, without affiliation, the members would have to pay if they wished to belong to both societies. This privilege and affiliation were in effect for the members of the North Carolina Folklore Society through the year 1963.

As early as the 1944 and 1945 "News Letters" Dr. Hudson was contemplating the establishment of a periodical publication for the North Carolina Folklore Society. It will be remembered that the constitution of the society had expressed the hope that a volume of Annual Proceedings of the North Carolina Folklore Society would be published each year. Dr. Hudson writes of the need for:

"Publication of a little bulletin, journal, or sheet of notes and queries for circulation among the membership. Such a publication, by printing attractive bits of North Carolina folklore, questions and answers, and news items about the society's activities, would stimulate and sustain interest. Moreover, it would give each member something definite and tangible in return for his annual dues."

George P. Wilson, past President of the society, replied to Dr. Hudson's 1944 "News Letter" with his support: "I am heartily in favor of having a journal as our organ for the Folklore Society."

The question of the periodical was at this time overshadowed, however, by the urgency of publishing the Brown collection. In June of 1948, Hoyle S. Bruton did publish a small magazine called North Carolina Folklore with the moral support of the Folklore Council of the University of North Carolina. But the editor did not have sufficient financial backing and, in Dr. Hudson's words, the magazine "died a-borning." This first issue of North Carolina Folklore included an article on the significant initiation of the Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, also sponsored by the Folklore Council at the University. Although the North Carolina Folklore Society has never officially sponsored this activity, which has become a yearly high point of the state's folklore presentations, Dr. Hudson has always warmly approved its work.

The journal, which Hoyle S. Bruton tried to establish, remained alive in Dr. Hudson's mind. He writes to the members in 1953, "Is it desirable and practicable to establish some sort of publication? The treasury has accumulated a small reserve." He also stated that the "membership of the society has fallen off somewhat" and suggested that a periodical publication might help increase the society's membership. Dr. B. E. Washburn, among others, agreed with his suggestions. In the December 1953 meeting the society discussed the possibility of establishing a journal, but deferred decision until the next meeting. Meanwhile, Dr. Hudson exercised his leadership and put out a second issue of North Carolina Folklore before the next annual meeting.

As a result, the membership of the North Carolina Folklore Society increased substantially.

Furthermore, the December meeting approved the new publication and, for its support, voted to increase dues for non-students to two dollars, instead of one dollar, which had been the annual dues since the society's foundation in 1913. The new periodical was also received favorably by persons outside the state. Another publication, Western Folklore, from California, said of the newly-issued second volume of North Carolina Folklore, "The material is strictly North Carolinian and is well worth preserving." As a further result, other state folklore societies expressed desire to exchange their periodicals with North Carolina Folklore. Recently, North Carolina Folklore, issued twice a year since 1954, has assumed even greater scholarly prominence because of the publication of "An Analytical Index" to this periodical.

Dr. Hudson's emphasis upon publication has made the North Carolina Folklore Society nationally important. Not only has he furthered the society's goals of folklore study through publication, but he has helped save an organization which threatened to topple after Dr. Brown's death. Students and contributors of folklore, recognizing the increasing importance of the North Carolina Folklore Society, constantly correspond with the society's Secretary-Treasurer. For instance, members have given Dr. Hudson, in addition to much of the material he has published in North Carolina Folklore, such folklore items as children's rhymes, tales about ghosts and moon "signs" during the Civil War, and an "old ballad tune." Several North Carolinians have asked him for information about their native folklore, e.g., about ballads, about playing the dulcimer, and about local legends from the Outer Banks. The North Carolina Folklore Society's fame has even reached the attention of the National Folklore Agency of Egypt, which asked Dr. Hudson for information about the Tar Heel State's folklore society.

CHAPTER III

SIZE AND STRENGTH

The North Carolina Folklore Society should be justly proud of its membership since 1913. Starting with eighty-five charter members, the total membership for fifty years amounts to over nineteen hundred people. By 1921 the North Carolina Folklore Society had increased its membership to over three hundred persons, a high point in membership for any one year. After 1921, however, each year marked a gradual drop in membership until 1935, when the paying membership reached a historic low point of forty-five persons. Between 1935 and Dr. Brown's death in 1943 the paying membership never did increase to one hundred persons. Finally, in 1945 the membership "climbed above 100--for the first time in many years."

In 1947, however, after staying above one hundred in 1946, the membership dropped to ninety persons and threatened again to spiral downward. Fortunately, at this time, a generous gift of fifty dollars from Mrs. J. E. Latham in Greensboro saved the treasury from depletion. Yet, each of the years 1948 to 1953 marked a loss of a few members until the membership had dropped to seventy-three persons. Because of the appearance of Volume II of North Carolina Folklore and of the interest which this publication generated among North Carolina citizens, the membership jumped to 125 in 1954. Since this time the number of members in the society has grown steadily. In 1956, 140 members paid their dues; in 1960, the number was 155. The present membership amounts to 285 persons, institutions, and libraries. Only one other year in the society's fifty-year history had a larger membership than this. Just as the present year matches the large membership of the flourishing early years of the society, so "the [large] size of audiences attending the early meetings of the society in the State Capitol has often been matched in later years by those crowding the Virginia Dare Ballroom of the Sir Walter Hotel to its capacity of 400."

But more important than mere numbers is the high quality of that membership. The society has followed the impressive example of the original founders. Nearly two hundred members from various areas of life have had the distinction of being included in Who's Who in America. The distinction of others is indicated in still other ways.

Educators have continued to be the largest group of the society. Unfortunately, space will permit us to mention only some noteworthy professors who have shared their interest in their chosen academic fields with North Carolina folklore.

In the field of English, George R. Coffman was an important scholar who, as Kenan Professor, was head of the English Department at Chapel Hill for fifteen years and who published many articles and reviews in modern-language periodicals while he edited Studies in Philology for twenty years. Norman E. Eliason, a scholar in the English language, has taught at the University of North Carolina for over fifteen years. In 1956 he published a very interesting book entitled Tarheel Talk, which is a lively historical study of the English language in North Carolina. George P. Wilson, Professor Emeritus of English at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, is Secretary of the American Dialect Society and Editor of American Dialect Notes. Allan H. Gilbert, Professor of English at Duke for over forty years, is the author of many scholarly books on the Renaissance, particularly on Milton. Hardin Craig, eminent scholar and writer, taught at several universities as a specialist in Medieval and Renaissance English drama. Two distinguished professors who have shown interest by contributing to North Carolina Folklore are Bertram Colgrave, Professor in English Literature, from Durham University in England, and William F. Bryan, Emeritus Professor in the English Department at Northwestern University and co-author of that very important Chaucerian book Sources and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Francis Lee Utley is a distinguished medievalist and folklorist at Ohio State University.

The professorial membership is not restricted to those in English, of course. In history, Christopher Crittenden is quite important. Since 1935 he has been Director of the North

Carolina State Department of Archives and History, has edited the North Carolina Historical Review, and has written numerous articles and books on history. In drama, Paul Green, who taught at Chapel Hill for several years, is the author of novels, short stories, and many plays, among which one play, In Abraham's Bosom, won the Pulitzer Prize for the best American drama in 1927. Samuel Selden, Professor of Dramatic Art and Director of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina for several years, now at the University of California at Los Angeles, has written several books relating to the theatre. In musicology, Glen Haydon, Kenan Professor and Chairman of the Music Department at Chapel Hill, where he has taught for thirty years, is himself a composer of several musical works.

In the sciences, the membership of the North Carolina Folklore Society includes Henry V. P. Wilson, a zoölogist who conducted original investigations on the embryology and regeneration of sponges and lower vertebrates. William A. Withers, a professor of chemistry who was quite interested in the harmful effects of food adulteration, discovered the toxic principle of cottonseed in 1915 and was the author of the North Carolina Pure Food Law.

Other professors are distinguished for their research or achievements in the area of folklore. Through exchange with or subscription for its journal, North Carolina Folklore, the North Carolina Folklore Society has attracted to membership several editors of folklore periodicals. Richard M. Dorson, Chairman of the Folklore Program at the University of Indiana, is Editor of the Journal of American Folklore and author of several collections of folklore. Alton C. Morris has been Editor of Southern Folklore Quarterly since 1937 and is the author of books on English literature and folksongs. D. K. Wilgus edited Kentucky Folklore Quarterly until 1962 and is the author of Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship since 1898. John Q. Anderson, Professor of English at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, has been President of the Texas Folklore Society, whose founder, John Lomax, in 1912 asked Frank C. Brown to initiate the North Carolina Folklore Society. Moritz Jagendorf, author of numerous folklore collections and studies, is a former president of the New York Folklore Society.

The following educators are also important for their publications in folklore. At the University of North Carolina, John E. Keller, Professor of Spanish, has compiled several motif indices and written other folkloristic studies. Ralph Steele Boggs, Professor of Spanish and Folklore at Chapel Hill until 1950, has written numerous books and articles on the Spanish language and on literature and folklore. He has taught in several South and Central American universities, is an outstanding member of several folklore societies from these areas, and until 1960 compiled the annual folklore bibliography in Southern Folklore Quarterly. Daniel W. Patterson, an associate professor of English at Chapel Hill, is competent in folklore and has contributed several articles to North Carolina Folklore. In musicology, Wilton Mason is the author of articles on music and a composer using folk themes. Jan P. Schinhan, Emeritus Professor of Music, is an authority on the music of the Pacific Coast Indians and is Editor of Music of the Ballads and Music of the Folksongs, Volumes IV and V in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. In sociology, Guy B. Johnson and Howard W. Odum both wrote copiously on Negro folk culture and songs during their long professorships at Chapel Hill. In the Department of Dramatic Art, Frederick H. Koch was a prolific editor of books on folk plays, the originator of rural community drama by cooperative authorship, and the founder of native folk-playmaking in North Carolina. Richard Jente, Head of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature at Chapel Hill for over fifteen years, wrote many books and articles on proverb lore.

At Duke University Newman I. White was a professor of English for over thirty years and, besides writing three authoritative books on the Romantic poet Shelley, edited two books of Negro folk verse and songs. F. A. G. Cowper, Professor of Romance Languages at Duke for over forty years, was a specialist in the Middle Ages and edited a volume of Italian Folk Tales and Folk Songs. At North Carolina State College, Richard G. Walser has written and edited numerous books on North Carolina literature, among which is his edition of Short Stories from the Old North State. Joseph D. Clark, Emeritus Professor of English at North

Carolina State College, is a long-time member and former officer of the North Carolina Folklore Society and a contributor to North Carolina Folklore and other periodicals. Cratis D. Williams, Professor of English and Dean of Graduate Studies at Appalachian State College, is the author of "The Southern Mountaineer in Fact and Fiction" and of Ballads and Songs of Eastern Kentucky. At Livingstone College in Salisbury is J. Mason Brewer, the author of The Word on the Brazos, of Dog Ghosts, and of other studies on Negro folklore. At the University of California at Berkeley, Archer Taylor is the author of copious folkloristic studies. His main interests are proverbs and riddles; he is the author, for instance, of The Proverb and of English Riddles from Oral Tradition.

As was the case with the original members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, several of the members who were or are teachers were or are also prominent administrators. Charles L. Coon was Superintendent of Schools in Salisbury, in Wilson City, and finally in Wilson County. Arch T. Allen was State Superintendent of Public Instruction from 1923 until his death in 1934. John H. Highsmith was Director of the Division of Instructional Service of the State Department of Public Instruction for over twenty years. W. Amos Abrams, a long-time member and an ex-president of the North Carolina Folklore Society, a collector of folklore, an important contributor to the Frank C. Brown Collection, and formerly Professor of English at Appalachian State Teachers College, is now Editor of North Carolina Education. The society's membership has also included the wife of T. Wingate Andrews, County School Superintendent for Orange County, and the wife of Edward M. Goodwin, the founder and President of the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton.

At Chapel Hill William D. MacNider, Kenan Professor of Pharmacology, was Dean of the Medical School until 1940. George Howe was Dean of the College of Arts until 1922. And Corydon P. Spruill was Dean of the General College for twenty years and later was Dean of the Faculty until 1957. Oscar J. Coffin, after a long career as a newspaper editor and as a columnist, became Professor of Journalism at the University of North Carolina and, eventually, Dean of the School of Journalism. Edwin A. Greenlaw, author and editor of several books on English and American literature, especially on Spenser, was Dean of the Graduate School at Chapel Hill for several years, then of the Johns Hopkins Graduate School. At the University of South Carolina, Francis M. Bradley is Dean Emeritus of the Graduate School. Hector Lee, author of several books on education and folklore, has been Dean of Instruction for the School of Arts and Sciences at Chico College for over fifteen years. Floyd Stovall, an authority on Shelley and on Poe, Whitman, and other American writers, has been Chairman of the English Departments at the University of Virginia and of North Texas State College, where he was also Dean of Arts and Sciences. He is at present Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English at the University of Virginia.

Several members have also been college and university presidents. These include Eugene C. Brooks, President of the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering for over ten years; Charles G. Vardell, founder and President of Flora MacDonald College; John C. Campbell, President of Piedmont College at Demorest, Georgia; Samuel H. Holton, President of Louisville College; Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., President of Southern College at Petersburg, Virginia, for over fifty years; Hiram T. Hunter, President of Western Carolina Teachers College for over twenty years until his death in 1947; George J. Ramsey, President of King College in Tennessee and of the Peace Institute in Raleigh; and Julius I. Foust, President of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina from 1907 to 1934. Gordon W. Blackwell was an important administrator also at the University of North Carolina Woman's College, where he was Chancellor for several years before he assumed his present position as President of Florida State University. Meredith College at Raleigh has had two presidents who were members of the society: Charles E. Brewer, from 1915 until 1939, and Carlyle Campbell, from 1939 until the present. Edwin Anderson Alderman, Editor-in-chief of The Library of Southern Literature, was President, successively, of the University of North Carolina, of Tulane University, and of the University of Virginia until his death in 1931.

As successor to Frank C. Brown, Arthur Palmer Hudson deserves special mention. Since 1943, Professor Hudson as Secretary-Treasurer has been the main agent unifying a variety of activities and details and stabilizing the disordering effects of the change of other officers in the society. Kenan Professor of English and Folklore at the University of North Carolina and Fellow of the American Folklore Society, he has written or edited ten books and numerous articles on American and North Carolina folklore, among which are Folklore Keeps the Past Alive and Folksongs of Mississippi and Their Background. Moreover, Professor Hudson makes his presence felt in each of our homes twice a year by his editing and dispatching North Carolina Folklore every July and December.

As in the original membership, not all the prominent members have been educators. Other professions are well represented.

Religious leaders, for instance, have shown their interest in North Carolina folklore. The Rev. Tucker R. Littleton, Pastor of Grace Baptist Church in Swansboro, has contributed articles to North Carolina Folklore. The Rev. Joseph L. Peacock, born in Scotland and ordained to the Baptist ministry, was President of Shaw University in Raleigh for over ten years. In the Protestant Episcopal Church, both the Rev. Aaron B. Hunter and the Rev. Warren W. Way have been dedicated clergymen in the Raleigh area. In the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. D. Clay Lilly held various church offices as well as being a pastor in Winston-Salem for over fifteen years. The Rev. Walter W. Moore was a noted Presbyterian theologian who was President of Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, for over twenty years, until his death in 1926. The Rev. David H. Scanlon was Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Durham for thirty years, during which time he wrote numerous volumes in history and biography and also traveled and lectured in Europe. The Rev. Howard E. Rondthaler was consecrated Bishop of the Southern Province of the Moravian Church in 1948, after forty years as President of Salem Academy and College.

Distinguished medical men have also seen the worth in the folklore of the Tar Heel State and have shared part of their busy lives with the North Carolina Folklore Society. W. S. Rankin was State Health Officer for several years until 1925. S. Westray Battle was a surgeon for ten years with the United States Navy. He subsequently retired from the National Guard of North Carolina with the rank of Brigadier General. Albert Anderson was a psychiatrist who founded Middleburg Academy and Wilson Sanatorium (in 1898). Subsequently he was Superintendent of the State Hospital of North Carolina for nearly twenty years, until his death in 1932. Fred M. Hedges is distinguished for his work in radiology. Presently he is Emeritus Professor of Radiology at the Medical College of Virginia. Edward G. McGavran has been a public health administrator in several parts of this country. Recently he has retired as Dean of the School of Public Health at Chapel Hill. The society's members also include the wife of Paul P. McCain, superintendent at several North Carolina sanatoriums; the wife of Isaac M. Taylor, Superintendent of Braadocks Sanatorium at Morganton from 1901 to 1921; and the wife of James W. Vernon, who was Superintendent of that same sanatorium from 1921 until his death in 1955. Physicians practicing in rural communities or small towns are often shrewd observers of customs and manners, and wise and witty commentators on human nature. For several years Benjamin E. Washburn practiced medicine in the South Mountains area when it was still an unspoiled domain of primitive Americana. To make his contribution toward preserving North Carolina folklore, he wrote a very interesting book, A Country Doctor in the South Mountains. In the field of veterinary medicine, Louis L. Vine from Chapel Hill has, with Ina Farbus, recently published a book that contains much folklore about canines, Dogs in My Life.

Lawyers and statesmen have always formed a large group of the North Carolina Folklore Society. Junius Parker was an important attorney for the American Tobacco Company for many years. Thomas W. Davis was a prominent counsel for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company. Dred Peacock, who had been an insurance agent, a furniture manufacturer, and President of Greensboro College, became City Attorney for High Point, North Carolina. The wife of John W. Hinsdale, a Civil War colonel who led in battles at Kinston and Bentonville,

North Carolina, and who also pleaded important cases before the Supreme Court of the United States, and the wife of George P. Pell, prominent editor, Superior Court Judge, and Dean of the Raleigh Law School, have also been members.

Several governors of the Tar Heel State have been interested in North Carolina folklore. Cameron Morrison was Governor from 1921 to 1925, before he was appointed United States Senator and subsequently elected to the 78th Congress. Angus W. McLean, after being Assistant United States Secretary of the Treasury in 1920 to 1921, was Governor from 1925 to 1928. John C. B. Ehringhaus was Governor of North Carolina from 1933 to 1937. The wife of former Governor Thomas M. Bickett and the wife of O. Max Gardner, who was Governor before he became Under Secretary of the United States Treasury and then Ambassador to Great Britain, have also been members. The present Governor, Terry Sanford, has continued the interest shown by his predecessors. Various members have also been lieutenant-governors of North Carolina. These include W. B. Cooper, R. L. Harris, Richard T. Fountain, and a recent Lieutenant-Governor, H. Clloyd Philpott, whom death claimed on August 19, 1961.

Many of the people who have been governors, lieutenant-governors, and judges also were members of the North Carolina General Assembly. But in addition to these, the following members should be mentioned. In the Senate, there have been H. N. Pharr, W. E. Breese, R. R. Cotten, Frank Nash, G. V. Cowper, and Bunyan S. Womble (whose wife is a member of the society). In the House of Representatives, several congressmen also have been on our membership list. Samuel A. Ashe, a captain in the Civil War, was a member of the North Carolina General Assembly from 1870 to 1872, after which time he became first Editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, Postmaster of Raleigh, and distinguished writer on historical and biographical subjects. His History of North Carolina won him the Patterson Memorial Cup in 1908. Other representatives have been John R. McCrary, Woodus Kellum, Henry A. Page, and J. W. Umstead, Jr., who held his position for over twenty years.

The judicial branch of North Carolina government has also contributed its share of members. Among those who have been Superior Court Judges are William P. Bynum, Francis D. Winston, J. Crawford Biggs, Stephen Bragaw, George Rountree, Albert L. Cox (who eventually became Commanding General of the Military District of Washington, D. C.), F. A. Daniels, W. M. Bond, Henry A. Grady, G. V. Cowper, and Jesse P. Frizzelle. Robert W. Winston was a judge from 1889 to 1895 and then later re-entered college at the age of sixty, in his words, "to interpret the New South to the Nation and the Nation to the New South." He thus spent the last two decades of his long and varied life as a successful writer about the South. Several members of the society have also been on the Supreme Court of the state. These are James S. Manning; William A. Hoke, from 1904 until his death in 1925; R. Hunt Parker, who presently is a member; and John W. Winbourne, who has been Chief Justice of that court since 1956. On the national level, Jeter C. Pritchard, after being Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, became United States Circuit Judge from 1904 to 1911 and then served as Judge of the United States Court of Appeals until his death in 1921.

Mr. Pritchard was also a member of the United States Senate (from 1894 to 1903), as several other members have been. Lee S. Overman was Senator from 1903 to 1933. Joseph M. Broughton, after his North Carolina governorship from 1941 to 1945, was Senator until his death in 1949. Samuel J. Erwin, Jr., after a versatile career as a superior court judge, a state legislator, a supreme court judge, and World War I hero (receiving, among other decorations, the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Service Cross), is presently United States Senator, a position he has held since 1954. Willis Smith was also United States Senator at the time of his death in 1953. In the United States House of Representatives, the North Carolina Folklore Society has counted the following members: John D. Bellamy; Robert N. Page; William C. Hammer, who also was the owner and Editor of the Asheboro Courier; and Alfred L. Bulwinkle. Charles M. Stedman, who served in General Robert E. Lee's army as a major during the Civil War, was a congressman for over twenty years. John H. Small, who also was a congressman for over twenty years until 1921, was a prime factor in securing the inland waterway from Norfolk, Virginia, to Beaufort Inlet in North Carolina. The society's member-

ship has also included the wife of Congressman John S. Henderson and the wife of Congressman Alfred M. Waddell.

Other members noteworthy in national and international governmental service are Thamwell Haynes and Frank Porter Graham. The former, President of Birmingham College from 1915 to 1917, entered the consular service and was diplomatic commissioner to Finland with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary and, subsequently, Consul at Berne, Switzerland, for over thirty years. Frank P. Graham is very active in the United Nations. Besides being appointed Senator for an interim period in the United States Congress, he was the United Nations' representative in the dispute between India and Pakistan and a member of the United Nations Committee of Good Offices in the Dutch-Indonesian dispute.

Besides members connected with education, religion, medicine, law, and government, the North Carolina Folklore Society has had important members from still other varied areas of activity, such as business, creative writing, newspaper work, and library service. Noteworthy in library service is Lillian B. Griggs, who was Director of the North Carolina Library Commission before her position as Librarian of the Woman's College at Duke University. Carrie L. Broughton was State Librarian of North Carolina for almost fifty years. H. M. London was Legislative Reference Librarian for North Carolina for over twenty years. Henry R. McIlwaine was State Librarian for Virginia for over twenty-five years. Horace Kephart, a librarian at several schools across the nation, wrote numerous books on the outdoors, history, and folklore. His book Our Southern Mountains won him the Patterson Memorial Cup in 1913. Adelaide L. Fries, Archivist of the Southern Province of the Moravian Church, wrote several books on her Church in early North Carolina, among which her Road to Salem won the Moyflower Society Cup in 1944. Louis Round Wilson is the author or editor of several books on various aspects of librarianship. He won distinction as Librarian of the University of North Carolina. For ten years he was Dean of the Graduate Library School at the University of Chicago before he returned to the University of North Carolina. He had been the first Chairman of the North Carolina Library Commission. Andrew H. Horn, for a time Librarian at the University of North Carolina, is presently Assistant Dean of the School of Library Service at the University of California at Los Angeles.

In publishing work, the society's membership has included Nell Battle Lewis, the noted columnist for the Raleigh News and Observer, and D. Hiden Ramsey, General Manager of the Asheville Citizen and Times for over twenty years. Clarence H. Poe has been Editor of The Progressive Farmer for over sixty years and has written several books on North Carolina farm and social life, of which A Southerner in Europe and Where Half the World is Waking Up both won Patterson Memorial Cups in 1909 and 1912, respectively. Beatrice Cobb was the owner and publisher of The News-Herald in Morganton. A few years ago she showed great interest in the North Carolina Folklore Society by publishing an article about it on her editorial page, in which she appealed for new members. John W. Harden, in his many years of newspaper management, editing, and reporting, pursued a hobby of collecting North Carolina folk stories. These tales he published in The Devil's Tramping Ground and Other North Carolina Mystery Stories and in Tar Heel Ghosts. In book publishing was Benjamin F. Johnson, who was the organizer and President of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company in Richmond, Virginia, and Washington, D. C.

The North Carolina Folklore Society has had several members who are writers of some note. Mary Louise Medley and Dallas R. Mallison, besides contributing to North Carolina Folklore, are both free-lance writers. Ina B. Forbus has written books, short stories, and poems for children. Glenn Tucker is the author of numerous historical studies, among which is Tecumseh: Vision of Glory. Richard Chase, from Beech Creek, North Carolina, is the editor of books on folklore, especially on North Carolina folktales, among which are Grandfather Tales and The Jack Tales. Manly Wade Wellman is the author of over five hundred stories in magazines and of many novels, histories, and biographies. His books include Dead and Gone: Classic Crimes of North Carolina and Rebel Boast: First at Bethel--Last at Appomattox. In his own words, he declares that "even if I were rich, I'd write--chiefly about

North Carolina and the South, both of which I love."

Business, of course, also has had important representatives in the North Carolina Folklore Society, as it did among the charter members. George Stephens was President of the American Trust Company in Charlotte and President and co-publisher of the Asheville Citizen for several years. He was also a member of the national advisory committee for the New York World's Fair in 1939. Burnham S. Colburn, Sr., was important in banking. He was prominent in the organization of the Biltmore Estate Company and in developing the Biltmore Forest in North Carolina for over thirty years. John Sprunt Hill, an important banker and philanthropist, donated, among other gifts, the Carolina Inn and Hill Music Hall to the University of North Carolina. Burton Craige, a banker and also a lawyer, established the Burton Craige Professorship of Jurisprudence at the University of North Carolina.

Several other bankers are or were members of the society. In Raleigh, Joseph G. Brown was President of the Citizens' National Bank and of the Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company. In Winston-Salem, William A. Blair, besides being President of the People's National Bank for over forty years, was President of Midas Mines, of the Orange Crush Bottling Company, of the Gross Mining Company, and of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare (after 1904). The Governor of North Carolina awarded him a citation for his fifty-three years of distinguished work on that welfare board. Thomas H. Battle, Mayor of Rocky Mount for ten years, was President of the National Bank of Rocky Mount, of the Rocky Mount Saving and Trust Company, and of the Rocky Mount Insurance and Realty Company. Charles J. Harris, who was largely interested in the development of Western North Carolina and especially in the mining of kaolin, was President of the Jackson County Bank (in Sylva, North Carolina), of the Harris Company, of the Harris Granite Quarries (in Salisbury), and of the company publishing the Asheville Daily Times. J. Elwood Cox, President of the Commercial National Bank and Director of the First National Bank in Thomasville and of the Greensboro Loan and Trust Company, was important as a member of the North Carolina State Highway Commission from 1921 until his death in 1932. At this early period in automotive history, he supervised the highway construction for the state. In 1921 he was placed in charge of \$50,000,000 to expend on the highways of North Carolina. In Charlotte, the wife of Bascom W. Barnard, who is Vice-Chairman of the Board of the American Commercial Bank, has been a member of our society.

In the area of tobacco production, Bowman Gray is noteworthy as past Chairman of the Board of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. He endowed the Bowman Gray Medical School at Wake Forest College. James A. Gray also was an important executive with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for over thirty years, during which time he held, among others, the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors.

In the railroad industry, Alexander B. Andrews should be considered a railroad pioneer. After fighting as a second lieutenant in the Civil War, he was a superintendent of railroad companies as early as 1867. He was President of Western North Carolina Railroad in 1881 as well as a vice-president of several others at this early time. Before his death in 1915, he had been the president of six different railroads in the Southeast. The membership of the North Carolina Folklore Society has also included the wife of George B. Elliot, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad for many years.

In the engineering aspect of business, Charles E. Waddell was a very important consulting engineer. He built various steam and hydraulic plants along the eastern seaboard. As the consulting engineer for George W. Vanderbilt, he constructed a majority of the engineering works at Biltmore. He also served as a consultant to the City of Medellin in Colombia, South America, and for various other concerns, several of which were in North Carolina. Daniel A. Tompkins, author of several books on cotton mills, was a contracting engineer at Charlotte for over thirty years until his death in 1914. He built many cottonseed oil mills and refineries, cotton mills, electric light works, and other plants.

Many members have been distinguished in the manufacture of textiles. Carl R. Horris has been Director of Erwin Mills, Incorporated, for several years. William H. Ruffin has also been with Erwin Mills (since 1921), where he has been President since 1948. Mr. Ruffin in 1951 received the Freedom Foundation Award for one of the best speeches of the year. John L. Morehead has been with the Leaksville Woolen Mills for nearly fifty years; since 1929 he has been President. Presently Charles A. Cannon is the Chairman of Cannon Mills and is prominent in several other mill companies. Pleasant H. Hones is a most important executive in the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company. Presently he is Honorary Chairman of the Board. He is also one of the founders of the Hones Foundation for the Study of the Book of the University of North Carolina. One of the early pioneers in the textile industry was John W. Fries, who manufactured cottons and wools and who invented machines and processes for dyeing yarns and cloth, until his death in 1927. The membership of the Folklore Society has also included the wife of William R. Odell, who was notable for over sixty years in cotton manufacturing, and the wife of Coscor Cone, President and Director of the Cone Mills Corporation.

Two singing North Carolinians whose names are written large in the records of the North Carolina Folklore Society, as members, officers, and singers and speakers on its programs, are Isaac G. Greer and Bascom Lamar Lunsford. A graduate of the University of North Carolina, Dr. Greer did high-school teaching from 1908 to 1910 and taught history at Appolochian State Teachers College, Boone, from 1910 to 1932. From 1932 until 1948 he was General Superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage of North Carolina. He then joined the newly organized Business Foundation of North Carolina, Incorporated, and moved to Chapel Hill. Since his retirement from full-time duty with the Foundation, he has lived in Chapel Hill, in great demand as a speaker and singer. Mr. Lunsford, though he has given some of his energies to law and to farming, has distinguished himself most as a public purveyor of folklore. Collector of folklore, singer, dancer, musician, and speaker, he has organized and directed many successful folk festivals, including the famous Mountain Song and Dance Festival at Asheville. He has made many fine recordings for the Library of Congress, has published folksongs, and has recorded several excellent folksong and folkmusic albums. He has been appropriately called "the Minstrel Man of the Appolochians."

General John D. F. Phillips (Ret.), First Vice-President of the North Carolina Folklore Society, is Executive Secretary of the Carolina Tercentenary Commission.

This analysis of the careers and activities of some of the notable members of the North Carolina Folklore Society shows the wide appeal the society has had for people of every professional interest. The membership during the last fifty years has continued the fine tradition that the charter members started, with their prominence and their varied interests. These members, then, exemplify the patriotic character of the citizens of North Carolina who are not so busy with their own important affairs that they cannot be interested in and also help preserve the folklore of their native state.

CHAPTER IV

NEW PATHS

The history of the North Carolina Folklore Society has been characterized by the establishment of traditions and gradual but steady development. This year (1963) marks the society's Golden Jubilee. At the end of these fifty years, few members will remember that their society's goals and traditions were established by the first meeting in 1913, nor will they recall, for instance, that the society's official pin is "a black witch-cat." Conversely, many members will suppose that the forthcoming final volume of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore marks the end of the most ambitious project the society has undertaken or will undertake. Fifty years, however, not only marks the close of an epoch, but also indicates the beginning of another.

The North Carolina Folklore Society's work is by no means complete. As early as 1944 Arthur Palmer Hudson wrote the members about Dr. Brown's folklore collection:

"Doubtless the cream has been skimmed off a few bowls--notably ballads and folksongs. But many other folklore types have been little more than sampled. It would have been impossible. . . to sweep the field. Folklore is not a simple vegetating organism. Like other higher forms of life, it is constantly moving around, undergoing protean changes, and reproducing itself."

Dr. Hudson suggested that, in order "to keep alive and grow as a society. . . we should revive collecting [and]. . . establish a journal." In 1952 Joseph D. Clark, in his "Review of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore," again emphasized the need for continued folklore collecting:

"Much of it [the folklore of North Carolina] is yet uncollected, but it can be collected by a systematic process by those who are dedicated to the task. For example, the crafts and the dancing arts have been woefully neglected. . . Many areas of North Carolina have never been adequately covered. . . . [Moreover,] it seems apparent that the white collectors have never had the capacity to uncover fully the folklore of other races [of the Indian and of the Negro]."

At the December meeting in 1952 Professor Clark formally suggested that the officers meet to discuss plans for the society's continuation of the organized collection of folklore. But, although "the President took the suggestion under advisement," apparently he pursued the matter no further.

As individuals, however, a few members of the North Carolina Folklore Society have complied with the society's constitution, which specifies that the first obligation of all members is "to collect and report to the secretary-treasurer all the material that they can find on the subject of folklore." An examination of the folklore publications listed in Appendix B to this History and in "An Analytical Index to North Carolina Folklore, Vols. 1-8" will indicate that the collection and the publication of North Carolina folklore have increased since 1952. Notable among collectors and publishers have been: John Q. Anderson, with his articles on North Carolina superstitions and customs; Lattye Eunice Arnold, with her folktales and folksongs; Joseph D. Clark, with his articles on riddles, superstitions, proverbs, and folk speech; Paul Green, with his stories of witchcraft in Chapel Hill; Hazel Griffin, with her North Carolina antiquities; Tucker Littleton, with his ghost stories from eastern North Carolina; Waldo Lee McAtee, with folklore about North Carolina birds; Dallas Mallison, with his sketches from the coast country; Joan Moser, with her Appalachian folksongs; Daniel Patterson, with his study of the music of the Shakers, still in progress; Robert M. Rennick, with his account of the Allen family of Virginia, and his continuing study of name changes; Herbert Shellans, with his article on North Carolina place names and his folksong collecting in Fancy Gap, Virginia; Richard Walser, with his interesting items of North Caroliniana, sampled in a

few articles published in North Carolina Folklore and richly exhibited in his book North Carolina Miscellany; and George P. Wilson, with his studies on North Carolina speech. Many of these scholars are still active and will presumably continue to be productive in North Carolina folklore. Moreover, a few of them are working in areas not covered by The Frank C. Brown Collection, or only sparsely covered.

The productivity of the society's members in the areas of collecting and publishing folklore marks a departure in the North Carolina Folklore Society, away from Dr. Brown's centralized collecting, toward a sharing by individual members of the society's responsibilities for collecting and publishing folklore. Dr. Hudson, however, as Dr. Brown's successor, still has borne a rather large share of this responsibility and has continued Dr. Brown's zest for collecting folklore. Recently he has retired from teaching and is processing, cataloguing, and indexing his extensive collection of folklore gleaned from Mississippi and from North Carolina during the past forty years. Both the University of North Carolina Library and the University of Mississippi Library have agreed to accept appropriate portions of this folklore as, respectively, "The Arthur Palmer Hudson Collection of Folklore" and "The Arthur Palmer Hudson Collection of Mississippiana."

In addition to suggestions for renewed folklore collecting, suggestions have also been made for increase in the numerical strength of the society. Even though eighty-five young ladies from St. Mary's Junior College in Raleigh recently joined the society, and the North Carolina Folklore Society's membership presently is higher than it has been for almost any one year in the society's history, room for increase still remains. Dr. Hudson has suggested that "we ought to have a membership of at least 400." In 1956, he noted, the Green Mountain Folklore Society in Vermont announced that after eight years its membership had grown from ten to over five hundred members. Dr. Hudson thus continued: "Surely, Vermonters are not more numerous, patriotic, and prosperous than Tarheels. Our goal ought not to be 400, but much above that number." The Secretary-Treasurer also suggested at this time that each member recruit and invite eligible people to join the North Carolina Folklore Society, as he himself had done with gratifying success.

Six years ago Annie Gray Burroughs suggested another method of increasing the society's membership. She wrote from Oxford that "several of us here . . . have become very much interested in folklore." She mentioned that they wanted to join the society by "forming a local group." One will recall that the American Folklore Society's attempts to increase its membership in 1913 by establishing local groups resulted in the foundation of the North Carolina Folklore Society.

Still wider horizons have newly opened for the North Carolina Folklore Society in recent years. Not only has North Carolina Folklore been a medium for the publication of a goodly portion of the collecting efforts of North Carolina folklore scholars during the last decade, but it also has carried the results of this research to other parts of this country and to a few foreign nations. This expansion is increasing the geographic range, both of the contributors to North Carolina Folklore and of the content of folklore contributed, beyond the boundaries of the Tar Heel State.

North Carolina Folklore exchanges with seventeen folklore periodicals and is occasionally noticed or reviewed by them. Among the exchanges are: Colorado Folksong Bulletin, Midwest Folklore, New York Folklore Quarterly, Southern Folklore Quarterly, Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, and Western Folklore. The society makes several foreign exchanges, including periodicals from Argentina, Ecuador, and Italy.

Furthermore, thirty-six libraries subscribe for North Carolina Folklore. Among these are the libraries of the University of Arkansas, the University of California, the University of Detroit, Duke University, the University of Illinois, the University of Indiana, the University of Iowa, the University of Kansas, Miami University (Ohio), Ohio University, Princeton University, the University of Tennessee, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, and West

Virginia University. A number of North Carolina high-school, city, and college libraries also subscribe. Internationally, the Biblioteka Akademii of Moscow, U. S. S. R., is also a subscriber.

These increased contacts and relationships between the North Carolina Folklore Society and the rest of the world are resulting in a considerable number of contributors to North Carolina Folklore from outside the state. A survey of this journal notes authors or editors from England, Texas, Tennessee, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, California, South Carolina, New York, Illinois, Kentucky, and Oregon. Moreover, many of the contributions deal with folklore outside North Carolina. This national and international character of the society's journal is extending its name, North Carolina Folklore, to include a larger geographic area than that title might at first suggest.

One of the most interesting and promising developments for the North Carolina Folklore Society in recent years has been the beginning of public-school interest in the folklore of the Tar Heel State. A number of public schools subscribe for North Carolina Folklore. In fact, the Winston-Salem City Schools have, for four years, subscribed for from eighty-five to one hundred copies of each issue of the journal, to be used in the junior high schools of the city as library material for a course called "Common Learnings." Officials responsible for this imaginative use of North Carolina Folklore testify to its value in bringing to boys and girls some notion of their heritage in folklore.

The success of the future work of the North Carolina Folklore Society, developed along the paths mentioned above or even by departures in still newer directions, will, in Professor Hudson's opinion, largely depend on the solution of the society's approaching problem of leadership. In the fifty years of the North Carolina Folklore Society, since Professor Brown exchanged the office of President with Professor Royster for that of the Secretary-Treasurer, there have been but two Secretary-Treasurers. The latter office has become the permanent one, and the Secretary-Treasurer has traditionally been the leader of the society. With Professor Hudson's approaching relinquishment of the office of Secretary-Treasurer and of the editorship of North Carolina Folklore, another crisis will confront the society and will necessitate finding a new leader or leaders to take his place. In the present situation of the society, the two functions can perhaps best be filled by one person, though it is conceivable that a Secretary-Treasurer and an Editor may be found who can work together closely and harmoniously.

Times of change give opportunities for new vision and for new imagination. One hopes that the North Carolina Folklore Society will find a leader or leaders for the next fifty years who will have the scholarship, the vision, the imagination, and the executive ability necessary to maintain the society's best traditions and to achieve greater distinctions. In our rapidly-changing social order the old folklore is being transmuted, and new types are emerging. The North Carolina Folklore Society, if it is to perform any vital service to the future of the state and the nation, must select leaders who revere the past, understand the present in relation to that past's traditions, and can look into the future in terms of both past and present. Folklore is one of the golden threads that bind past, present, and future.

Thus, after fifty years, the North Carolina Folklore Society's work remains unfinished, even though North Carolina Folklore and the seven-volume Frank C. Brown Collection are admirable examples of its accomplishments. Through the work of many interested individual members and through the work of the society as a group, however, the North Carolina Folklore Society can continue to achieve its goals by collecting, preserving, and publishing the yet-unappreciated folklore of its native state.

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1913, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

"BLACKEYE, THE INTELLIGENT BIRD DOG," AND OTHER
HUMOROUS STORIES AS TOLD BY JOE D. CURRIN

Recorded, Transcribed, and Edited by Martha D. Currin and Barbara C. Smetzer

(The folktales included in this article were collected by Barbara Smetzer in the winter of 1961 for use in an Indiana University folklore course. Mrs. Smetzer, a niece of the narrator, received her master's degree in Folklore from Indiana University in 1963.

(Martha Currin, who is a junior at Angier High School, wrote the biography of her father in 1963 when she used the tale texts as a basis for her English literature term paper.

(Originally recorded on a tape machine, the folktales have been transcribed literally, and the following texts are in the exact words used by the storyteller.)

Biography of Infomant

My father, Josiah Daniel Currin, was the middle child of a family of seven. He was born to the A. B. Currins on June 15, 1909, in Apex, North Carolina. As a young boy Joe was the mischievous one who always played pranks on the three younger children, Frances, Bob, and Hank, but ran to the three older ones, Billie, Buck, and Gladys, when he was in trouble.

My grandfather was a tobacco man. Joe loved to go with his daddy to the warehouses and country stores and listen to the men talk and tell tales. That is where he first became interested in storytelling. Around the old stoves in the middle or back of the stores, the men would converse. Joe sat quietly and listened, planning on how he would retell the story to his friends the next day.

In 1919 the Currin family moved to Angier (Harnett County), and Joe attended the local school. A well-liked student, he was famous for wasting class time. He would start telling tall tales in order to get the teacher off the subject. One night, when he was in the sixth grade, Joe told "Tar River" on the school stage for the first time; it was a tremendous success, and Angier has loved the story ever since.

After graduation from high school, Joe enrolled at the University of North Carolina, but because of his father's death he could not attend. Instead, he went to Massey Business College in Richmond, Virginia, and at the age of seventeen he became an employee of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. He still holds the job of tobacco buyer for this company and also owns several farms near Angier. In 1935 he married Wiley Doris Stout, a third-grade schoolteacher, and I, Martha Daniel Currin, was born to them in 1947.

My father is active in the community affairs of Angier and Harnett County. As a member of the Angier Baptist Church, the school board, and the Kiwanis Club, he is often called upon to be master of ceremonies or guest speaker at a banquet or meeting. One Sunday when the preacher was out of town, Daddy delivered the sermon at church. After the service an elder deacon came up to him and said, "Joe, I think you missed your calling!"

As for hobbies, his favorite pastime is "tinkering." He takes old scraps of motors, lumber, tin, and whatnot and makes odd contraptions which eventually prove to be useful. He does not have much equipment, but he uses everything for a purpose. Once he made a large lawnmower by attaching three small ones. His special invention, the "thingamajig," picks up leaves. It is made of a motor, some lumber, and bicycle wheels. One day he startled everyone in Angier by riding downtown on one of these machines to do an errand. What a sight it was to see him chugging along, making turn signals with his hand and stopping at stop lights while perched atop his contraption!

Dad especially likes lawnmowers, and our neighbors run to him when their machines break

down. If something is broken, he does not stop until he fixes it. He takes pride in his inventions and sometimes spends days in his workshop. When he is tinkering he never wears his good clothes, and people say he can look the most ragged of anybody. He has his own little world with his gadgets, and he gets so wrapped up in them that he sometimes hardly knows what is going on in the rest of the world. He is always busy.

My father's other hobbies are hunting and fishing. He has a pond on his farm land where he relaxes and fishes. During the hunting season he hunts for quail in the fields and woods around Angier. Through the years he has owned several bird dogs, and one of the most famous was Blackeye, about whom he tells a tall tale. In fact, many of his tales center around hunting and fishing experiences.

All of my dad's stories are humorous, and his style of storytelling makes them even funnier. He always sits with one leg crossed, his foot swinging, and his head nodding slightly. He waves his hands and does a lot of pantomiming, but never smiles. As the climax of the story approaches, his voice gets louder and louder. His sense of timing is exceptional, and he knows just when to say a line and how long to pause between lines.

Dad's style of storytelling and his mannerisms and appearance seem to be influenced by two famous types of American character - the vaudeville comedian and the western cowboy. From the vaudevillian he has inherited that perfect sense of timing and delivery so characteristic of comedians like Jack Benny and Bob Hope. Physically he bears a resemblance to Gary Cooper. His face is lean and lined with wrinkles. His eyes are deep brown and sharp, so that even when his face is immobile, his eyes are moving quickly about. He is tall and lanky and walks with a slow, rolling gait. Imagine Gary Cooper telling Jack Benny jokes in a dry Southern drawl, and you have a good picture of Joe Currin telling a tall tale.

Tale Texts

Hunting and Fishing Tales

Blackeye, the Intelligent Bird Dog

I

Now, I think right much of this one's true. 'Course you're too young to really appreciate it because it was 'way back before your day, but years and years ago in this community we used to do a lot of quail shooting, or hunting, rather. Didn't do much shooting back then because they didn't have too many guns. But we used to have horses that we'd ride quail hunting, and we had a net, and each side of the net would run out for forty or fifty yards to make kind of a wing on each side, and then in the middle would be kind of a pocket that you could catch the birds in. I don't know whether you've ever been around quail much or not, but quail never would run from a horse. I mean by that, they wouldn't fly - they would run. But the people back then used to take the horses out and just like a dog they'd hunt for awhile to see if they could find a covey of quail. When once they found the covey of quail, then they put up the net not too far away. Had somebody of course heppin' them, and they put up the net and they'd take this horse and they'd keep maneuvering the quail towards that net until they finally got into the edge of the wing of the net. Then of course the quail would go down in the wing, and they'd drive them into this pocket, and that's the way they used to catch birds back in the old days.

Well, now, I have a dog, or did have a dog, named Blackeye, that used to work something similar to the way they used to catch the birds with the horses and the net, except what he would do when he found a covey of birds instead of pointing them like so many dogs do nowadays, he would just continue to drive them and work with them until he finally run them in a stump hole. And then he'd ease up right quick and put his feet over the stump hole, and you could come up and do it just like skeet shooting. You just say, "Pull," and he'd let out

one bird. Then you'd say, "Pull twice." He'd let out two birds.

So this was such a valuable dog that I had his feet insured for a thousand dollars apiece. And of course it's kind of hard to make people believe a thing of that nature, but I'd be glad to take you out some time and show you just exactly how it's done, except the dog's dead and I won't be able to do it.¹

II

You know, I was talking to you awhile ago about the dog I had that had the foot insured for \$1000. That reminds me of another story. A boy here in this community was telling a tale about his dog. Says he was hunting one day and he came across this creek. Pretty good-sized creek, and there was a footlog across it. Said the dog got about halfway across the log and it came to a dead point and he couldn't get by him. And he clucked to him, and he stepped up behind him and looked down in the water and saw a big bass swimming around down there, so he shot the bass and got him out, carried him home. Soon after he got the bass home and cleaned him he found out why the dog came to such a dead point on the log. The bass had swallowed a quail.²

Will Blow Out the Lantern

There was two tall fellas that was trying to see which one could tell the biggest tale. I think actually - I don't believe it was quite a true story - but it seems that several years before that they had done a lot of fishing on this particular river, and this particular night they had met out on the river. I don't know whether they were fixing to go fishing again or not, but they began talking, kinda telling tales, and one of them was telling that he had caught a fish out there some time ago that weighed 250 pound. Well, then the other one said, "Well, I'll tell you I was across here a number of years ago," and said, "It was a stormy night and I had my lantern, and for some reason I kind of stumbled and my lantern fell over the edge of the bridge into the water, and you know the other day I was back out here fishing again, and I hung something. It was about ten years I guess since I had dropped the lantern in. I hung something on my line and I reeled it in and as it came up to the bridge I found out I had hung the lantern I dropped in there ten years ago, and you know it was still burning." Well, the fella that said he caught the 250-pound fish said, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll take ten pounds off that fish if you'll just blow that light out."³

Anecdotes about Local Characters

Mr. Morris and His Checkers Game

We have an elderly merchant, in fact he is retired now, but his name is Mr. Morris. They say years ago he was very, very fond of playing checkers. And one day he was playing checkers in his office in his store, and of course this was back in the back and had a little paneled fence around it. And this friend of his was playing with him. It seems that the friend looked up and saw a customer in the store, so he thought certainly that Mr. Morris would like to know about it. So he told Mr. Morris that he had a customer out there in front. So Mr. Morris just put his finger up to his mouth. "Sh-sh-sh, be right quiet. Maybe he'll go out." So you see how interested Mr. Morris was in his checker game.⁴

Mr. Morris and the Missing Ham

Now Mr. Morris was very interested in his checker game, but he was very bright along other lines. Now I remember once that he was telling me about losing a ham. And he figured that if he charged the ham to all of his customers that all those who didn't steal the ham of course would complain about the bill, but the one who stole it would be ashamed to say anything and he'd get paid for his ham. So he charged it to seventeen different people, and said seventeen of them paid him for the ham.⁵

Guess How Many Yabbits I Have

Oh, that (story) happened out in Greenville, Tennessee. That was two characters out there in the community that just about everybody knew, and one of them was known as Hogshead and one of them was known as Yea. And it seems that Yea went hunting one day and Yea was the one who couldn't talk too plain. And Yea went hunting and 'bout dark he came in and Hogshead ran into him. And he said to Yea, "Yea, where ya been?" And Yea said, "I been yabbit hunting." He said, "Well, did you have any luck?" "Yep." He said, "Well, what did you do?" He said, "Well, I got them in this bag over my shoulder." Said, "Tell you what I'll do," say, "if you'll guess how many I got I'll give you both of 'em." Hogshead said, "Two." He said, "Well take 'em, you yucky son-of-a-gun."⁶

Numskull Tales

The Man Who Was Throwing Nails Away

I was by a fella building a house not too long ago, and he was throwin' away about every other nail. He'd look at it and pitch it aside and maybe the next one he would drive up and the next one maybe he'd throw away. And I said to him, I said, "What in the world are you throwing those nails away for?" He said, "Well, they're no good." I said, "Why aren't they any good?" He said, "Well, the head's on the wrong end of them." I said, "Now, that's not it, they're just made for the other side of the house." He said, "Is that right? Well, I didn't know that, so I'll just save 'em from now on and put them on the other side of the house."⁷

Other Tall Tales

Why the Left-handed Ham Is More Tender

Now, you're down in a section of North Carolina where people are particularly proud of left-handed hams. They sell at a premium in this community 'cause the people in this community believe that the left-handed ham is much more tender than the right-handed ham, and the reason for that is if you'll notice in going around, you'll always see a hog when he lays down he'll be on his right side or if he scratches up against a post it'll be on his right side, and anything that he does of that nature is always on the right side. So, therefore, the left-handed ham is always more tender than the right-handed ham. Now a lot of people don't believe this, but next time that you are out traveling you just watch and see. If you see a hog laying down you see if he isn't on his right side. It's so popular in fact that on Highway Number 1, just a few miles out of Richmond, Virginia, they have a restaurant, and the name of the restaurant is Left-Handed Ham Sandwiches. And you can get nothing but left-handed hams at this particular restaurant.⁸

Tar River

Hello, young folks. You, too, teacher. All of you are young and gay and really think you have a good time nowadays. But that isn't anything compared with the old days. Why, I remember when me and my pa used to live together down on Tar River, about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles apart. One day I told my pa didn't he wanna go larpin', tarpin', coonskin hunting. He asked me didn't care where he did or not. So I got up the horn and blowed up all the dogs but Old Land. Then I blowed her up too. My pa picked up his shoulders and put 'em on his axe and we started off larpin', tarpin', and coonskin hunting. We went and we went till we come where the creek crossed the river on a foot log, and right there them dogs treed a larpin', tarpin' coonskin up a long, slim, black sycamore pine stump. My pa told me didn't I want to shoot him. I asked him didn't care where I did or not. So I fell over behind a log, and aimed the forks of my gun between the barrels of a crabapple tree, and took dead-level aim. When, at the crack of my gun, it snapped. My pa told me didn't I want to go up there and shake him out. I asked him didn't care where I did or not. So I climbed and climbed till I got up there. Then I shook and shook. First thing you know I heard

something hit the ground. And I looked around. And it was me. All the dogs jumped on but Old Land. Then she jumped on too.

I told my pa didn't he want to knock 'em off. He asked me didn't care where he did or not. So he picked up a pine club and knocked 'em all off, but Old Land. Then he knocked her off too. Then it was time me and my pa were starting back toward the house. We started on back and by and by we run across the pig patch, and all the pumpkins in there eating up the pigs. This made my pa mad. And he grabbed a pig off the vine, hit the pumpkin 'side the head with it, and run all the pumpkins out of the patch.

I got a gal down on Tar River, 'bout a mile, a mile and a half, or two mile. I told my pa wa'n't it time Old Bill was taking me down to see my Sal. He asked me didn't care where I did or not. So I went on to the house, and the fence climbed over, and Old Bill got on. And we went galloping down the road with a trot. When all of a sudden old Bill got scared of a fence settin' in the corner of a stump and liked to have jumped out from under me. But I held on. By and by we reached my Sal's house. And she was sitting in a rocking chair, right square down on the floor. And I went in, threw my hat on the fire, sit down beside my Sal, and she talked about myself, and I talked about herself, till we both got tired.

Then she told me didn't I want to go down to the peach orchard and get some apples. I asked her didn't care where I did or not. So we started on down there walking right close up to each other, one on one side of the road and one on t'other. By and by we reached the peach orchard and the fence climbed over. And I was up in the peach tree shakin' off apples, while my Sal was down on the ground catching apricots in her apron. All of a sudden my feet slipped. And I fell right straddled the fence, both feet on the same side. This liked to have broke my back and made me mad. So I got on Old Bill, and went galloping down the road, backwards after the doctor. And you know, from this day I haven't seen my Sal, and she hasn't seen me and we've both been wondering what's become of each other."⁹

Notes

These annotations are based upon the following reference works:

Baughman, Ernest W. A Comparative Study of the Folktales of England and North America.

3 vols. Indiana University doctoral dissertation, 1953.

Thompson, Stith. The Folktale. New York: The Dryden Press, 1947.

Motif-Index of Folk-Literature. 6 vols. Bloomington, Indiana, 1932-1936. Enlarged and revised, 1955-1958.

¹ The motif found in this tale is X1215.8 Lie: Intelligent Dog - (ac) Hunting dog chases birds into hole, releases them one at a time for master to shoot. According to Baughman, examples of this tale are found in Charles F. Arrowhead, "Well Done, Liar," Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, XVIII (1943), 85-88; Haldeen Braddy, "East Texas Hunting Windies," Southern Folklore Quarterly, IX (1945), 188-189; Bill Davidson, Tall Tales They Tell in the Services (New York, 1943), p. 68; Herbert Halpert, "Tales of a Mississippi Soldier," SFQ, VIII (1944), 107-108; and Lowell Thomas, Tall Stories (New York, 1931), pp. 12-13, 113-121.

The Halpert version (from Alabama) is also told about a dog pointing quail. Braddy's tale from Omaha Lake does not specify the type of bird that was hunted; Davidson's tale relates the story of a soldier, stationed in Oregon, whose dog drove the quail into a prairie-dog hole on top of a hill and then released them one by one.

Mr. Currin learned his version of the story some years ago from a storyteller in eastern Tennessee.

² This second story concerning the intelligent dog involves Motif X1215.8 Lie: Intelligent Dog - (ad) Dog points or retrieves fish, onlookers question dog's ability. Owner cuts fish open, finds bird inside.

Baughman cites two references for his motif: Richard M. Dorson, "Yorker Yarns of Yore," New York Folklore Quarterly, III (1947), 20-21; Baron Munchausen, The Adventures of Baron Munchausen (New York: Pantheon Books, 1944), pp. 178-180. The Dorson reference is a text taken from the New York newspaper Spirit of the Times, XVIII (March 13, 1848), 48. This version differs from the Currin one in several ways: the Times tale has no dog, the fish caught is a twenty-five-foot shark, and the object inside is the New York Brass Band. Also, the tone of the Times text is more formal and the style and language are literary.

Details in the Munchausen tale are more exaggerated than the other two versions: A dog on board a ship pointed a shark. When the shark was caught and opened, six couples of partridge were found inside. One of the partridge had laid eggs that were starting to hatch; so the sailors kept one bird sitting for the rest of the voyage so that game would be available. The intelligent bird dog was rewarded with the partridge bones.

- 3 Type 1920H* "Will Blow Out Lantern." Motif X1154 Lie: unusual catch by fisherman - (g) Man catches a lantern while fishing; the lantern is lighted.

Three references for this type are cited by Baughman: Richard M. Dorson, "Maine Master Narrator," SFQ, VIII (1944), 282; Herbert Halpert, "Folktales from Indiana University Students," Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, I (1942), 91; Vance Randolph, We Always Lie to Strangers (New York, 1951), p. 23.

Dorson's version involves two fishermen who met in Boston and swapped tales. The specific fish that one claimed to have caught was a twenty-pound salmon, and the length of time the lantern stayed under water was one instead of ten years. The Halpert version was related in 1942 by Bernard M. Hull of Decatur County, Indiana. In his story the exaggeration concerns the fish's length - supposedly twenty inches - rather than its weight.

A version of this tale with a Florida setting was published in North Carolina Folklore, IX No. 2 (July 1961), 46-47.

- 4 Motif *P431.2 Merchant loves game more than business.

5 Motif *P431.3 Merchant bills many customers hoping one will pay. All pay. These two stories about Mr. Morris were told to Joe Currin by his father thirty to forty years ago. According to Dr. A. P. Hudson, of Chapel Hill, both were told about an eccentric Dr. Klutz who lived in Chapel Hill. The second story, however, concerned a pair of shoes instead of a ham.

- 6 Motif J2712.2 - Guess how many eggs I have and you shall get all seven. Thompson cites a Danish reference for this motif: Arthur Christensen, Malboernes Vise Gerninger (DF No. 47) (Copenhagen, 1939), p. 214, no. 73.

This version of the story was told to Mr. Currin by a storyteller from eastern Tennessee.

- 7 Motif *J2171.7 Nails have head on wrong end.

- 8 Motif *X1233.42 Left-handed hame more tender.

9 This story, a modification of the tall tale, is a major item in Joe Currin's repertoire. Joe originally learned the story from a package of program material which his seventh-grade teacher had obtained from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He first told the story around 1920 at a school function, and has recited it since at many community events and family gatherings.

MOUNTAIN MEDICINE

By Lillian Mayfield Wright

(Wife of Dr. John J. Wright, Professor of Public Health Administration in the School of Public Health, the University of North Carolina, Mrs. Wright shared her husband's experiences in public health work in the mountains of North Carolina before they came to Chapel Hill to live. She is a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan College, and was a graduate student in journalism and creative writing at New York University and the University of Pittsburgh. She has won a number of literary prizes and has contributed to The West Virginia Review, Scribner's Magazine, The Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's Magazine, House Beautiful, and other magazines.

(Of the many interesting superstitions noted in this article, the most interesting figures in the story of the little girl who was doomed to an early death because her family "forgot to turn the bee gums the morning she was born." It is not recorded in Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina, volumes VI and VII of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore.)

A Public Health Doctor's wife learns to expect and accept anything. But when, in 1937, my husband was sent by the State Health Department into the mountains of one of our Southern states to take over a county health department, temporarily, he was delighted at the chance to spend some time in such a beautiful community. He was completely unfamiliar with that type of territory, having just graduated from Vanderbilt Medical School. However, I was born and raised in West Virginia (though not in the mountains), and I knew that this was going to be a real experience, and nothing like the stories you read and the "quaintness" you hear about.

Our first surprise came when we found we were to live in the county seat, headquarters for the Health Department -- that we were in a town full of college graduates, little theatre movements, a medical society, and the usual impedimenta of urban living. John also learned that while the major part of the population lived in the county seat, the large rural area of two hundred square miles contained all but five of the schools. These were small community affairs, taught usually by a boy or girl who had gone away for an education, and come back to pass it on to the boys and girls who were still there. In many cases, the teacher was related to half of the students, and in one case, two-thirds of the children, as well as the teacher, bore the same name. Many of the children, especially the boys, used only initials. And when you asked what the initials stood for, you were told that they didn't stand for anything. The initials were the name. Other names were taken from the surroundings, and in one area where a large tire company had erected a sign, you found lots of little girls named Atlas.

It was an area of almost unbelievable beauty, full of rushing streams and huge rhododendron "slicks" which housed many a still in their secret interiors. In fact we were told never to walk the mountain paths at night carrying a light, for a light was "the law," and you were apt to hear a warning shot whizz past your head. But after the first month of school examinations, the "school Doctor" walked anyplace he pleased, light or no light, completely protected by his acquaintance with all the children in the area.

There was a time, in the more isolated areas, when the treatment of illness, accident, or childbirth was left entirely up to local talent. There might be, and usually was, a midwife in every community, a woman recognized as capable and honest, intelligent and co-operative. There also were the granny woman and the herb woman, who could and did treat anything that came along and did surprisingly well, going on the assumption that most common illnesses get well of their own accord, treatment or no treatment. Some of this state of affairs came about through geographical isolation, distance from town, and some areas concerned might be within a few miles of the county seat, yet isolated by poor roads that bogged down after a hard rain, or were completely cut off after the first deep snow.

There were, in many mountain areas, strategically located health centers built and supported by churches, sometimes as far away as New England. These were excellent small clinics, consisting of living quarters and hospital facilities. They were staffed with a graduate nurse of vast experience and training. These small units, with the help and co-operation of the midwives in the area, did an excellent job. They travelled in cars whenever possible; they rode horseback, and if necessary they went on foot. But they went. Some of these women had been in the community for twenty years, and they knew every man, woman, and child in the entire area. One whom John consulted on a very peculiar case which he had been called in to see (consisting of a particularly dangerous home-abortion attempt) said to him, "Dr. Wright, I have been in this country for twenty years, and I don't ask questions. If the patient tells you she fell on a stob, so far as I am concerned, SHE FELL ON A STOB." You can see why she was such a bang-up success!

John's work consisted of school examinations, pre-school clinics, pre-natal clinics, well-baby clinics, immunizations, and V.D. and tuberculosis clinics. In 1937 typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox and other contagious diseases were not yet under control, and all were taken care of by immunizations, particularly in school. He could have become involved in a large private practice, when the word got around that he was a "free doctor," and he had a hard time explaining the difference between a practicing physician and the Health Doctor. A Doctor was a Doctor, and if you didn't have to pay him, so much the better.

There was one man who paid absolutely no attention to the rules. His career in the mountains had been drawing fire from the Medical Society for a long time, but no one was able to do anything about him. He was a mountain man, and years before he had a two-year course in pre-medicine, then a sketchy period of practice with an older doctor. During this time he got a lot of experience with the usual type of common illness. Fifty years ago, this was an established and legitimate way of becoming a doctor. However, in 1937 it was definitely taboo.

We heard a lot about him in the more remote areas, and so far as we could learn he played it the safe way. He gave old and well-known medication, the nastier-tasting the better. He helped the midwife if she got into a bad case; he used several different colors of aspirin and the more colors the pills were the better the doctor. "He gave me FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS OF PILLS, Doctor. I can show you . . ." became an old story.

And he had a MADSTONE. At least they said he had. But in spite of all the reports of madstones we heard while we were in the area, not a madstone did we ever lay eyes on. The descriptions vary. It was smooth and white like marble. It was light and porous like a sponge. It was this and it was that. The most credible report was that it was the calculus from the stomach of a deer and was found rarely and held sacred by the lucky fellow who had one. If you were bitten by a supposedly mad dog, you sent for the possessor of the MADSTONE, and he came and after dipping it into hot water, applied it to the bite. After application it was returned to the water and if it turned green, the dog was mad. (I wonder why poison is always green. Poisonous green, we say. Never blue or pink or yellow.) What you did after that remained a mystery. There is no record of treatment beyond that point, but everyone with whom we talked had complete faith in its reliability. So we inferred that it drew out the poison when placed on the bite, and the green water was the end result.

We ran into many such remedies during our stay in the mountains. A buckeye in your pocket, or a copper wire around your wrist, will keep away rheumatism. Swabbing a sore throat with a mixture of turpentine and lard would assure getting well. A wart could be gotten rid of in several ways: you could rub it with a stone and throw the stone away; you could sell it to some unsuspecting friend for a penny (or anything you could worm out of him), and he would get the wart in due time, as sure as he was born. But the best way was to catch the first toadfrog you saw in the spring, let him gaze upon the wart, then throw him over your left shoulder. When he hopped away, if he was still able, he would carry your wart with him.

Given a reasonable lapse of time your wart would leave you and reappear on the vanished toad. I know it sounds like pure hokum, but the unbelievable thing was that the warts DID disappear with this treatment, and the unsuspecting friend was known to have developed warts in the same spot. Take it or leave it; it did happen.

It was while holding a well-baby clinic that we learned a cure for croup. You held the baby up the chimney, by way of the fireplace, and the croup went away with the draft.

Clinics in the mountains were not of the usual type. You held them in any place central enough to be within walking distance for the greatest number of people. Baby clinics took place before or after school; in the schoolhouse or a crossroads store; in the home of some mid-wife; in the larger houses of the neighborhood; or in a church. It made no difference. The two most serious baby problems were overweight and malnutrition. Overweight, because babies nursed all the time, and malnutrition because nursing wasn't enough after so long, and the food after weaning was the wrong kind. The children were beautiful until about eight or nine years old, when they became pale and thin and black under the eyes, symptoms of a combination of malnutrition and all the better-known intestinal parasites: hookworm, pinworm, tapeworm, roundworm -- it read like a list of dressmaking equipment. But more of that later.

Regular school clinics were held in the schools. The year 1937 was before the day of consolidation, and the small rural schools tucked away in every neighborhood were ill-equipped for a real physical examination. Heat came from the potbellied stove in the middle of the room. And the farther you got away from the stove the colder the air became. When the nurse hung up a couple of hopeful sheets between the stove and the shivering child being examined, you didn't lose any time getting him back into the few clothes you took off. You had a real battle there, for that old story of sewing children into their winter underclothes was no figment of some wag's imagination. They WERE sewed in, and many a seam was ripped open by the Doc to make a hole big enough for the entrance of the stethoscope. Tears flowed, and little clutching hands tried vainly to prevent this desecration, while the Doc listened to the heart and made note of the scabies lines across the skin. APPLE RASH it was called. I suppose the name started because the time when apples ripened was the time when the old winter clothes were taken out for school wear. And in the old winter clothes lurked last winter's scabies.

There was a lot of impetigo. It went by such names as "Tomato Sores," and "Fall Sores," and "Weed Sores." All these maladies were duly treated with the help of the teachers and the donations from a young men's organization in town, called the Wise Men's Club. They were wise men, and many a dollar did they raise for treatment and milk and any emergency that appeared on the Doc's rounds.

That was the year gamma globulin for measles came into more or less general use, and John's first use of it was for a young mother of twins who developed measles the day after the babies were born. Both babies got the protection and neither developed the disease. Sulfa also was new, and the Doc introduced its use in his public-private practice.

One child a mother brought to the clinic -- a six-year-old girl -- was quite evidently a sick child. Examination proved nothing wrong except malnutrition and a pair of badly diseased tonsils. The Doc recommended having them removed. By arrangement with the small local hospital, any tonsils needing removal were taken out on certain days free of charge, if necessary. The mother refused.

"By why?" asked the Doc. "It isn't a dangerous operation. You can bring her home the next day, and she will be so much better."

"No," said the mother. "She will never live to grow up anyway, so why put her through this?"

"What makes you say that?" asked the Doc. "There is no reason in the world why she should not live to a ripe old age. There's nothing wrong except a pair of badly diseased tonsils."

She shook her head. "No, Doctor," she said, "it won't help her. I thank you for your kindness, but it is in the signs. She will never live to grow up."

The Doc shook his head. "Can you tell me more about it?" he said.

"Talking won't help," she answered in her soft mountain voice. But she did bring the child into the hospital a few weeks later, and when they started to take out the tonsils, she stopped breathing. Nothing brough her back, and desperately they tried everything.

It was a sad day for the Doc. He had been right, but at the same time he had been wrong. He paced the floor in an agony of guilt and sorrow. "I'm going out there and try to explain what happened," he decided. So he went, fearful of recriminations and accusations, but ready to try to help in any way he could.

But there were no accusations. He was met with a gentle, quiet acceptance. When he tried to tell the mother what had happened and why, she listened until he finished. "Don't grieve, Doctor," she said, "and don't fret yourself. You meant it kindly. If it hadn't been this way it would have been another. And this way she did not suffer."

"Will you tell me, now, what you meant by its being 'in the signs'?" he asked gently.

"It don't matter now," she said, "I can tell you. They forgot to turn the bee gums the morning she was born."

"You mean you go out and turn the bee hives around when a child is born?"

"Yes," she said. "If you forget, they never live to grow up. I have always known it would come, sooner or later."

He did not argue with her. But we never did find out where the superstition arose, how long back into time it went, or why the symbolic bee should play this part in human destiny.

I have wondered if it could have arisen from the absolute maternal status of the queen bee in the hive. For upon the queen all fertility rests. If she dies or is lost, the entire hive becomes demoralized, and unless a princess can be fed and developed hastily into a queen, the life of the hive ends. Bees have always been objects of interest; so it is not strange that such a superstition should arise. The mountain woman must know of the power in the queen bee, and it is not too farfetched to think that in some way she has transferred it to childbirth. Does she turn the hive TOWARD the house, asking for the queen's protection of the newborn child, or does she turn it away from the house, in fear? For it is also known that the queen bee personally puts to death all bee princesses when she becomes queen. She can bear no rivalry. Is a baby girl a rival, too?

No one seemed to know. The reason for the superstition has been lost in time, but the superstition itself was very much alive in this instance.

The Doc hadn't been working more than six months before he became convinced that something had to be done about the intestinal-parasite situation. It was epidemic. No rural family escaped. The most serious one of course was hookworm. But with the help of the State and County Health Departments, with free materials and labor, outdoor sanitation facilities began to blossom beside every mountain cabin. With the chief source of infestation - namely, the soil taken care of by the direct method of eliminating contamination - the Doc decided to do an intestinal-parasite survey in every school. He knew it was going to be a tough job, but when the nearest laboratory agreed to supply sample boxes and do the laboratory work, he

began. The teachers were most co-operative, as always. They talked to the children and to the parents and John made speeches telling the children the reasons for the peculiar requests he was making of them. But the specimen boxes did not come back. Finally, in desperation he drew on the blackboard enlarged pictures of the parasites he was trying to eliminate, and the children, deeply impressed by this admittedly horrible last resort, got the specimen boxes back the next day.

As you can imagine, they did not all contain the desired specimens. Most of them did, but in some boxes was imprisoned an unwary beetle, or tree frog. One was a sweet little girl's idea of making a thing of beauty out of something which her baby mind considered shameful. For on the top of the specimen she had constructed a tiny mosaic of the smallest wild flowers she could find, set in place so artistically that when you took off the lid, you looked into a miniature nosegay made for an elf or a fairy, an inch and a half across. John knew the little girl who brought it in. She was seven years old and just as sweet and dainty as the picture she had so carefully fashioned.

The nurse and I worked as hard on that survey as John and the teachers. Five thousand boxes we carried to the laboratory, and after it was all over the Doc and I made a special trip to the laboratory, where we presented each of the technicians with a small bottle of Chanel #5. After the reports were back, the Health Department and the Medical Society combined to treat all the cases and the Wise Men's Club footed the bill, bless them!

Smallpox in the 1930's was not the rarely-seen disease it is now. Vaccinations were routine in the schools but not at all popular. There were several religious bodies which forbade all such things, even antitoxin for diphtheria. Vaccination for smallpox resulting in accidental infection could put an end to all treatment in an entire neighborhood. My husband had been struggling with this opposition in the schools all fall. But one case of the disease put an end to it. Where the boy picked up smallpox was a mystery. But where he scattered it was well known. He had walked several miles into town, stopping along the way to chat with friends. He had visited several stores; he had gone to the movies, having ice cream afterward at the drug store. When he finally collapsed, his family called in the Mountain Doctor, and he called in the Health Department. The Health Doctor and nurse immediately began vaccinating every known contact, all the people whose immunity might have been lost, and everyone within reaching distance who would submit. A lot of it was done from the running board of the car (the doctors had cars in 1937), and all the children who had gone out through the school windows to hide when vaccinations were given routinely in the fall, appeared as if by magic when the Doc's car parked at the crossroads. Arms hitherto hidden in the deep woods were bared, quivering, for the ordeal. It was a glorious victory, and not another case of smallpox developed in the entire area.

It was then we met the Mountain Doctor in person.

He appeared quietly after a busy session at one of the more isolated schools and stated that he had a patient up the mountain whom he suspected of having meningitis. Could the Doctor walk up with him after he was finished and take a look?

We went as far as we could in the car, and then walked up a path to the top of the mountain where a small cabin perched precariously on a ledge overhanging a "branch" of fast-flowing icy water. This stream tumbled from one level to another all the way down the mountain, pausing only to turn the wheel of a grist mill in its path. There was a grist mill on practically every mountain stream, and the mills all worked continuously.

While John and the Mountain Doctor went inside, I sat down on a fallen log and looked out over the mountain tops to the horizon where Old Bald reared his cloud-capped head. Evergreens made a pointed line in the sky, and I could see as far as the eye could carry in every direction. After I had sat there only a few minutes, a little old man in faded jeans came out and sat down beside me. After the usual polite preliminaries, I asked him the question I had

asked many times before: "How do you happen to live so far from the highway and the school?"

He looked at me and surprise showed in his face. "We like it here. We have always lived here. We don't like hit crowded."

"Crowded?" I echoed.

"We like it high, where the water is good and where we can see yon mountains."

"But it is so far from everyone -- so far to walk to a store or school."

"We don't go down much. We pleasure ourselves in our own place. We have water" - he pointed to the rushing stream - "we have enough food to last a spell. What more could a body want?"

"A bathroom," I thought, "a stove, a sink, a bed instead of a straw tick on the floor. A thousand things."

I looked at the grimy circles on Grandfather's weathered neck, and I wondered for the hundredth time how many baths I'd take if I had to carry the water up the hill in a bucket, heat it over the fireplace, and bathe with an admiring audience of little faces peering in at the door.

"I lived in town once," he said, to my surprise, "and I didn't like it at all. There war too many folks about. A man has to have a place to think. A body can't think with folks around all the time."

"Where did you live?" I asked, imagining one of the larger towns in the area.

He mentioned a wide place in the road about five miles down the mountain - a place large enough to have a name, a few houses, a grist mill and a store.

"So you tried it and came back home?" I said, looking out toward Old Bald, where the "frost forze down" on cold winter nights.

"Yes, m'am. Hit pleasures me more here."

"You know," I said, "I think you are right. Maybe that's what is the matter with most people. Maybe they need a mountain and just don't know it."

"Could be," he said, quite seriously. "Everybody needs a mountain."

When we left after two years, we missed the people and the children and our mountains. We got homesick for that line against the sky at sunset and the white water tumbling over the mill wheels. We missed the yellow azaleas and the purple rhododendron and the snow that weighed the hemlock branches to the ground.

And most of all we missed the cheery hail that greeted us from every mountain cabin, where the children ran out to meet us and urge us inside. "Hi ya, Doc!" they cried. He was welcome everywhere.

And now when the going gets tough and you wake up in the night wondering if the hours in the next day will be long enough for the things you have to do, you think of the peace and quiet in that old man's eyes. And you say to yourself, "Everyone needs a mountain." Perhaps not a literal mountain, though one would be nice, but just a quiet spot deep down inside, to rest a while.

NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA PROVERBS
IN NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, 1, 26-27

By Archer Taylor

(A great international folklore scholar, Professor Taylor has published authoritative books and articles on the proverb, the riddle, the ballad, the folktale, and other types of folklore. After a distinguished career as teacher and scholar at Washington University of St. Louis, the University of Chicago, and the University of California, he is living in busy and honored retirement in Berkeley.)

The interesting collection published fifteen years ago in our journal has never received the attention it deserved. We are assured that the texts have been taken down from oral tradition. Such materials are all too rare in American folklore. We are far from having a satisfactory idea of the current proverbial tradition. For this reason two texts in this collection have a special interest: No. 26, Let not your tongue cut your throat, is, according to Burton E. Stevenson, *The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases* (New York, 1948), p. 2342: 1, an Arabic proverb. Did the speaker get it from Bohn's widely circulated collection? A similar question arises in connection with No. 30, The wearer feels where the shoe pinches. This is verbatim the version printed more than three centuries ago by George Herbert in *Jacula prudentum*; see Stevenson, p. 2096: 4. Inasmuch as Herbert does not give English proverbs but translations from French and Italian sources, one must see here again the influence of print.

All or almost all the proverbs in this collection are of rare occurrence and therefore welcome additions to our store. I offer no notes to No. 29, Work is my grandmother, and I wouldn't strike her a lick for anything. This text has the traditional ring, but I cannot find a parallel to it. Let us hope the sentiment expressed is whimsical. In addition to Stevenson, I cite only Archer Taylor and Bartlett Jere Whiting, *A Dictionary of American Proverbs 1820-1880* (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), for parallels. The three proverbs already mentioned are not repeated.

1. Long absent, soon forgotten. Stevenson 5: 14, cf. 5: 16 (Seldome seene, soon forgotten).
2. Sue a beggar and get a louse. Stevenson 148: 4.
3. Better belly burst than good rations lost. Stevenson 166: 6 (drink, meat, liquor).
4. What's born in the blood can't be beaten out of the back. No parallels.
5. Little boats must keep near shore. Stevenson 1035: 5, 2100: 15.
6. He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. Stevenson 223: 11.
7. An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Stevenson 230: 2 (workhouses), 1213: 4.
8. Eaten bread is soon forgotten. Stevenson 234: 3.
9. Bless the bridge that carries you over. Stevenson 244-245: 13 (Praise).
10. It's as broad as it's long. Stevenson 236: 6.
11. Don't measure my bushel by your peck. Cf. Stevenson 1552: 4.
12. Good counsel never comes too late. Stevenson 431: 7.
13. A full cup must be carried steadily. Stevenson 471: 4.
14. Give a dog a bad name and it'll hang him. Cf. Stevenson 605: 8.
15. He that lies down with dogs must get up with fleas. Stevenson 610: 7.
16. Enough is as good as a feast. Stevenson 699: 3.
17. A fair face may hide a foul heart. Stevenson 1208-1209: 5.
18. A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven days. Stevenson 858: 12 (seven years).
19. If you want a thing done, go; if not, send. Stevenson 2068-2069: 11.
20. Give a man luck and throw him in the sea. Stevenson 1489-1490: 12.
21. If the mother had never been through the mill, she would not have looked for her daughter there. No parallels.
22. A patch beside a patch is neighborly; a patch upon a patch is niggardly. No precise parallels; cf. Stevenson 1752: 9; Taylor and Whiting 276.

23. A false report rides fast. Stevenson 1957: 16 (rides post).
24. Set a thief to catch a thief. Taylor and Whiting 368.
25. A slip of the tongue is no strain to the back. No parallels.
27. Set a trap and catch yourself. Cf. Taylor and Whiting 381.
28. Every tub sits on its own bottom. Stevenson 2397: 4.

Inasmuch as the parallels cited by Stevenson are drawn largely from books printed in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, we must reckon with a strong influence of printed sources. The existence of a continuing oral tradition seems somewhat unlikely.

THE DUKE FOLKLORE MEETING

On April 23-25, at Duke University, the North Carolina Folklore Society participated with the American Folklore Society, Duke University Press, and the Duke Graduate English Club in a full and interesting program of six sessions. The main occasion was the annual spring meeting of the American Folklore Society. The session of Friday afternoon, April 24, was dedicated to celebration of completion of publication of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore with the appearance of Volume Seven, Popular Beliefs and Superstitions of North Carolina, edited by Wayland D. Hand. Represented by talks or papers on the whole program were Duke University, the University of North Carolina, the University of Washington, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Georgia, the University of Florida, Wayne State University, Southern Illinois University, Brevard College, Livingstone College, Middlebury College, North Carolina State University, Ohio State University, the University of California at Berkeley, the University of California at Los Angeles, Michigan State University, and Indiana University. All sessions were well attended. Duke University hospitality was thoughtful and cordial.

Members of the North Carolina Folklore Society bore a prominent part in the meeting. President Holger Olof Nygard was chairman of the general program, and Secretary-Treasurer A. P. Hudson presided over one of the sessions. Members of the Society who spoke or presented papers were: Wilton Mason, on "Monument or Tomb? Some Thoughts on Folk Music as Preserved in Art Music"; Joan Moser, on "Survey of the Instrumental Music of the Southern Appalachians"; Philip H. Kennedy, on "Collections of North Carolina Folk Music during the Past Half Century"; Jan Philip Schinhan, on "Folk Music Analysis and Research in Retrospect"; J. Masan Brewer, on "The Clever-Animal Tale in African and American Negro Tradition"; Daniel W. Patterson, on "Inspiration and Authority in the Development of the Shaker Spiritual"; Richard Walser, on "Early Popularity of O. K."; W. Amos Abrams, on "I Knew Frank C. Brown"; and A. P. Hudson, on "The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore: An Appraisal."

At a banquet on Friday evening, A. L. Lloyd, of London, England, spoke on "The Seeds of Love: A Glance at English Amatory Folk Song," singing the songs he discussed. At the last session, on Saturday, Hedy West, of Los Angeles, sang folksongs from the North Carolina and Georgia mountains.

MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY ON DECEMBER 6, 1963

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its fifty-second meeting in the Virginia Dare Ballroom of the Sir Walter Hotel, in Raleigh, on December 6, 1963, 2-4 P.M., President Earl H. Hartsell presiding. The other officers of the Society, Vice-Presidents General John D. F. Phillips and Miss Ruth Jewell, and the Secretary-Treasurer, occupied places on the rostrum with the President, and an audience of about 100 was in attendance.

The main part of the public program was devoted to a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Society.

Professor Joseph D. Clark, of Raleigh, presented a paper entitled "Fifty Years of the North Carolina Folklore Society." He recounted the story of the founding of the Society in 1913, characterized the membership over the fifty-year period, related the chief events in the "reigns" of its only two Secretary-Treasurers, Frank C. Brown and Arthur Palmer Hudson, gave a classified analysis of the public programs, and assessed the value of the Society's work in gathering and publishing North Carolina folklore. He described in some detail The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (Duke University Press, 1952-1964) and the journal North Carolina Folklore (1948, 1954-date).

In "I Knew Frank C. Brown," Dr. W. Amos Abrams, of Raleigh, spoke charmingly and eloquently of the achievements of Dr. Brown, and with admiration and affection of Dr. Brown as a teacher, a scholar, a business executive, and a man. He told an amusing story of his and Dr. Brown's adventures on one of many ballad hunts in the mountains of North Carolina.

For Duke University Press, Miss Constance Head exhibited a complete set of The Frank C. Brown Collection.

In a message of greeting to the Society on its fiftieth anniversary, Dr. Paul F. Baum, second General Editor of the Collection, closed with a graceful sentence which well summarizes much of the significance of the celebration: "We now symbolically bring this sevenfold wreath to Dr. Brown's memory as part of the celebration of the Society's fiftieth anniversary."

The Secretary-Treasurer read congratulatory messages to the Society from a number of interesting and distinguished men and women, most of whom are or have been members. (See "Some Fiftieth Anniversary Greetings.")

Among the audience attending the fifty-second session were several ex-presidents of the Society: Mrs. Betty Vaiden Williams, of Raleigh; Mr. Norman Larson, of Raleigh; Dr. Cratis D. Williams, of Boone; Dr. I. G. Greer, of Chapel Hill.

The public program was concluded by Mr. Philip H. Kennedy of Chapel Hill, who sang three folksongs known to North Carolinians which were in existence at the time of the Carolina Charter (1663). (Brigadier General John D. F. Phillips, Executive Secretary of the Carolina Charter Commission, occupied a chair on the rostrum as First Vice-President of the Society for 1963.)

Business Session

The business session included a report by the Secretary-Treasurer, the election of officers for 1964, and the passage of an important resolution.

The Secretary-Treasurer reported that 237 individuals, 36 libraries, and one public school system (that of Winston-Salem) which subscribed for 87 copies of the journal North Carolina Folklore, and a number of individuals and libraries ordering back numbers of the journal paid up dues or subscriptions for 1963. He thanked those members of the Society who added varying amounts to their dues. Membership and other sources of income, he estimated, yielded about

the same income for 1963 as they had for 1962. He accounted as follows:

Balance as of December 1, 1962-----	\$435.97	
Receipts from dues, subscriptions, etc., December 1, 1962, to December 1, 1963 -----	564.30	\$1,000.27
Expenditures, December 1, 1962, to December 1, 1963 -----	\$690.53	
Book balance (bank balance somewhat higher), December 1, 1963 -----	309.74	\$1,000.27

He stated that the outlook for membership and income for 1964 is uncertain as the result of two facts: (1) the unlikelihood that many of some 100 students who paid dues for 1963 will continue as members; (2) the lack of assurance that the Winston-Salem City Schools will continue their admirable and gratifying custom of subscribing for 85-100 copies of the journal. By way of conclusion, he begged the members of the Society to be faithful in their payment of dues and to recruit as many new members as possible. As Editor of North Carolina Folklore, he complained about the difficulty of securing adequate copy for publication, and briefly pleaded for more contributions. Finally, as one getting along in years (now the seventy-first), and feeling a bit weary of times, he admonished the Society on the problem of finding a successor to the incumbent Secretary-Treasurer and Editor of North Carolina Folklore.

Officers elected for 1964 are: President, Dr. Holgor O. Nygard, Durham; First Vice-President, Mr. Philip H. Kennedy, Chapel Hill; Second Vice-President, Miss Joon Moser, Brevard; Third Vice-President, Mrs. S. R. Prince, Reidsville; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. A. P. Hudson, Chapel Hill.

After the election of officers, President-elect Nygard moved that the North Carolina Folklore Society join Duke University in sponsoring a celebration of completion of publication of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore at Duke on April 14-16. The motion was passed with enthusiasm. Professor Joseph D. Clark reminded the Society of the constitutional provision that the Council of the Society, composed of the elected officers, has authority to make any necessary arrangements and to fill any vacancy in office that may occur.

Thus the North Carolina Folklore Society wrote "Finis" to the first fifty years (1913-1963), with pride in its achievements, and "Incipit" to the second fifty, with the confident hope that many of its younger members may live to celebrate its Centennial in 2,013 A.D.

710 Greenwood Road,
Chapel Hill, North Carolina,
December 9, 1963.

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer

SOME FIFTIETH-ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

Archibald Henderson

(A charter member of the Society. Mathematician, historian, and biographer, Dr. Henderson died in Chapel Hill a few days after dictating this message.)

Dear Professor Hudson:

I am astounded to learn that the North Carolina Folklore Society has reached its fiftieth anniversary. I had no idea it had even approached such a venerable age.

Will you please give the Society my heartiest congratulations on this occasion and especially on the very creditable achievements of which the Society can be proud? I send also my very best wishes for a future of continued growth, interest, and accomplishment.

I regret so much that I cannot be with you in body as well as in spirit.

Faithfully yours,

Archibald Henderson

(Dictated)

Jay B. Hubbell

(A charter member of the Society. A teacher and scholar in American literature, Dr. Hubbell is now living in retirement in Durham.)

Dear Dr. Hudson:

Thanks for the invitation. I shall be very glad indeed to come.

I have forgotten the date, but I believe it was in the spring of 1914 when I attended the meeting in which Dr. Frank C. Brown explained to a small group of us that Prof. Kittredge had asked him to organize a state folklore society. My old friend Tom Peete Cross, then at U.N.C. but soon to take off for Chicago, was there, and, I think, Prof. Thomas P. Harrison of State College (is this right?). I don't remember Archibald Henderson, whom I had come to know a few years earlier when I taught at Chapel Hill. In the fall of 1914 I returned to Columbia University and in 1915 I went to Southern Methodist University, and I did not attend any meeting of the Folklore Society until 1927, when I came to Duke. The Society has been fortunate in having two such capable and hard-working secretaries as you and FCB.

Sincerely yours,

Jay B. Hubbell

Mary E. Miller

(Wife of Dr. Frank C. Brown at the time of his death in 1943; now Mrs. T. Grier Miller, of Philadelphia.)

Dear Dr. Hudson:

I am deeply appreciative of your kindness in extending to me a personal invitation to be present at the fifty-second meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society. Unfortunately I cannot accept, but I assure you of my continued interest in the project that Dr. Brown initiated and that has developed into such an important cultural organization. It would be especially interesting to me to hear Dr. Abrams' "I Knew Frank C. Brown."

I am glad to enclose a small contribution in support of the Society's activities. Also I extend congratulations to you and all the others who have carried on the good work, including the publication of the fascinating volumes on North Carolina Folklore.

With kindest personal regards,

Most sincerely,

Mary E. Miller

Marie A. White

(Widow of Dr. Newman Ivey White, first General Editor of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. Long a member of the English staff of Duke University, Mrs. White lives in retirement in Durham.)

Dear Mr. Hudson,

Unfortunately I shall be in New York next week and therefore unable to accept the invitation of the North Carolina Folklore Society for December 6.

Thank you for the invitation. I appreciate the recognition given the work of my late husband, Newman Ivey White, without whose labor, patience, and skill the valuable but huge and chaotic mass of the Frank C. Brown Collection could never have been organized or published.

Yours sincerely,

Marie A. White (Mrs. N. I.)

Paul F. Baum

(Second General Editor of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore.
Emeritus James B. Duke Professor of English, Duke University, Dr. Baum is living in Durham.)

The members of the North Carolina Folklore Society are happy, I am sure, to know that the whole Collection, begun so long ago by Dr. Brown and the Society (of which he was one of the founders), is now at last, in 1963, twenty years after his death, successfully published – and no less pleased am I who nearly fourteen years ago inherited the task of seeing it through the press. When I came on the scene, in April 1949, Dr. White had sorted and arranged Dr. Brown's collectanea and gathered appropriate Assistant Editors for the various kinds of material; and the manuscripts of the first three volumes were in hand and required only the proper editing for the printer.

Any co-operative enterprise of such magnitude, with nine Assistant Editors and a dozen varieties of subject matter, was bound to entail inconsistencies of method which had to be ironed out so far as possible, and entail also considerable delays due to the changes and chances of life. These last, regrettable but unavoidable, have at length been surmounted.

Once more I would express our thanks to the Director and his staff of the Duke University Press, and to the Assistant Editors, and to the hundreds of informants – many of whom are present to-day – and to all the others who have shared in this important undertaking, as we now symbolically bring this sevenfold wreath to Dr. Brown's memory as part of the celebration of the Society's fiftieth anniversary.

Paul F. Baum

Douglas M. Knight

(Dr. Knight became President of Duke University in 1963.)

To the Members of the North Carolina Folklore Society:

During the year before I assumed the presidency of Duke University I learned a great deal about the accomplishments of this institution and its faculty, and I regard them, as you know, with great admiration. I am constantly encouraged and stimulated by the new discoveries which I make about the contributions which the University and its individual faculty members have made to the life of the region and the country.

One of the most gratifying, to me personally, has been the vital role which Duke University played in the founding of the North Carolina Folklore Society. Because my own field is English literature, perhaps I have a better appreciation than most for the importance of the work which the Society has done. I am pleased to know, too, that Duke University and its faculty have maintained their abiding interest in the Society during the past half century.

We are particularly proud of the founding role of the late Dr. Frank C. Brown. We are equally proud, however, of the work of other faculty members, such as the late Dr. Newman I. White.

On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the North Carolina Folklore Society, it is a distinct pleasure for me to commend you for your efforts in preserving an important

part of our heritage - a record of our folklore - and to assure you of Duke University's continuing interest and support.

Douglas M. Knight

Frank P. Graham

(Former President of the University of North Carolina and ex-United States Senator from North Carolina, Dr. Graham is now a United Nations mediator.)

Dear Dr. Hudson,

Congratulations on the fiftieth year of the foundation of the North Carolina Folklore Society. The people of North Carolina have a rich folklore which is a vital part of their history and a most democratic expression of the human spirit of our people.

Much of this folklore would have been lost to future generations but for the devoted, interested and timely work, and the continuing research of the North Carolina Folklore Society.

Along with the Southern Historical Collection, the North Carolina Room in the Louis Round Wilson Library, the Carolina Playmakers, and the Ackland Art Gallery, the North Carolina Folklore Society is preserving and adding to the spiritual treasures of our people for transmission from generation to generation.

With high appreciation of the work of your Society and with best wishes for its future values, I am

Sincerely yours,

Frank P. Graham

Sam J. Ervin, Jr.

(United States Senator from North Carolina.)

Dear Dr. Hudson:

I wish to extend greetings to the North Carolina Folklore Society as it celebrates its golden anniversary. My membership in the Society has been a rewarding and rich experience. In a day and age when knowledge of the traditions and heritage handed down to us is necessary to the preservation of an orderly civilization, I wish to commend the fine work being conducted by the Society. Best wishes for a continued fruitful existence in the years ahead.

Sam J. Ervin, Jr., USS

Richard M. Dorson

(Editor of the American Folklore Society)

Dear Professor Hudson:

It gives me great pleasure, as Editor of the American Folklore Society, to send heartiest congratulations to the North Carolina Folklore Society at its 50th anniversary celebration this December 6. I only wish I could be there to offer these wishes in person.

You are certainly to a great degree responsible for this achievement. For a state folklore society, as well as for a ballad, to endure half a century is an indisputable mark of tradition.

Cordially yours,

Richard M. Dorson,
Editor

American Folk Legends

Through the courtesy of North Carolina Folklore, the American members of the Committee on Folk Legends of the International Society for Folk-Narrative Research are reporting briefly on the special meeting of the Committee in Budapest, Oct. 14-16, 1963, and appealing for help from their American colleagues. Following the preliminary meeting of the Committee in Antwerp in Sept. 1962, the group of specialists has drawn up a detailed program of research in folk legendry in various countries around the world, a digest of which will appear in an early number of Current Anthropology. Papers of the Antwerp meeting have already been published in Tagung der "International Society for Folk-Narrative Research" in Antwerp (6-8 Sept. 1962), Antwerpen: Centrum voor Studie en Documentatie, 1963.

Especially needed for North America at the present time are (1) increased collecting activity in the field of folk legendry, (2) publication of material already contained in personal collections or on deposit in archives, and (3) scholarly studies dealing with various genres of folk legends, saints legends, etc. The support of all American folklorists, institutes and centers, archives, historical societies, folklore journals, and other interested parties and agencies is hereby earnestly solicited.

Richard M. Dorson
Wayland D. Hand

I KNEW FRANK C. BROWN

By W. Amos Abrams

[A graduate of Trinity College (later Duke University) and Cornell (Ph. D.), Dr. Abrams taught English in the public schools of North Carolina and at Appalachian State Teachers College. Since 1946, he has been editor of North Carolina Education, and one of the most influential leaders in public education in North Carolina.]

[After agreeing to talk about Dr. Frank C. Brown at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the North Carolina Folklore Society, Dr. Abrams found that he would not be able to attend the meeting. So he wrote out his talk and tape-recorded it for the occasion, and the recording was played back to the audience on December 6, 1963. The following is from the typescript of the talk.]

Mr. President, Dr. Hudson, Members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has been my pleasure and honor to address many audiences on many programs and under varying circumstances--but never before on tape.

I have spoken when a frightened sparrow, flying overhead, was the center of interest and in John Milton's verse "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

On two occasions I have spoken to an audience plunged in darkness--once when a giant moth, falling in a lamp chimney, snuffed the lighted wick of a kerosene lamp, and once when a bolt of lightning blew a nearby transformer.

On these occasions, however, I was present both in spirit and in body. This afternoon I am present only in spirit, and thus the tape you are hearing. For your indulgence I am most grateful.

The printed program which you have before you is in grievous error. The topic--as there written--reads: "I Knew Frank C. Brown," or, if you please, Frank Clyde Brown. Such, however, is not the case.

I never knew anyone anywhere who knew "Frank Clyde Brown"; I never knew anyone on the campus of Trinity College or Duke University who knew "Frank C. Brown"; yet for a period of 30 years everybody on the Durham campus knew a man affectionately known as "Bull" Brown, the Beau Brummel of Methodism, the Lord Chesterfield of the Duke faculty, the sine qua non of fashion and yet never guilty of foppishness.

As a frightened student under his direction and instruction on both the undergraduate and graduate levels, as a timid underling who read English themes for various members of the English Department, and as a personal friend who for four years rode over the rugged hills with him, learning the ways of a dedicated collector with a hesitant folk-singer, I think I can say for sure that "Bull" Brown was happy with his sobriquet. In fact, the nickname was well suited to him--not because of an endless verbosity with shallow, show-off, meaningless words--but because of an occasional roar of disapproval when an obviously unprepared student revealed his lack of preparation in an English class or, perhaps, because he charged both fearlessly and ferociously forward to reach an objective if he judged the objective truly worth achieving.

And yet, Ladies and Gentlemen, much of this--as I came to learn when once I knew him better--much of this was but an outward show both feigned and designed to camouflage an inner warmth and sincerity--qualities which won for him both respect and loyalty.

But, this is too much generalization. Now for a few specifics: What about his physical appearance? His impact as a teacher? His activities as Duke University's first comptroller? His passion--and it was a passion--for collecting from the folk--anything and everything? His mellowing days, when he assured me of a great change--using these words: "Amos, I am become an old softie"? And, finally, what about an over-all appraisal of this man--Dr. Frank Clyde Brown, Dr. Frank C. Brown, "Bull" Brown of Duke University?

An editorial contemporaneous with the publication of the first of the folklore volumes to come from the Duke Press aptly and accurately describes "Bull" Brown. Selected phrases will suffice for our present purpose. Athletic in appearance, a former football player proud of his broad shoulders, fond of wearing snappy sports attire, a wearer of smart ties and distinctive, flashing stickpins, never a single strand of hair out of place--hair parted in the middle--heavy eyebrows shading sparkling eyes--immaculate--always immaculate--this was the "Bull" Brown known to Trinity College and Duke University students for thirty years. This was the "Bull" Brown I knew as a student for five years and as a fellow folklore collector and friend for twenty-one years.

"Bull" Brown was an institution within an institution. He was the Duke Grover C. Whalen, the official arbiter of protocol, always the man out front, a pioneer public-relations dynamo. It was "Bull" Brown who--year after year--served proudly as Chief Commencement Marshal; it was he who welcomed visiting dignitaries to campus functions; it was he who arranged for senior receptions; it was he who did--and knew how to--put on the dog--and as every college administrator knows--there are times when the dog must be put on!

Though Chairman of the Department of English and, from time to time, burdened with administrative responsibilities, "Bull" Brown--in my opinion--was first and foremost a teacher. In the classroom he was most at home. Here, behind a teacher's desk, beside a lectern, on a dais--here was his happiest habitat. Here, lifting his chin as if to release the tightness of a too-small collar, clearing his throat and emitting a peculiarly effective guttural sound between his phrases, a speech impediment attributed to a football injury--leaning forward, both lowering and glowering--catechizing a student on the proper uses of a comma or the fourteen functions of the seven substantives--here, as far as freshmen and sophomores were concerned--"Bull" Brown was at his best--or at his worst, depending on whether you were adequately prepared for the catechism.

He was intolerant of classroom sham and pretended preparation. He was not so much intolerant of those who did not know as he was of those who did not care whether they knew. To such as these "Bull" Brown was an uncompromising adversary!

Though I survived his courses in grammar and composition and became--upon his nomination--a theme reader; though, like him, I came to make Woolley's Handbook of the Essentials of English Composition my secular Bible--it is my judgment that he was at his best--his very best--as an interpreter of Shakespeare. I hasten to remind you that I did not say "as a Shakespearean scholar." I do not think Dr. Brown was a Shakespearean scholar--as was George Lyman Kittredge, for instance, of Harvard, or J. Q. Adams of Cornell, or John Manly of Chicago, or Tucker Brooke of Yale.

He found no great joy in lingering over the etymology of words or tracing their varied meanings through the centuries; he discovered no compensation in laboring over the genetic relationship of texts or textual emendations argued over by Shakespearean researchers both at home and abroad. He gave his mind and his heart to a philosophical--often quite emotional--discussion of filial ingratitude in Lear, disillusionment in Hamlet, overvaulting ambition in Macbeth, sexual jealousy in Othello, and similar topics in other dramas.

In such lectures he became an evangel of education, morality, spirituality--and to his mourner's bench came a multitude of converts who from that time forward could never escape this man's influence as a great teacher, a man who looms larger with each passing year, a man

whose intangible qualities wrought something good in every life.

Your speaker was such a convert, who feels even unto this day the impact of "Bull" Brown's teaching--an influence he considers to have been--and to be--an infinite blessing!

Some two years after the signing of the Duke Indenture in 1924, Dr. Brown was given a new responsibility--that of serving as Comptroller. As such he had precious little time either for teaching or for collecting. The six years required for the expansion of Trinity College into Duke University--from 1924 to 1930--found him busy with blueprints and bathroom fixtures rather than with blue books and Hamlet soliloquies. In fact, his secretary had to remind him when his Shakespeare lectures were to be given. My memory tells me that he never did give up his Shakespearean classes.

One one occasion when I visited him, he took me to the site where Duke University was to be. Standing in a cleared spot near the spur of a railroad track, he pointed with great pride to the areas where certain stone edifices were to be erected, commented on some of his current problems with contractors and architects, and wisecracked in some such language and imagery as this: "Yes, Amos, there have been some changes made. I have exchanged my responsibilities for nuts in the classroom to responsibilities for nuts--brass, copper, iron, and steel--which must fit every conceivable size of bolt."

It was during this time, too, that the first Mrs. Brown died, following a lingering illness. She was the former Ola Marguerite Hollis of Covington, Georgia. Her death ended a marriage which had begun 35 years ago--in 1893. Silver was beginning to show in his hair, and a touch of weariness was evident in his eyes and in his speech. Dr. Frank C. Brown was becoming a tired man.

His end-of-the-day fatigue, however, I am sure, did not lessen the vigor with which he marched forth every morning to make decisions about stones and pipes, lamps and lintels, window sashes and stained glass panels for the Duke Chapel.

The New Duke soon rose in majesty beside the Old Trinity--on an adjoining campus and in a forest of native shrubs and trees. Where he told me certain buildings would stand, they do now stand; where he said the thoroughfares would run, they do now run; and I never praise God for the enduring quality of Duke's stately towers that I do not thank Him for "Bull" Brown, the Comptroller, whose stature as a man added to their stateliness!

Classes began on the new campus in 1930. His duties as Comptroller had been discharged. He remarried in 1932, four years after the death of the first Mrs. Brown. His second wife, Mrs. Mary Henkle Wadsworth, I came to know well and remember with great affection. A lovely lady, calm, cultured, and sure-of-herself, she was a blessing to Dr. Brown. Because her summer home was in Blowing Rock, and because she understood his consuming passion for collecting folklore, his summer months were now spent in a region rich in materials not yet recorded on paper or on records.

His nearness to Boone and Appalachian State Teachers College, where I was at work, and our common interest in collecting eventually brought us together on many a rugged and adventuresome jaunt and helped to deepen a friendship which had been born ten years earlier.

In 1939 he had replaced his old wax-cylinder Ediphone with a sparkling new Presto recorder provided by the Duke University Research Council. I was using a less expensive but thoroughly reliable Wilcox-Gay recorder. In the trunk of his faithful Ford Dr. Brown had installed a gasoline motor and an attachment which not only generated sufficient electricity for our purpose but changed it from direct to indirect current for our use.

Armed with this engine, two recording machines, an ample length of extension cord, and a supply of blank discs--the two of us were in business. And thus armed, we were able to

contribute to the treasure-hoard which was later to be preserved for all time in the seven volumes of The Frank C. Brown Collection.

Dr. Brown was now 69 years old, but the youngest 69 years I ever saw. He, punctual to the minute and clad in colorful clothes so characteristic of his fad for fashion, and I followed leads which were often dead-end streets but which were also frequently productive of much profit.

The time and space limitations assigned to this report allow me to describe--and then only briefly--one of our most meaningful excursions, omitting, for this purpose, exact dates.

It is my opinion that we were the first collectors to take a recording machine into the home of the currently- and deservedly-popular ballad singer Frank Proffitt of Pick Britches, Watauga County, North Carolina. His personal testimony that our visits and encouragement, the unexpected gift of a guitar, our interest in the songs he sang, our friendship for him as a mountain man bent on preserving much of his folk heritage--these, he has said, mark and explain his beginning as a singer of folksongs. His recent successful recordings, therefore, are a compensation I cherish and a tribute to the influence of Frank C. Brown on those with whom he worked.

It was Frank Proffitt who gave us directions to the home of a relative, Mrs. Nancy Prather, from whom he had learned many of his songs. Well do I remember this visit. We went from Boone, North Carolina, to Trade, Tennessee, and from Trade, Tennessee, back into North Carolina in the general direction of West Jefferson. While we were fording an unbridged stream, the water closed over the exhaust pipe--and for a time we were stalled. To reach the house where Mrs. Prather was living, we drove across a meadow and to a footlog which led to the yard. The car could go no farther.

Mrs. Prather came out on a rickety porch with her flap bonnet turned down over her eyes--and sharp eyes they were, too. She was reluctant to sing, asking, for sure, whether we were honest-to-goodness collectors or disguised revenue officers searching for makers of moonshine whiskey.

Fortunately, Dr. Brown had a winning way with elderly people, and fortunately, I had a recording of a song which Frank Proffitt's son, Oliver, had sung for us. When I played that record--a song which she had taught him to sing--the ice was broken, and she sang eight songs for us, six of which were Child ballads--among them, "Earl Brand," which she knew as "The Old Man at the Gate."

We bribed her granddaughter or niece--I don't recall the exact relationship--to copy the words accurately from Mrs. Prather--bribed her by paying for flowers she wanted to give us.

We returned home safely by West Jefferson, not daring another attempt to cross the unbridged river--but until this day I can see Mrs. Nancy Prather sitting on a rickety porch singing a song rich in history of olden times and a land beyond the Ocean Sea.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish I had time to tell you about other unforgettable visits I made with "Bull" Brown, collecting here a bunch of stories and there an anthology of songs, for during these visits--on the way to and from--I learned to know and love this pre-eminent Tar Heel collector as I never could have done as a shrinking student in a composition class or one assigned to memorize ten pages of Shakespearean poetry between noon on Friday and noon on the following Monday.

His driving a car over a mountain road was as ferocious as his friendship was sincere. We smashed running boards and fenders, slipped and slid around clay-covered corners, and careened over the sides of many a mountain; but we always came home--and almost never were we empty-handed. In fact, this phrase fully explains this man's greatness as a teacher--as a

comptroller--and as a collector. Whenever he sought something and whatever it was--he almost never came home empty-handed. And how fortunate we are that such was true!

I think that Dr. Frank Clyde Brown approached immortality as a teacher, but I never thought of him as a profound scholar. In truth, occasional barbs came his way because he was not forever rushing into print with some monograph.

As a decision-maker in the building of Duke University's massive quadrangles, he was a meticulous connoisseur of good taste, but he was never happily at home with artisans and architects and men who work on drawing boards. His heart sang out in its deepest and richest tones when some unlettered spinner of yarns told a tale about Jack and the dragon, some self-appointed doctor of folk medicine prescribed a cure for seed warts on the left hand.--the hand nearest the heart--or some mountain, piedmont, or coastal minstrel chanted in song a story of unrequited love, a legend of ghosts returning from the grave, or a narrative of stark tragedy concerned with kings and queens, princes or paupers, or golden lads and girls who must "As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

This, then, is the Frank Clyde Brown, the Frank C. Brown, the "Bull" Brown--I knew. I have not been able to present him to you in an impersonal fashion, and for this I make no apology.

Though no renowned research scholar, no man powerful in politics, no great administrator in the University he served, and no confirmed seeker of eternal fame, these were his accomplishments:

He touched not only the minds but also the hearts of those he taught, giving to most of them a torch with which to seek the truth.

He worked faithfully for a great seat of higher education on whatever assignment was given him--from Commencement Marshal to University Comptroller.

He mingled in jovial good humor with common men.--those who live on high and lofty mountains, in lonely coves, and behind the dunes on windswept beaches--soliciting and saving from oblivion that peculiar culture which is theirs alone.

He organized and nurtured into full growth--as long as he did live--the North Carolina Folklore Society of which all of us are members, collecting and filling attic trunks with manuscripts and records too dear for a price on the common market.

These were his achievements--and more--and surely they are enough to last until almost the very end of time!

FIFTY YEARS OF MEETINGS AND PROGRAMS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

By Joseph D. Clark

(The following is a much-expanded part of a paper entitled "Fifty Years of the North Carolina Folklore Society" presented by Professor Clark at the celebration meeting in Raleigh on December 6, 1963.)

The annual meetings of the North Carolina Folklore Society have been held sometimes in late November and frequently during the first two weeks of December in conjunction with the meetings of the State Literary and Historical Association and other related societies in the city of Raleigh. From 1912 to 1927, the places for assembling were the Senate Chamber and the Hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol, Meredith College (then downtown), and the Sir Walter and Carolina hotels. Excepting a few instances, all sessions of the Society since 1928 have been in the Sir Walter Hotel. The total of these meetings is fifty, if the preliminary meeting on December 4, 1912, is counted as official. There were two sessions in 1913, but none in 1918, on account of influenza prevalent at that time.

The society can take pride in its yearly programs that have entertained and informed its members and guests since the first programmed meeting in the spring of 1913. These sessions have been the principal means of coordinating the activities of the society and of promoting interest in collecting, discussing, and preserving the folklore of the State of North Carolina.

The most important aspects of these programs have been specifically related to various types or topics of folklore as discussed by scholars, students, and other persons. Lay collectors, singers, musicians, storytellers, professional writers, folk and ballet dancers, and popular artists in general have often illustrated the lore of the State. Incidentally, more than ninety percent of the subject matter has been associated with North Carolina as the source; and a similar percentage of the speakers and entertainers is North Carolinian. The obvious conclusion, therefore, is that the society is close to the people in all areas of the State.

The following tabulation--including persons, topics, and years of presentation--shows that the first 152 items pertain to specific kinds of folklore. Some of them have no exact title, and others overlap different classifications. There are sixty-six (66) entries about folk ballads and songs; nineteen (19) about folk tales and legends; seventeen (17) about usage of language; sixteen (16) about superstitions--signs, wonders, magic, witchcraft, ghosts, vampires, monsters, and birds; thirteen (13) about customs and folkways; six (6) about folk medicine and remedies; five (5) about Negro psychology, etc.; five (5) about the dance and ballet; four (4) about proverbs and other sayings; and one (1) about the riddle.

This tabulation also indicates that the society has been substantially concerned about the uses of folklore not only in literature and music but also in political and social matters. It includes, too, several important entries about the methods used in collecting folklore, particularly in western North Carolina. Other significant entries are the five progress reports about the publication of the Brown Collection.

In addition to the entries on special reports, resolutions and reviews of noteworthy publications, the tabulation also reveals that twenty-two addresses were made by presidents of the society between 1913 and 1943. Since 1944, however, only a few of such introductory presentations have been delivered.

The totals that appear hereafter in detailed form present a sizable contribution by the North Carolina Folklore Society to the cultural growth of the State and, in no small degree, to the advancement of scholarship everywhere.

Tabulation of Programs - Persons, Topics, and Years of Presentation

Folk Ballads and Songs (66):

- Collier Cobb, "Ballads and Folk Songs in North Carolina," 1913
 C. Alphonso Smith, "A Plea for the Traditional Ballad in North Carolina, 1914
 Anon., "Music - Old English Ballads," 1914
 Anon., "Music - English and Scottish Ballads Found in North Carolina," 1915
 Mr. and Mrs. I. Greer, "Ballads Old and New," with music, 1917
 I. G. Greer, "Old Songs to the Accompaniment of the Dulcimer," 1917
 Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Greer, "Folk Songs, with the Dulcimer," 1919
 Anon., "Music," 1919
 Anon., "Music," 1920
 Pearl Minish, "Music: Western North Carolina Folk-Songs," 1921
 Margaret Highsmith (soloist) and Mrs. Bert Cunningham (accompanist), "North Carolina Folk Songs," 1922
 _____, "More Folk Songs," 1922
 B. L. Lunsford, "Blue Ridge Poetry and Song," with music, 1922
 Maude Pennell Minish, "Poem: The Ballet Sings," 1923
 Frank C. Brown, "Discussion of North Carolina Folk-Songs," 1923
 Miss Highsmith, Mrs. Cunningham, R. H. James, D. S. Johnston, and Frank Warner, "Folk-Song Recital," 1923
 Margaret Highsmith and Mrs. Bert Cunningham, "North Carolina Folk-Songs," 1924
 The Misses Franklin of Grossnore, N. C., "Music: North Carolina Ballads and Other Songs," 1925
 _____, "Music: Folk-Songs," 1925
 Newman I. White, "Spirituals," 1926
 Mrs. Myers and Mr. Warner; Mrs. Bert Cunningham (accompanist), "Folk Songs," 1926
 Frank M. Warner, "Negro Folk Songs with the Banjo," 1926
 Mrs. H. L. Myers, "English and Scottish Ballads Found in North Carolina," with music, 1926
 Os-Ke-Non-Ton (Running Deer of the Mohawks - Indian baritone), "Pt. I, Song Recital of American Red Indian," and "Pt. II, Song Recital . . .," 1927
 Anon., "Music - North Carolina Folk-Songs," by quartette, 1928
 Anon., "Music - North Carolina Folk-Songs," by quartette, 1928
 Anon., "Music - North Carolina Folk Songs," by soloist with banjo, 1928
 Anon., "English and Scottish Ballads Found in North Carolina," with quartette and banjo, 1928
 Gilbert R. Combs, "Ballads and Other Songs of the Kentucky Mountains," 1929
 Thomas P. Harrison, "A Present-Day Ballad," 1930
 Anon., "North Carolina Folk-Songs," 1930
 Mrs. Peyton Brown, soloist, and Mrs. Bert Cunningham, "Music - Folk-Songs of North Carolina," 1930
 Lamar Stringfield, "Folk-Music in America," 1931
 Anon., "Folk Songs," with music, 1934
 W. Amos Abrams, "A MS of Old Songs," 1937
 Phillip Furnas, "Serbian Folk-Songs," 1939
 Frank C. Brown, "Playing of Records: English and Scottish Ballads and Other Folk-Songs Collected (in summer of 1939) in North Carolina," 1939
 Mr. and Mrs. James York, "Folk-Songs," with music, 1940
 Cratis D. Williams, "Kentucky Folk-Songs," 1943
 Bascom Lamar Lunsford, "A Passel of Mountain Songs," with music, 1944
 Cratis D. Williams, "Ballad Motifs in the Songs of Uncle Pat Frye," 1945
 Mr. and Mrs. James York, "Davie County Ballads," with music, 1945
 Arthur Palmer Hudson, "Songs of the North Carolina Regulators," 1946
 Ralph S. Boggs, "Indian Ceremonial Pictures and Mexican Folksongs from New Mexico," 1947
 Virgil L. Sturgill, "Old Song Ballets from the Appalachians," 1947
 Bascom Lamar Lunsford, "Mountain Ballads and Dancers," with music, 1947
 _____, "A Folklore Feature," with music etc., 1948

- Gilbert R. Combs, "Ballads and Songs of the Appalachian Mountains," with music, 1951
 Jaan Moser, "Swannanoa Folksongs," with music, 1952
 Robert J. Gauld, "Folk Music in a North Carolina Rural Community," illustrated with tape recordings, 1953
 Paul Jaines, "Appalachian Banjo Tunes and Songs," 1953
 Margaret Underwood, "'Vandy, Vandy,' and Other North Carolina Folksongs," with guitar accompaniment, 1954
 Bettie Vaiden Williams, "A Garland of North Carolina Folksongs," with autoharp accompaniment, 1955
 Herbert Shellans, "A Sheaf of American Folksongs," 1956
 Donald MacDonald, "Scottish Jacobite Songs," 1956
 Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Greer, "Folksongs," with music, 1957
 Donald MacDonald, "Our Scottish-American Heritage," with music, 1958
 Bettie Vaiden Williams, "Scottish-American Songs," with music, 1958
 Jack Smith (Pipe Major), "Scottish Piping," 1958
 Phillip Kennedy, "Scottish Songs," with music, 1958
 Mrs. Lucile Turner, "Makin' Glory," a spiritual, 1959
 Douglas Franklin, "Some North Carolina Folksong Favorites," with music, 1959
 Wilton Mason, "Ballads in Transit," 1959
 Frank M. Warner, "Folksongs of the American Wars," with music, 1961
 Obray Ramsey (banjoist and singer) and Tom Hunter (guitarist), "Songs of the French Broad River," 1962
 A. P. Hudson (speaker) and Dan Brock and Guerry Matthews (singers from the University of North Carolina), "Songs of the Carolina Charter Colonists," 1962

Folktales and Legends (19):

- Benjamin Sledd, "The Science of Fairy and Folk Tales," 1913
 Collier Cobb, "Some Early Settlements of Moors and Greeks along the Coast of North Carolina and Some Legends Emanating Therefrom," 1913
 R. F. Jarrett, "Oconeechee, the Maid of the Mystic Lake, and Other Indian Legends," 1914
 Richard Dillard, "Legends of Eastern Carolina," a paper, 1919
 James Sprunt, "Dramatized Story of the Sailing of a Ship by a Boy into Old Charleston, now Wilmington, in the Days of the First Settlers, to Bring Provisions," presidential paper read by secretary in absence of the president, 1921
 F. A. G. Cowper, "Folk-Tales from Italy," 1922
 Richard Dillard, "Eastern North Carolina Legends and Traditions," 1926
 Ralph S. Boggs, "The Legend of the Half-Chick," 1930
 _____, "North Carolina Folk-Tales, International and Local," 1931
 T. M. Johnston, "The Rabbit in Myth and Legend," 1932
 Jay B. Hubbell, "Jesse Holmes, the Fool Killer," 1933
 Robert B. Wynne, "The Spell of the Moon: Moon-Lore in Legend and in Literature," 1934
 W. Amas Abrams, "Some North Carolina Folk-Tales," 1936
 J. R. Miller, "Uncle Remus and His Creatures," 1938
 Calvin Claudel, "Creole Folktales," 1943
 Marshall Ward, "Jack Tales," 1946
 Warner Wells, "Folklore of the Hiroshima A-Bomb," 1950
 Marshall Ward, "Jack and the Heifer Hide, a Jack Tale," 1951
 Richard Chase, "Folktales, Jack Tales," etc., 1957

Usage of Language (17)

- T. M. Pitman, "The Uses of Words in Different Parts of the State and Some Legends," 1913
 George W. Lay, "Unusual Uses of Words," 1913
 Mrs. Henry A. McKinnan, "The Origins of North Carolina Place-Names," 1923
 Thomas P. Harrison, "Some Folk-Words," 1928
 Mrs. Dennis H. Sutton, "Dialect and Proverbs of the Mountains," 1932
 George P. Wilsan, "Some Rare Dialect Words from Western North Carolina," 1934
 _____, "Whose Pronunciation Is Right?" 1935

Masan Crum, "The Gullah," 1937

George P. Wilson, "Place-Names in North Carolina," presidential address, 1939

_____, "Some Southern Pronouns," presidential address, 1941

A. C. Hall, "Folk Epitaphs," 1941

George P. Wilson, "'You all' - Southern Style," presidential address, 1942

_____, "The American Dialect Society and Its Work," 1944

_____, "Folk Speech in North Carolina," 1948

Guy B. Johnson, "Notes on the Gullah Dialect," 1949

Narman E. Eliason, "Early North Carolina Folk Speech," 1952

Lucia S. Morgan, "The Speech of Ocracoke Island," 1961

Superstitions - Signs, Wonders, Magic, Witchcraft, Ghosts, Vampires, Monsters, and Birds (16):

Benjamin Sledd, "Witchcraft in the Mountains of Virginia," 1913

Tam Peete Cross, "Magic," 1913

O. W. Blacknall, "Some Plantation Signs and Wonders," 1913

Charles L. Coon, "Witch-Tales Current in Lincoln County, 1830," 1915

Fred A. Olds, "Cherokee Indian Superstitions and Magic," 1920

William J. Andrews, "Our Superstitions," 1920

Henry E. Shaw, "Recital of a Triol for Witchcraft in 1916 in Kinston, North Carolina," 1920

Anon., "Magic (Chams, Amulets, Talismans, Incantations, etc.)," 1930

Edward P. Dreyer, "Voodooism," 1931

Mrs. John Carr, "Mythical Monsters," 1931

Maybelle Poovey, "Folk-Lore of Birds," 1932

C. W. Reeves, "The Vampire in Legend and Literature," 1933

Nell Bottle Lewis, "Some North Carolina Ghost Stories," 1935

_____, "The Philosophy of the Ghost Story," 1936

Frank C. Brown, "Playing of Records Made in 1940 - Tales of Witches and Ghosts," 1940

Anon., "North Carolina Witch Tale," 1941

Customs and Folkways (13):

Fred A. Olds, "Some Customs Among the People of Our Coast," 1919

Paul and Elizabeth Green, "Folk-Customs in Eastern North Carolina," 1925

Dougald MacMillan, "John Kuners," 1927

_____, "John Kuners," 1928

Anon., "Folk-Customs," 1929

Thomas P. Harrison, "Philosophy on the Blue Ridge: A Study in Ecology," 1935

William A. Blair, "Among the Sandbanks from Manteo to Hatteras," 1938

Francis C. Hayes, "Folk Gestures," 1942

Noel Houston, "Chonging Folkways of the Oklahoma Indians," 1945

B. E. Washburn, "South Mountain Folk," 1947

Rolph S. Boggs, "Some Latin-American Folklore and Folkways," 1944

Josephino Niggli, "Some Folkways of a Mexican Village," 1946

Thomas B. Noble, "Novohio Indians," 1950

Folk Medicine and Remedies (6):

E. V. Howell, "Folk-Lore in Medicine," 1917

_____, "Our Medical Superstitions and Their Cost," 1921

Anon., "Folk-Medicine," 1930

D. T. Smithwick, "Folklore of the Teeth," 1934

George P. Wilson, "Folk-Remedies," 1936

Mrs. Minnie B. Hussey, "Chinese Folk Remedies," 1940

Negro Psychology (5):

Newman I. White, "The Psychology of Negro Songs," 1919

Mrs. W. C. Burt, "Negro Eschatology: Image of the Hereafter," 1924

A. P. Hudson, "Onomastica Aethiopica, or the Science of Naming Negro Babies," 1938

Lowry Axley, "This World and Others: A Study in Negro Psychology and Superstition. Pt. I - One-Eyed Sal, a One-Act Play; Pt. II - The Gospel According to Buckshot," 1942
J. Mason Brewer, "North Carolina Negro Oral Narratives," 1960

The Dance and the Ballet (5):

The Dixieland Square Dancers, "Dance," with music by string band, 1957
Fayetteville Senior High School Dancers, Mrs. William M. MacMillan and Mrs. Herbert Black, Directors, "Scottish Country Dancing," 1958
Benhaven Scottish Dancers, Mrs. Martha McLeod, Director, "Scottish Highland Dancing," 1958
Queen City's Own Scottish Dancers, Sally Southerland, Director, "Scottish Country Dancing," 1958
North Carolina Civic Ballet Company, John Lehman, Director, "The Legend of Happy Valley: A Tom Dooley Ballet," 1960

Proverbs and Other Sayings (4):

George E. Hoffman, "Proverbs," 1931
George P. Wilson, "Southern Folk Proverbs and Sayings," 1938
Joseph D. Clark, "Folk-Similes," 1939
Richard Jente, "North Carolina Proverbs," 1948

The Riddle (1):

A. P. Hudson, "Some Folk Riddles from the South," 1941

Folklore in Literature, Music, Politics, Social Mores (13):

W. H. Wannamaker, "The Place of Folklore in German Literature," 1916
Edwin Greenlaw, "Elizabethan Fairies and Elizabethan Politics," 1917
F. A. G. Cowper, "The Use of Folk-Lore in Romance Literature," 1919
Frederick H. Koch, "Material for a Native Drama," 1921 (Note: Speaker unable to attend meeting)
Aline F. Hughes, "The Use of North Carolina Folk-Lore as Material for Short Stories," 1923
Frederick H. Koch, "The Use of Folk-Lore in the Writing of Plays," 1924
Maude Minish, "The Musical Possibilities in Mountain Songs," 1928
Thomas P. Harrison, "Folk-Lore in Shakespeare's Plays," 1932
Howard W. Odum, "Social Values in Folk-Lore and Folk-Ways," 1933
George P. Wilson, "Shakespeare and North Carolina Folklore," presidential address, 1940
Mrs. George C. Eichorn, "A North Carolina Composer Uses Folk-Material," 1942
Manly Wade Wellman, "The Writer's Use of Folklore," 1954
Daniel W. Patterson, "Folk Elements in the Music of the Shakers," 1961

Exhibits (5):

Clare Leighton, "Exhibit of Woodcut Illustrations for THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE," 1950
Mrs. Thomas B. Noble, "Exhibit of Southwestern Indian Portraits," 1950
Flora McDonald, "Rare Quilts from Moore County," 1955
Artus M. Moser, "A Group of His Oil Paintings: An Exhibit of North Carolina Folk Heroes," 1962
Joan Moser, "Norwegian Folk Musical Instruments," 1962

Methods of Collecting Folklore (8):

Maurice G. Fulton, "How to Collect and Preserve the Ballads and Folk Songs of North Carolina," 1913
Haywood Parker, "A Plea for Sympathetic Interest in Folklore," 1916
I. G. Greer, "Folk-Lore of the Mountains as I Have Known It," 1919
Maude Minish (later Mrs. D. H. Sutton), "On the Quest of Folk-Songs," 1921
Mrs. Dennis H. Sutton, "Experiences in Collecting Ballads and Other Folk-Lore," 1925
Frank C. Brown, "Treasure-Hunting in North Carolina," 1927

James M. Carpenter, "Folklore Collecting in Britain and America," 1954
Artus M. Moser, "Adventures in Ballad Collecting in Western North Carolina," 1960

Reading of Reports about Collecting Folklore since Previous Meetings (3):

Anon., "The Reading of Various Folk Material as Collected by the Society Since the Last Meeting," 1913

Anon., "The Reading of Folk Material Collected by the Society Since the Last Meeting," November 21, 1913

Anon., "Review of Work Done by the Society during the Past Year," 1915

Miscellaneous Items (10):

Reports about the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (6):

Newman I. White, "Dr. Frank Brown and His Collection of Folklore," 1943

_____, "Progress Toward Publication of the Brown Collection," 1944, 1945, 1946

A. P. Hudson, "Report on Publication of Brown Collection," 1949

Joseph D. Clark, "Review of THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, I-III, 1952," 1952

Resolutions about Deceased Members (3):

T. P. Harrison, Ralph S. Boggs, and Newman I. White, "Resolution of Tribute to Frank Clyde Brown," 1943

Joseph D. Clark, "Resolution in Memory of Newman I. White," 1949

Russell M. Grummon, "Resolution in Memory of Richard Jente," 1952

History of the Society (1):

Frank C. Brown, "A Brief History of the Society," 1937

Presidential and Other Addresses (25):

Presidential with No Topics Stated (19):

Haywood Parker, 1914-15; D. H. Hill, 1916; George W. Lay, 1917;

Francis W. Winston, 1920; William J. Andrews, 1922-23; Mrs. William N. Reynolds, 1924 and 1926; Mrs. S. Westry Battle, 1927-30; Mrs. Dennis H. Sutton, 1933-34; Dr. D. T. Smithwick, 1935-36; and George P. Wilson, 1937

Presidential with Topics Given (3):

George P. Wilson, 1939, 1941-42 (See topics entered above.)

Other Addresses (3):

Mrs. John C. Campbell, no topic given, 1915

Mrs. S. Westry Battle, no topic given, 1924

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, no topic given, 1924

Although this tabulation indicates the wide and varied interests of the society, it can not do more than suggest the quality of its fifty programs since 1913. Obviously, much that was presented can never be restored, but it is probable that copies of many papers and reports can be found in the personal files of the authors or with the records of the society. In fact, some of the manuscripts or parts of them are in the vast collection of the late Dr. Frank C. Brown, both the published and the unpublished. Wherever they may be, they may provide further research data concerning the creditable activities of the North Carolina Folklore Society.

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1913, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC OF THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS: TRADITIONAL FIDDLE TUNES

By Joan Moser

[Miss Moser grew up at Swannanoa, North Carolina, a daughter of Mr. Artus M. Moser, from whom she inherited her interest in folk music, and whose extensive folklore collection she has been privileged to use and enjoy. She received her higher education at the University of North Carolina (B. A. and M. A.), with special training in musicology. Recently she spent a year in Norway, under a Fulbright grant. Since she was sixteen years old, she has appeared several times on programs of the North Carolina Folklore Society and has served several terms as a vice-president. She is now teaching music at Brevard College. Following is the paper which she presented at a meeting of the American Folklore Society, the North Carolina Folklore Society, and other organizations at Duke University last April.]

Once, when a certain area in London was cleared of old buildings to make a new Kingsway, it lay for a year exposed to the light and air. A strange sight drew naturalists to the ruins. In some spots the soil had not felt the touch of spring since the time of the Romans. When the sunlight poured its life upon this uncovered soil, a host of strange flowers sprang up. Some were unknown in England. They were the plants the Romans had brought with them. Hidden away in darkness, lying dormant under the mass of bricks and mortar, they seemed to have died. But under the new conditions, obeying the law of life, they escaped from death and blossomed into new beauty.

To the foregoing account there is a close analogy in the discoveries in folklore which have been proceeding in North Carolina and surrounding regions for the past half a century. We are meeting here this weekend to celebrate the completion of a published edition containing some of those discoveries. However, lest you be satisfied to rest on your laurels and assume that the bulk of North Carolina's folklore is now represented in the Brown Collection, or in any other published work, I would like to suggest that the case is quite to the contrary.

To return to the flower analogy, for only a moment, I might further suggest that you have discovered perhaps two-thirds of the blossoms that were really there.

There remains a vital body of material, yet to be explored, more alive today than ballad-singing or any other oral folk art. That extensive body is the instrumental tradition of fiddle, dulcimer, and five-string banjo music. Published editions of this material are practically non-existent.

Of course, one must have the technical training essential for transcription of the music, but even Cecil Sharp, the first collector to publish his transcriptions of the ballad tunes, included only a half-dozen or so fiddle tunes which he labeled "jig" tunes. He was not ignorant of the tradition of instrumental music, for his Country Dance Book, Part V, deals exclusively with the description of mountain dancing as he observed it in Kentucky. At a later date, Frank Smith of Berea College included in his book The Appalachian Square Dance transcriptions of nineteen tunes.

These fragmentary collections of Sharp and Smith are absolutely the only published works available, scholarly or otherwise, of the Appalachian instrumental tradition. Nor is this lack of documentation of such a vital tradition peculiar to this region alone. There is a paucity of sources in the United States at large and has been for years, with the rare exception of Samuel P. Bayard's Pennsylvania Hill Country Tunes, published in 1945.

Yet, if popular usage by the "folk" of today is any measure of the vitality of this material, then one must note that in North Carolina, alone, for every festival or program of ballad-singing produced today, there are half-a-dozen fiddlers' contests, at least. Admittedly, the

best ballad-singing is a solitary art and not often found at its best in public performances; yet, it is the value judgements of the folk at large that determine what is to be preserved in oral tradition and what is to be retained in public performances.

The oldest of these so-called "fiddlers' contests" of predominantly instrumental music is one founded forty years ago at Union Grove, near Statesville. Similar gatherings, to mention a few, are held at Elkin, at Vienna (pronounced Vye-enna), and at Oak Ridge, North Carolina. Often, too, the commercial exploitation of these is far less than that of the ordinary folk festival. The proceeds, for instance, usually go to local non-profit educational or charitable funds, and for this very reason the music is less likely to be "dressed up" for audience appeal. It is performed in more traditional styles than is the case with more commercial and sensation-seeking festivals. This is not to say that showmanship and artistic virtuosity are missing, by any means, but they do remain within the bounds of traditional practice.

Now, you may ask just what is this music that people seem willing to dance to, or listen to, as is the case with the contests, for half a night or more. On the Saturday night preceding Easter Sunday this year, for instance, I served as a judge for the contest at Union Grove. It started at seven p.m. and went without a break until twelve-thirty a.m. That was only the final evening, too; the preliminary fiddling got under way much earlier in the day.

This music is a part of a cultural heritage which extends back as far as the ancient Morris dances and forward as far as modern ragtime and jazz. The tunes the fiddlers play include sword dance tunes which have been adapted to square dances, Scottish marches inherited from bagpipe melodies, waltzes of a more recent vintage, and tunes with a definite ragtime beat and tonal organization.

To cite an example of but one tune meriting extensive study, there is the one called "Fire on the Mountain" or "Old Daddy Bowback," which is almost note for note the same tune as a Norwegian "Halling" collected by Hansen. Norway, by the way, proceeded in the opposite direction from us in its folk investigations. The definitive edition of *Norsk Folkemusikk*, like the Brown Collection, contains seven volumes, but in this case, the first three, now complete, are devoted exclusively to fiddle tunes.

My own research in Norway and Scandinavia under a Fulbright Grant in 1961 convinced me that comparative studies of the instrumental folk music of American and Scandinavian as well as other European countries merit as much attention as have studies in balladry in the past.

The function of this music in the folk culture has been twofold--first, to accompany dancing, and second, for recreational listening. Further, since folksong tradition, like its British antecedents, has been one of unaccompanied song, it is mainly in this area of instrumental music that one discovers the folk art of building musical instruments and the preservation of a wealth of dance melodies and programmatic tunes.

In addition, these tunes are not limited to a couple of dozen only, and they do not all sound the same, as some people have commented to me upon a first hearing. Instead, it appears that there are as many as two hundred distinctly separate fiddle tunes along with many variants. This does not begin to count the renditions of these same tunes as they have been adapted to the idioms of banjo, guitar, harmonica, and Jew's harp.

The chronology of the introduction of instruments in the Southern Appalachians, of course, is a yet-unsolved problem for the inquisitive folklorist, but the ages of the tunes themselves suggest that the history of the instrumental music parallels that of the ballads and folksongs. Further, the instrumental tradition was retained by the same cultural groups as was the rest of North Carolina and Appalachian folklore. The instrumentalists did not dwell in separate communities.

I could continue *ad infinitum* with regard to the results of technical stylistic analyses of this music; I could go on to explore the subtler relationships of the instrumental folk music with instrumental art music. Another area which needs exploring is the comparison of dance tunes with ballad tunes, and an even greater area of exploration is a thorough tracing of tunes in the Appalachian tradition parallel with those already collected by Bayard and with those which doubtless could be collected in other regions of this country.

Included in this article, at the end, are two of the finest examples of traditional fiddling that my father collected in the early 1940's and that I recorded again from the same player about twenty years later. (See pp. 5-7.)

These two tunes are from the repertory of a traditional fiddler named Marcus Lafayette Martin, a resident of Swannanoa in Western North Carolina. Mr. Martin, aged about eighty-three, now lives with his son Quentin. Another son, Wayne, has lately started playing the fiddle and has learned many of his father's tunes. This son's playing style, however, is not a direct imitation of his father's style, and from this point of view, an entirely separate study should be made in order to analyze this stylistic transition.

The third generation in a family of fiddlers, Marcus Martin traces this tradition back to his grandfather, Walker Martin, who came over from England. This grandfather settled in Georgia, where his son, Nathaniel Rowan, was born. Nathaniel also learned to play the fiddle. As a young man he moved to Macon County, North Carolina. There his son Marcus was born and took up fiddle-playing at about the age of twelve years.

Lock of space limits a printing of the melodies of the complete repertory which Mr. Martin has played for this writer. Instead, the following list of tune titles is submitted. Of course, it is to be stressed that the tune titles are of no musicological value unless accompanied by a thematic index. However, from the folkloristic standpoint, the titles should be of interest since the folk imagery inherent in them and the place names, too, are certainly a part of folk tradition.

Repertory of Marcus Martin

1. Bandbox
2. Billy in the Lowground
3. The Boatswain
4. Bonaparte's Retreat
5. Booth (Booth Killed Lincoln)
6. Calico
7. Citico
8. Cluck, Old Hen
9. Cousin Solly Brown
10. Cripple Creek
11. Fisher's Hornpipe
12. Gorfield's Morch
13. Green River
14. Grey Eagle (a)
15. Grey Eagle (b)
16. Hoppy Hollow
17. Hoste to the Wedding
18. Jock o' Diamonds (Scoldin' Wife)
19. Jenny Ran Away in the Mud in the Night
20. Katie Hill
21. Kiss Me, Sweet
22. Lady Hamilton
23. Maid of Monterrey
24. Nancy Rowland

25. Nubbin Ridge
26. Old Daddy Bowback
or
Fire on the Mountain
27. Old Rosin the Beau
28. Polly Put the Kettle On
29. Rickett's Hornpipe
30. Rocky Mountain
31. Sally Goodin
32. Sandy River
33. Snowbird
34. Soldier's Joy
35. Somebody Stole My Old Coon Dog
36. Sourwood Mountain
37. Tennessee Wagoner
38. Turkey in the Straw
39. Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star
40. Woke Robin
41. When You and I Were Young, Moggie
42. Wounded Hoosier

A word about the transcriptions of the two included tunes is in order. The transcriptions of the earlier recordings were made from disc recordings and the latter from tapes. The collector's name and recording dates are included at the top of each transcription.

The notation is intended only to indicate the melodic outline and as much ornamentation as is possible within our present system of notation. Admittedly, nuances of pitch are not indicated unless they vary extremely from the tempered tuning of Western art music. The exclusion of these finer points of notation should not interfere with the melodic comparisons of these tunes with other versions. An indication of double-stopping, on the other hand, has been included, since this method of adding harmony to the basic melodic contour is a predominant stylistic trait of this fiddle music. The time signatures are arbitrary and were arrived at by observing the rhythmic accents during performance.

Besides the transcriptions of the tunes, a chart of the various fiddle tunings Mr. Martin uses is included. These examples of scordatura correspond to earlier European tunings in some cases and these analogous tunings are therefore indicated.

The object of re-tuning the fiddle in accordance with the particular tune to be played is, obviously, to facilitate playing in first position. Although some fiddlers do develop great skill in playing further up the neck of the instrument, playing most tunes in first position was the common practice until this century. The younger generation, following Mr. Martin, seems to be departing from this tradition.

The particular names attached to these tunings are those used by Mr. Martin as he demonstrated the tunings. The practice of calling the tunings by various melody names, rather than the notes involved, is common in the Appalachian practice. Naturally, this has led to a variety of names for identical tunings, depending on the repertory of the individual fiddler.

(For fiddle tunes and tunings, see following pages.)

Old Daddy Bowback (Fire on the Mountain)

- (a) Played by Marcus Martin, recorded by A. M. Moser, Swannanoa, N. C., July 25, 1942.
 (b) Played by Marcus Martin, recorded by Joan Moser, Swannanoa, N. C., September 11, 1959.

♩ = 132 (A)

(a)

(b)

(B)

End of (b) rendition.

(A2)

(Ay)

1. 2.

(C)

(A)

(B)

Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring ten staves of music. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 12/8 time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. Various sections are labeled with circled letters: (A), (A2), (B), (Bx), (C), and (A2). First and second endings are indicated with '1.' and '2.' above the staff lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the tenth staff.

Scales ○ = (a) ♯ = (b)

Handwritten musical notation for scales. It begins with a treble clef and a 12/8 time signature. The scale is written in a single line, starting on a low F# and ascending. Notes are marked with circles (○) and sharps (♯) to indicate specific fret positions or techniques. The scale ends with a double bar line.



Lady Hamilton



Played by Marcus Martin, recorded by Joan Moser, Swannanoa, N. C.,
September 11, 1959.



The musical score for 'Lady Hamilton' is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 92. The score is divided into two main sections, (A) and (B). Section (A) consists of the first four staves, featuring a variety of rhythmic patterns including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1.' and '2.'. Section (B) follows, spanning the next four staves, and also includes first and second endings. A key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) is indicated by a 'K' symbol in the fifth staff of section (B). The piece concludes with a final staff labeled 'Scale', which shows a descending scale in the key of two flats. The score is presented on ten staves, with the last two staves being empty.

Fiddle Tunings

Played by Marcus Martin, recorded by Joan Moser, Swannanao, N. C.,
September 11, 1959.

1. 	4. 
"Regular" or "Natural G" or "Cumberland Gap Key"	"Citico Key"

2. 	5. 
"Sourwood Mountain Key" (Mentioned by Russell as being used by Scotch reel players)	"Boneparte's Retreat"*

3. 	6. 
"Sandy River Key" or "Galico Key" * (This would correspond to the scordatura tuning described in Playford).	"Grey Eagle Key"

*Demonstrated also in an earlier Library of Congress
recording:

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CRITERIA FOR THE MELODIC CLASSIFICATION OF FOLKSONGS

By Patricia Mosely

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When folksongs were collected seriously, they were first classified by texts, later by style and use, and finally by music. There are two general approaches to classifying folksongs in terms of the music, the typological and the genetic-historical. In the typological approach, the collector classifies the tunes through their internal characteristics, in an attempt to discover "some convenient system which will lead to a finding list or a melodic index."¹ Although this is a favorite method of classification, many consider it impractical, because it is often difficult to place related tunes or variants together under such an approach. In the genetic-historical approach, however, the collector classifies the tunes into groups of melodies which are either related in origin, although not actually similar (genetic), or are similar, although not actually related (historical). Here we find tune-families, defined by Bayard as "a group of melodies showing basic interrelation by means of constant melodic correspondence, and presumably owing their mutual likeness to descent from a single air that has assumed multiple forms through processes of variation, imitation, and assimilation."² However, this approach also presents difficulties, since data are often too fragmentary for the collector to ascertain the exact evolution of a tune-family.

Certainly it is hard to know which approach is more successful. Many collectors have become enthralled with some detailed aspect of the typological approach but then, unfortunately, have not considered the importance of the genetic-historical approach as well, and have thus left us studies which are interesting, but of questionable value. Most of these typological studies fall into the following categories: intervals, range, rhythm and meter, tonality and scales, form and structure, and contour.

The first three possible criteria for classification have generally little backing. Intervals and ranges vary according to the nationality, or, as in the case of range, according to the purpose of the song. The interval is most used in first-line classifications when the opening, or upbeat, intervals of the first phrase are compared. Range is too variable to be dependable, but it is often used with secondary criteria. Rhythm is considered by Väisänen to be one of the two essential elements of folksong, along with form.³ List classifies his "archetypes" according to meter, as well as range and other factors,⁴ and Bronson also feels that time signatures are important;⁵ but this is questionable, since many folksongs are not inherently metrical but have had certain meters imposed upon them for the collector's convenience. Kodaly's method of classifying by the metrical structure of the strophe seems likely to be successful only in reference to Hungarian folksong.⁶

Many collectors have classified folk tunes according to tonality, mode, scale, or exact tone-content. Since most folk music is performed without an accompaniment, one should consider folk music tonality to be melodic rather than harmonic. A folk tune should be judged by its exact tone-content, not by such concepts as "major" or "Dorian," for its scale is "nothing more nor less than the series of tones which it employs,"⁷ and the relationship of these tones is often very subtle; for example, "dominant" means only that note which is second in importance to the tonic, not necessarily the fifth above it.

Saygun feels that all melodies are shaped in accordance with a "modal conception" which is instinctive and subconscious, and he groups his "pre-modal" melodies (melodies having no more than four different pitches) according to their modal peculiarities.⁸ Sharp classifies the tunes with reference to melody or tonality and differentiates them primarily according to mode.⁹ Herzog disagrees with this method, which he feels "indicates only the tonal raw material of a melody, nothing much about the treatment of this material," and then goes on

to warn about being too rigid in classifying everything by mode.¹⁰ One should not assume, for example, that a given pentatonic scale represents an incomplete or reduced mode, for such a scale could probably fit at least three different modes.¹¹ Madal classification also has another weakness, for Bronson shows that related Anglo-American ballad tunes, for example, or versions thereof, are often in different modes.¹² Another method, that of exact tone-content, is used by Abraham and van Hornbassel in creating a graphic representation of tonal structure, in which the tones in the representative scales are given time values symbolizing their melodic importance.¹³ In his comments on this approach, Herzog warns against classifying tunes according to exact tone-content as an alternative to mode or scale classification.¹⁴ For this reason, List's method seems the more successful: he compares all tune variants found in all stanzas of similar ballads by making "archetypes" from the exact tone-content of each variant, and then classifies these archetypes by mode, range, meter, and other important features.¹⁵

The biggest category of classification is that of form and structure, for this includes not only sectional or melodic structures, but also formulae, cadences, phrase-finals, and first-line features. Väisänen, as mentioned previously, insists that all folk tunes may be classified by form and rhythm alone, and he arrives at a fairly complex and interesting solution to the problem of melodic classification. Form and rhythm, the two essentials, are combined in any of four ways, depending upon whether their presence in the tune is regular or irregular. For reasons of typographical convenience in indexing, Väisänen, like many other collectors, suggests signs instead of notes; thus his four combinations appear as follows:

- IR: melody irregular in form, regular in rhythm
- RR: melody regular in form, regular in rhythm (most frequent type)
- RI: melody regular in form, irregular in rhythm
- II: melody irregular in form, irregular in rhythm

Form and rhythm unfortunately cannot exclude other criteria, however. In the case of an IR tune, the meter is important; in the case of an RI tune, the number of lines is important. The RR group is the most "ubiquitous" and it "must be analyzed with regard to its individual features": the number of lines, number of feet per line, kind of time used, and the key, compass, and actual scale used, plus other criteria if necessary. For all of these Väisänen has certain symbols, and the example of an end result might be as follows: IV (ABCD), 4, T2, Maj., 1-8. This would mean that the melody is of group RR, there are four different lines, four feet per line, it is in regular binary time, in a major key, and has the compass of an authentic octave.¹⁶ Bayard classifies tunes by sectional structure, dividing them into contrasting "parts of exactly or approximately equal length";¹⁷ these he calls "strains," about eight bars each, and he letters the tunes AB for "two-strain" tunes, or ABCD for "four-strain" tunes.¹⁸ Branson also uses ABCD terminology, but feels that the number of phrases equals the number of text lines.¹⁹

Melodic structure includes the recurrence of corresponding musical phrases or certain stressed tones (which Poladian offers as a possible means of indexing melodies²⁰), and formulae. Formulae are common to all folk melodies, certain ones being more popular in one region than others. These formulae are used "to start a melody; to end it; to progress from one point to another, according to conventional practices associated with the various scales...",²¹ and as such, they are inseparable from the melody itself, thus not easy to define or isolate.

Both Krahn²² and Barták²³ have used the cadence method of classification; Branson suggests comparing the relationship of the scale degrees between, for example, the mid- and final-cadences of the song phrases.²⁴ Folksongs have always employed cadence alterations for variation purposes, however, usually at the end of the first or second phrases, and this fact only adds to the difficulty of comparing variants and makes cadence comparisons less reliable criteria. There is also the method of phrase-finals, the points of rest at the end of each phrase. This method has been used with some success in Krahn and Barták's studies of Finnish and Hungarian music, respectively, but Poladian found it less successful in other countries such as Spain or England.²⁵

Another questionably successful method is that of comparing first-line features. Bronson abstracts the initial upbeat and the successive accented tones of each tune,²⁶ and Hustvedt devotes all his attention to plotting the outline of the opening phrases.²⁷ But Bayard and others, such as List, feel that classification by the first phrase alone is extremely unreliable; if anything, the middle of a folk tune is usually more stable and thus more representative than the beginning, and, in any case, the entire tune should be examined.²⁸

Classification by contour, or melodic outline, has increased in popularity over the years. A recent attempt to classify by contour has been made by LaRue. He uses simple alphabetical symbols to describe the rise and fall of the melodic line:

- L: level
- R: rising
- F: falling
- U: undulating -

and adds to these other symbols such as T (meaning "Two-plane," phrases which seem "to be constructed of alternations between two planes") and S ("Scalar," melodies moving in a "strictly scalar fashion"). In order to distinguish large from small rises and falls, he uses upper- and lower-case letters. Also, "since in most cases of strongly articulated phrasing the motion at the actual point of articulation cannot be considered a part of either adjacent phrase," LaRue places this symbol in brackets. As examples of this system he offers the following:

fR (r) Fr -- "O say! can you see..."

lfr (r) lrf -- "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."²⁹

Certainly this system has the advantage of being both easy to decipher and simple to remember; it is perhaps too simple for the detailed and complicated analyses which are usually needed.

The idea of contour is a broad one, including beginnings, phrase-finals, and structure, and this permits a considerable degree of variation within the piece and yet allows the possibility of classification. Poladian feels that contour is "perhaps the most constant element in the Anglo-American oral tradition"; it "seems to be the most marked and unique characteristic of the tunes distinguishing nationalities,"³⁰ and one of the most basic characteristics of tune; it leaves a lasting impression on the mind, and it survives the problems of oral transmission and editing better than any other element.³¹ According to Herzog, there had been, as of ca. 1950, very little study of folksong from the viewpoint of contour. He goes on to say that "this method seems very worth testing on a large scale, since often the melodic contour turns out to be the most stable element in melodies which have been in the process of differentiation,"³² for although the other elements within a melody, such as rhythm or opening intervals, may shift and change, the melody will remain recognizable so long as its shape or contour remains intact.

Thus we have seen the many varied typological methods of comparing and classifying folk-songs in order to find a universal method of indexing them. Since the tunes must be indexed, a typological study is necessary, but it will be completely useless if it analyzes and indexes them according to their musical content alone, without reference to either their genetic or historical background. In genetic study the student must trace all the various influences which have shaped the tunes; in historical study, the dynamic processes which have given rise to tune-families and variants. If the typological study is not oriented in the direction of the genetic-historical approach, or if it ignores such things as variants and refuses to group the songs according to their tune-families, it will create in the end an artificial and meaningless arrangement of tunes whose relationship to one another will be almost impossible to fathom.

Since melodic contour has been shown to persist despite variation and extreme changes, since it has been said to be the one universal melodic characteristic which distinguishes nationalities, and since the possibilities of its variety and combination of shapes are limited,

yet all-inclusive, it appears evident that classification by melodic contour is the best choice for further attempts at classifying and indexing folksongs according to a combined typological and genetic-historical approach.

NOTES

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31. Ibid., p. 35.
32. Herzog, Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of Folklore, etc., II, 1047.

POTATO LORE

By Joseph T. McCullen

Dr. McCullen, Professor of English at Texas Technological College, is a Renaissance specialist but ranges far in his research. He contributed "The Tobacco Controversy, 1571-1961" to North Carolina Folklore, X, No. 1 (July 1962).⁷

"No potatoes! Dear, dear," exclaimed Marie Corelli, "whatever shall we do?" Her intention was to reassure Britishers who, agitated by "the sensational Press" of World War One, considered a scarcity of potatoes more fearful than the Huns. Reminding her countrymen that "Britain got on without potatoes in her historic past," Miss Corelli offered the following evidence:

Henry VIII. was a goodly King; he ate greedily, drank heavily, and married profusely, but never a potato adorned his grooning banquet board. . . . Strong armies, victorious navies, existed without potatoes. Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt were fought on other food. . . . The history of the potato is quite modern, proving that it is by no means a necessity of life. According to some historians, it . . . was introduced from Santa Fe, in America, by Sir John Hawkins in 1563 -- one year before the birth of Shakespeare. . . . it is possible that the Poet of the World struggled up to manhood without so much as one potato scream! The soliloquy in Hamlet owes nothing to the potato -- the famous adjuration in Henry V.:- 'Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more;/ Or close the walls up with our English dead'--has nothing of the 'mealy'-mouthed about it!¹

Between the introduction of the potato into Great Britain and "The Potato Scare" of World War One, this new-world plant made history challenged for its novelty only by the history of tobacco. Either fact or fiction associated with potatoes is, in itself, a fascinating chapter of modern history. To survey elements primarily legendary is the objective of this paper.

Although history is replete with accounts of various individuals said to be the man who introduced the culture of potatoes into Europe, these legends must be sacrificed on behalf of lore concerning the nature and properties of the potato. Of special interest are assumptions that it is an aphrodisiac, that it is a dainty for the wealthy and licentious only, and that it is a poison. Various types of literature (history, science, and belles-lettres) have capitalized on each of these opinions. That such lore, like that which has haunted tobacco, should flourish, some of it persisting for centuries, is a noteworthy feature of the history of potatoes.

Renaissance writers presumably dedicated to the promulgation of facts anticipated poets and dramatists in labeling potatoes an aphrodisiac. The author of "The Description of England," published in Holinshed's Chronicles, injected into his remarks on Elizabethan food the following comment: "Of the potato, and such venerous roots as are brought out of Spaine, Portingale, and the Indies to furnish vp our bankets, I speake not."² Among hints for cookery and home remedies, Thomas Dawson included a recipe "To make a tart that is a courage to a man or woman." The potato receives no less emphasis than the "braynes of three or foure cocke Sparrowes,"³ reputedly as provocative of Venus as any food whatever. Comments on potatoes, when they were first mentioned by a herbalist, further this idea: "And likewise others dresse them (being first roasted) with oile, vinegar and salt, every man according to his owne taste and liking: notwithstanding howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure bodily lust, and that with greediness."⁴ Each of these writers referred to the sweet potato, which was known in Europe earlier than the "Irish" potato was; but, sharing a common name, it acquired common "virtues" as well. John Gerard, the herbalist, stressed this fact.

Some literary figures utilized the notion that potatoes are an aphrodisiac primarily to

heighten the suggestiveness of comic speech; others, to achieve satiric effects. Included among the former are Shakespeare, Chapman, and Massinger. Jubilant over the arrival of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page in Windsor Park, Falstaff exclaims, "Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringaes; let there come a tempest of provocation."⁵ According to Chapman's May Day, among lures utilized by the easy woman is "a banquet of oyster-pies, potatoes, skirret-roots, eringaes, and divers other whetstones of vengery."⁶ In a New Way to Pay Old Debts, the lavish attention bestowed, by servants of Lady Allworth, upon her young stepson stresses a preparation which includes potatoes among ingredients said to be provocative of lust. The comic spirit of this gesture is implicit in a statement made by the lady's cook: "... were you two years older," he assures the boy, "And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress, / I durst trust you with neither."⁷ Suggestivity utilized merely to enrich description appears in Waller's "The Battle of the Summer Islands." He listed fruits available to natives, who "with potatoes fat their wanton swine."⁸

More frequent in Renaissance literature than either amusing irony or mirthful innuenda are satiric thoughts evoked when potatoes as aphrodisiacs are mentioned. Robert Greene's *She Canycatcher* uses potato lore to further an argument that her trade is more important than the trade of a *He Canycatcher*. "Tush Lawrence, what enarmities precedes more in the Cammanwealth then from whaaredame." Without it, hospitals and prisons would be empty, she says. Physicians would be out of work, and apothecaries would find that "Potato roates lye dead on theyr handes."⁹ In "Satire III," John Marston included potatoes among delicacies indulged in by sodomites to sustain pursuit of their perversion.¹⁰ With Trilussa observing the perfidy of Cressida while she hands the sleeve he gave her to Diomedes, Shakespeare's *Thersites* discovers in the potato an image apt to an expression of this thought: "How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!"¹¹ Though many examples of such usage may be cited, one more suffices to illustrate satire so achieved by Renaissance writers. This instance details the culinary indulgences of two "wild courtiers" dispatched by a queen specifically to debauch a chaste wife in Massinger's *The Picture*.¹² The bitter, though well deserved, penance the lady imposes upon the lascivious courtiers is stern judgment of such provocation to lust as was attributed to the potato.

Although the idea of luxurious diet indulged for its own sake is implicit in foregoing references to potatoes, other references emphasize this concept even more. Stating that ordinary porridge dulls the wit but that there are remedies, a Jansenian character adds, "I'll make you an instance: your city wives, but observe 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true faoles i' the world bred, then they are generally; and yet you see (by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potato-pies, and such vinctuous meats) how their wits are refined and rarefied."¹³ Sheer daintiness of fare is expressed in dishes requested by "a riotous Citizen" in Heywood's The English Traveller. Following a dialogue which surveys traditional delicacies, he drools:

Caviare, sturgeon, anchoves, pickle-aysters; yes,
And potato pie; besides all these,
What thou think'st rare and costly.¹⁴

A letter by James Howell is a reminder that the aim of Lent is a spiritual aim, "to subdue the flesh"; but some "farbear from Flesh, Fowl, Fish," he noted, "And Eat Potatoes in a dish / Dan o'er with amber."¹⁵ Here appeared a hint of religious objection, an attitude which subsequently thrives in potato lore.

The idea that potatoes are poisonous arose from scientific inquiries into their nature. Their identity as *Salanum Tuberasum* linked them with an "exceedingly malignant family of plants,"¹⁶ all of which were suspects. "In the potato," John Ruskin declared, "we have the scarcely innocent underground stem of one of a tribe set aside for evil; having the deadly nightshade for its queen, and including the henbane, witches' mandrake, and the worst natural curse of modern civilization."¹⁷ So entrenched was this view that friends of the potato welcomed hopeful evidence to the contrary. Acknowledging the fact that some consider the

potato "an unwholesome and poisonous root," one writer happily announced the report of an authority who had observed: "'When I see,' says Arthur Young, 'the people of a country (Ireland) with well-formed vigorous bodies, and their cottages swarming with children -- when I see their men athletic, and their women beautiful, I know not how to believe them subsisting on an unwholesome food.'" ¹⁸

Because of lingering fears, however, some authorities proposed ways to counteract the poison; others reiterated ominous warning to beware of it. Dr. Thomas Graham, who advocated bailing as cookery to prepare "several plants, which are very acrid, and even poisonous, in a raw state," said, "The potato is a familiar example, being, in its raw state, nauseous and unpalatable, perhaps even ... poisonous, as it is one of the nightshades (*solanum tuberosum*), but when dressed, it is rendered farinaceous, digestible and wholesome." ¹⁹ Another authority remained skeptical: "It cannot reasonably be supposed that any part of a plant of a species naturally poisonous to man, can be by him, used as a food without detriment to his constitution. And although to superficial observation, persons may seem to thrive on potatoes, the existing amount of infirmity gives reason to suspect that they do, by long use, occasional disease, by the slow accumulation of their poison in the system." He added, "It is well known to feeders of cattle, that animals kept much on potatoes lose flesh and soon become unhealthy." ²⁰ William Cobbett was more dogmatic still: "I know of no animal that will even live for any length of time upon uncooked potatoes." ²¹

Religious objections, more radical than James Howell's comment on pampering an appetite for delicacies, gradually assumed prominence. Perturbations concerning the effects of foods not authorized by sacred writings besieged many to whom potatoes were offered. "Some of the good people in Scotland were apposed, at first, to the new vegetable, declaring that 'potatoes are not mentioned in the Bible,'" Dr. John Bell reported. "Some of the priests of the Ionian islands, at a later period, exponents probably of the prejudices of the people, manifested their hostility by alleging that the potato was the forbidden fruit, the cause of man's fall; and of course its use was both immoral and irreligious." ²² The extent of such prejudice may be estimated by its recurrence in historical accounts of introducing the potato into various countries. A report of 1816 states that "It is also getting into use in all our foreign possessions, and has even succeeded in breaking the fetters of religious prejudice in India." ²³ This particular success occurred at the expense of tampering with sacred writings: "It is a well-known fact, that a governor general of Bengal prevailed on the Brahmans to declare the potato one of the edible roots enumerated in the Vedas, before which it had been considered as unholy and forbidden." ²⁴

Ideas and practices quite the reverse of this religious opposition became a part of potato lore. Certain rituals, traceable to natives of South America but also practiced by some Europeans, merit attention. "The Peruvians ... believed all useful plants to be animated by a divine being who causes their growth." Among these divine beings was "the Potato-mother (axo-mama)," a likeness of whom was made, "dressed in women's clothes and worshipped." ²⁵ These ceremonies were, of course, fertility rites. Comparable rites, originally linked with grain crops, developed in potato lore of Europe and Ireland. There the potato-dog (sometimes animals other than dog were named) supposedly exercised a power of fertility on barrenness. If, in crossing a field, the potato-dog had a beneficent appearance, people "went after him, and thanked him for bringing them a blessing, and even set titbits before him." ²⁶ If, on the other hand, the appearance suggested unfruitfulness, people cursed and tried to kill the animal. It was assumed, especially during harvest time, that the potato-dog lurked in a field, perhaps to be killed by the final stroke of harvest. This stroke came to be associated with the one who took the last basket or bag of potatoes from the field and who, for the entire year, was identified as "the potato-dog." Desire not to be so identified promoted fierce competition during harvest, for linked with this identity were ideas of communal fortune and misfortune of the year.

Uncertainty as to whether the potato is a blessing or a curse was inseparable from discussions of Irish problems during the nineteenth century. An expanding Irish population offered

proof enough that potatoes are not a deadly poison, but made observers wonder whether other effects are not equally deleterious. One writer conceded, "The great end of political economy is to get a people fed. This the potato does to a miracle." Doubt that it is a desirable miracle followed immediately: "Its beautiful eyes, God bless them, cheer the hearts of seven millions of Pats and Potesses, and, therefore, they must all be extinguished as they open to the light of day, on their prolific lazy beds!"²⁷ Thus condemned as a promoter of sloth, the potato was accused of undermining all arts, both inside and outside a potato-eater's dwelling. No wonder, then, that the Irish potato was called a promoter of "idleness and vagabondism," a multiplier of problems, the cause of "an ever-growing population of paupers." A revival of objection to the potato as an aphrodisiac was inevitable, though different terminology was used. "Poverty, in other countries, irreconcilably inimical to matrimonial connection, here promotes it, pauperism begetting pauperism as Shylock's usurious ducats begot others."²⁸ One writer pointed out the fact that "when potatoes were first introduced at the tables of the great, they were denied the young, on the same principle as we now refuse them ragouts and high-seasoned dishes, because physicians pronounced them heating and provocative."²⁹ Impressed by hordes of children issuing from Irish shanties, he concluded that ideas of wantonness once associated with the potato were not without foundation. Never forgetting the family to which the potato belongs, Ruskin remained doubtful of its value among root plants: "Of these knots or 'tubers' (swelling things), one kind, belonging to the tobacco tribe, has been singularly harmful, together with its pungent relative, to a neighbouring country of ours, which perhaps may reach a higher destiny than any of its friends can conceive for it, if it can ever succeed in living without either the potato, or the pipe."³⁰

In part to counteract anti-potato sentiment and in part to laud a plant which, in the opinion of some people, is useful, defenders attributed medicinal properties to potatoes. Captain Cook was praised for discovering in them a cure of scurvy. Dr. Bell, along with others, reaffirmed this belief: "Potatoes eaten raw, have been found to be among the best remedies for the scurvy, as well as an excellent preventative."³¹ In central Europe, this belief still obtains.

Never wholly liberated from suspicion, however, the potato was identified as the cause of a particular disease. Some physicians of the nineteenth century declared "that children who were not fond of the tuber known as the Irish potato were not much subject to attacks of that much-dreaded malady -- diphtheria." Stating that "rotten potatoes produced the throat-disease known as diphtheria," Dr. M. C. Keith of Lincoln, Nebraska, added, "In my practice in this city and country, the offer has been to treat anyone free of compensation if they would avoid the use of Irish potatoes. As a sequence, not one of the patients who was not a potato-eater has been threatened with the disease."³² Medical lore, American and British, absorbed this idea.

Also absorbed into the lore of both countries was another variety of faith in the health-giving power of tubers, a faith which persists even until the present: the use of a potato as a charm to prevent or cure rheumatism. The following advice offered to a rheumatic sufferer attests to the curative virtue of a potato carried in one's pocket: "Well, sir," a man of experience advises, "do try it. I have carried one in my pocket for many years. Only, mind ye, sir, it must be stolen. You must get it out of a neighbour's field."³³

Lore focused upon the origin and spread, the moral effects, and the influence of this plant on health is a substantial part of the history of potatoes. Like tobacco, they have attracted both opponents and defenders. An account often repeated in comments on the potato epitomizes the fact that it has been one of the most controversial of items now in daily use: "... the introduction of this valuable plant received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis XVth wore a bunch of the flowers of the potato in the midst of his court, on a day of festivity; the people then for the first time obsequiously acknowledged its utility."³⁴ To assume a triumph, either immediate or final, on behalf of the potato is not safe, however. Today, as in the past, some people question the maxim that, among women, nature abhors

straight lines as much as it abhors a vacuum. It is therefore no surprise to read in news made and reported during 1964 the following statement: "A vegetable poll in Great Britain has revealed that divorcees eat more potatoes than single women."³⁵

NOTES

1. My "Little Bit" (London, 1919), pp. 243-44.
2. Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland (London, 1807), I, 281.
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UP IN OLD LORAY:
FOLKWAYS OF VIOLENCE IN THE GASTONIA STRIKE

By Charles W. Joyner

[Mr. Joyner is a native South Carolinian, with a B. A. from Presbyterian College and an M. A. from the University of South Carolina (at which he is completing requirements for the Ph.D. in history). He teaches history at Pfeiffer College, Misenheimer, North Carolina. His paper on the Gastonia strike touches a phase of folksong not represented in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. 7]

On April Fool's Day of 1929 workers at the Loray Mills in Gastonia, N. C., walked out on strike. In retaliation, the millowners evicted strikers from the mill village and cut off credit at the company store. Tent colonies sprang up. Armed strikers stalked the streets. National Guardsmen were called out, to be attacked by millwomen. "Scabs" brought in to break the strike were ambushed by millhands.¹ Gastonia was witnessing a major attempt by the American Communist Party to organize Southern textiles. As an elderly Gastonian recalls, "We saw Communism as it really is, with dirt under its fingernails."

During the peak years of Coolidge prosperity the lot of the Southern textile worker had steadily worsened. During the late 1920's, the Loray Mills, along with other Southern textile mills, had introduced the "stretchout system," accompanied by wage cuts. The millhand had to spend each moment at a peak of nervous concentration, caring for more machines than he considered a fair task. When he reported for work in the mornings, the gates were locked behind him. While he labored, taskmasters armed with stop-watches stood over him, cursing him and threatening him with dismissal. When his wife went to the toilet, some "efficiency expert," usually a Yankee, timed her to the second.² Wilbur J. Cash, that intrepid student of the Southern mind, has said, "...It violated the whole tradition of this people of the South, indeed."³

Years of petitioning for window screens, toilets, and bathing facilities in the mill villages had gone unheeded. The houses were rickety and the villages were overcrowded.⁴ Whole families, from grandparents to grandchildren, worked in the mills merely to survive. Loray millhands worked eleven to twelve hours a day for top wages of twelve dollars a week. Two students of American Marxism have written, "If there ever was a situation which conformed to the classical Marxist vision of an exploited and suffering proletariat in opposition to heartless capitalists, this was it."⁵

The American Federation of Labor had no organizer at the Loray Mill; but the National Textile Workers Union, said to be an agency of the American Communist Party, did.⁶ By sleeping through its opportunities, the A.F. of L. helped to make Gastonia the Communist target. Organizer for the NTWU was young Fred Beal, a former textile worker. While leading a strike in New Bedford, Mass., the previous year, Beal became a party member. He wrote in his Autobiography, "In the interests of the strike it became necessary for me to join the Communist Party."⁷

In Gastonia, Beal went about his work methodically, organizing several hundred of the Loray workers. Gaunt and intense, he was a skillful organizer. On the twenty-ninth of March, the mill fired twenty union members and cut wages. Though he realized it was hardly the most opportune moment, Beal felt he had no choice but to call a strike.⁸

Cash feels the strike was doomed from the start. The vested interests violently opposed it. Not only did millowners and stockholders naturally feel that their profits depended on cheap labor, but the whole business community, from straw bosses in the mills to rural property holders, felt the strike was a threat to its personal interests. Even sharecroppers and tenant farmers hated the strikers vehemently. Pulpits rang with exhortations of the strikers. The

faithful were told how the strikers were defying the will of God, Who had called some to be masters and some to be servants. Man would do well to accept the status quo, for one should not question the Almighty's social arrangements. God, in His mercy, rewarded man according to man's goodness. If the millowner was better rewarded than the millhand, the faithful could be sure God had not erred. Nearly all the Protestant clergy in the South opposed the strike.⁹

Most Southerners in 1929 accepted the dominance of the millowners. The millowners considered themselves, and were considered, the "Saviors of the South." They told themselves and the South that they were the benefactors of workers and public. They successfully foisted upon the South the notion that by operating upon any terms at all, they entitled themselves to the region's utter gratitude. They could set wages and hours as they chose. If a worker didn't like it, he had a perfect right to quit and starve; but if he chose to quit, he should get off the premises and let others work who desired to. The unions were Yankee, the idea was Yankee, the organizers were Yankee. Since the millowners were patently the leading patriots of the South, the idea prevailed that the strikers were somehow disloyal not only to the mill, but to the South itself.¹⁰ Thus, "in the name of patriotism and religion and white supremacy and all the values dear to the South, the people closed ranks and faced the strikers with a fierceness of anger which is quite unimaginable for one who did not witness it."¹¹

At first Beal emphasized moderate economic demands of the type any union would have pushed. He called for a weekly minimum wage of twenty dollars, for the abolition of piece work, for a forty-hour work week, for repair of the mill village, and for recognition of the NTWU as bargaining agent for the workers.¹² In New York, however, a quarrel broke out in the party's Central Committee over strategy. A few supported Beal's straight union fight. The majority favored "politicalization." They de-emphasized the real economic issues and used the strike for political capital. It was pictured in party literature as a prime incident in the struggle between the capitalists and the proletariat in America:

This strike is the first shot in a battle which will be heard around the world. It will prove as important in transforming the social and political life of this country as the Civil War itself...Don't listen to the poison of the bosses--extend the strike over the whole countryside. We need mass action.¹³

Such vain boasting was possible only if the party was thinking of the political uses to which a strike could be put rather than the interests of the workers. Such statements only further antagonized the conservative community. Hordes of party functionaries descended on Gastonia. Young, bold, and inexperienced organizers baited preachers, passed out Daily Workers, and entreated the National Guardsmen:

Workers in the National Guard: We, the striking workers, are your brothers. Our fight is your fight. Help us win the strike... Refuse to shoot or bayonet your fathers or brothers...Fight with your class, the striking workers.¹⁴

In the meantime, Beal was bombarded by the Central Committee with demands to "deepen" the strike, extend it to other cities, and stress the race issue at strike meetings. Beal informed the Central Committee that the only two Negroes employed at the Loray Mills had fled at the outset of the strike. The Central Committee, in giving and countermanning orders, in sending and withdrawing organizers, made Beal's work impossible.¹⁵

The town's hysteria approached the boiling point. The millowners brought in strikebreakers. Vigilante gangs were organized. The police suspended civil liberties. The South and the Communists brought out the worst in each other. Each believed the strike would settle fundamental issues of good and evil. Late in April a gang of masked vigilantes attacked the union offices with axes and raided the relief committee's supply store. In May Chief Aderholt of the Gastonia police department raided the tent colony with several deputies, some of them

alleged to have been drunk. The strike guards demanded a search warrant. The deputies tried to disarm the guards. Shots rang out. When the smoke cleared, two policemen were slightly wounded, one striker was seriously hurt, Chief Aderholt was dying. Cash notes reason to believe he was killed "by a gun in the hand of one of his own officers." 16

All the pent-up hysteria of the town burst loose. Hundreds of vigilantes became thousands. Bands of armed men, some deputized, some not, hunted down strikers in the woods. Seventy strikers were arrested for murder, assault, and conspiracy. Fred Beal, who had not been present at the scene of the crime, was arrested for "conspiracy to murder." The reign of terror made further union activity impossible. 17

But the strikers' hopes were doomed anyway, by the utter unwillingness of the Communist Party to understand what was really happening in Gastonia. Debate raged among party leaders over defense strategy. The counter-charge of "frame-up" clashed with a defense based on "the moral right of strikers to protect their headquarters." A propagandist expressed the party's lack of realism perfectly:

The struggle in Gastonia has reached a far higher stage--that of armed struggle... (furnishing) irrefutable proof of the process by which the inner contradictions of capitalism in the imperialist period bring on economic struggles which speedily take on a political character.... 18

The trial was held in Charlotte. A charge of conspiracy is difficult to substantiate by evidence in any case. In Beal's case it was established by association. The testimony was given over to a close scrutiny of the defendants' views on religion, economics, politics, and Negroes. The prosecutor appealed to the jury with the Chief's weeping widow, dramatically produced an effigy of the slain Aderholt, and reminded the jurors, "The mills belong to the millowners to do with just as they please precisely as your farms and places of business belong to you." Beal and his codefendants were convicted. 19

Within a few weeks a woman striker was killed on her way to a strike meeting. Ella Mae Wiggins, mother of seven, was a singer and composer of strike songs. Not only had she cheered on the workers at strike meetings with such songs as "Up in Old Laray," but she had toured the North on fund-raising trips for the strike. She was shot down in broad daylight before fifty or more eyewitnesses. Evidence, according to Cash, pointed pretty clearly to the killers. On the day that Beal and his codefendants were sentenced to prison terms, the grand jury, composed of farmers and small businessmen, failed to indict for Ella Mae Wiggins' murder. 20

Beal and the convicted strikers, feeling they couldn't secure justice in North Carolina, skipped their appeal bail and fled to the Soviet Union. The Daily Worker exulted: "They were quite justified in escaping from the vicious sentences imposed on them.... The working class as a whole should glory in the fact that they got away." 21

All over the country raids took place. Beatings, floggings, and kidnappings bit by bit crushed the strike. The workers drifted back to the mills, their morale shattered, their conditions unimproved. The National Textile Workers Union no longer existed, except on paper. Howe and Caser blame the strike's failure on

...the profound irresponsibility with which the Communists seized on the desperation of the Gastonia mill hands in order to make political capital; the cynicism...; the indifference to the dignity and needs of human beings whom they involved and then manipulated in the interests of ideology. In the Gastonia Strike... the Communists committed the greatest of all sins in their treatment of the workers. They used them. 22

The Communists understood neither the millhands nor the South. When the millowners accused the Communist organizers of being atheists, they admitted it with pride. But the strikers were incapable of measuring their own interests with atheism. As Cash noted, "They wilted, turned shamefaced, shuffled, and . . . felt despairingly that they would probably be read out of the Democratic party in this world and out of Paradise in the next."²³

After the failure of the Gastonia strike, America had a new image of the South. The well-publicized events showed the world a South not only of magnolias, mansions, and mint juleps, but of ugly little mill villages where the reputedly-delicious Southern cuisine was unable to prevent pellagra.

John Greenway remarks, "The Gaston strike area has been especially rich in the production of song; at least eleven songs and ballads chronicling the mill troubles have found their way out of mountain-locked Gaston County";²⁴ and again, "Her/Ello Mae Wiggins' fellow workers were convinced that she had been deliberately singled out for death because of her song making."²⁵

One of these songs, "Up in Old Loroy," attributed to Ella Mae Wiggins and sung to the tune of "On Top of Old Smoky," concretely and passionately expresses many of the strikers' grievances:

Up in old Loroy, six stories high,
That's where they found us, ready to die.

Refrain:

Go pull off your aprons, come join our strike,
Say, "Goodbye, old bosses, we're going to strike."

The bosses will starve you, they'll tell you more lies
Than there's crossties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

The bosses will rob you, they'll take all you make
And claim that you took it up in coupon books.

Up in old Loroy, all covered with lint,
That's where our shoulders was crippled and bent.

Up in old Loroy, all covered with cotton,
It will carry you to your grave and you soon will be rotten.²⁶

NOTES

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3. Cash, p. 345.
4. Golden, p. 17.
5. Irving Howe and Lewis Coser, The American Communist Party: A Critical History, 1919-1957 (Boston, 1957), p. 257.
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7. Quoted in Howe and Coser, p. 243.
8. Howe and Coser, p. 257.
9. Cash, pp. 346-53.
10. Ibid., pp. 349-51.
11. Ibid., p. 353.
12. Howe and Coser, p. 257.
13. Quoted in Tom Tippet, When Southern Labor Stirs (New York, 1931), p. 81.
14. Quoted in Paul Blanshard, "Communism in Southern Textile Mills," The Nation, April 24, 1929.
15. Howe and Coser, pp. 259-60.
16. Ibid., pp. 260-61; Cash, pp. 354-55.
17. Ibid.
18. William F. Dunne, Gastonia, Citadel of the Class Struggle in the New South (New York, 1929), quoted in Howe and Coser, p. 261.
19. Cash, pp. 354-55.
20. Cash, 355; Golden, 16-17; John Greenway, American Folksongs of Protest (Philadelphia, 1953), pp. 121-47, 243-311.
21. Howe and Coser, p. 261.
22. Ibid., p. 262.
23. Cash, pp. 556-557.
24. American Folksongs of Protest, p. 135.
25. Ibid., p. 247.
26. Ibid., pp. 135-136. A footnote explains that "Loray" is the Gastonia Textile Mills.

THE OLD BLIND MULE

By Mrs. John L. Johnson

[A long-time resident of Mississippi, wife of a college president there, mother of a family, and a church worker and civic leader of note, Mrs. Johnson led a busy and useful life until her death in 1959. In 1955, during one of her visits in Chapel Hill with her son, Dr. Cecil Johnson, member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, she permitted the editor of North Carolina Folklore to record the following story. It is published with the permission of Dr. Cecil Johnson.

[For further information about Mrs. Johnson and another story which she told for recording and publication, see North Carolina Folklore, II (1954), 14-15.]

In 1877, the Northern Christian Church established a college for Negroes at Edwards, Mississippi. This had gone on in an uninterrupted way until, about four years ago, it was closed -- I do not know why. The campus is lovely, and the buildings are in good repair and are kept in good repair. So the Baptist ladies of Mississippi rent these facilities for a month or two every summer, and we have different kinds of Negro camps.

At one of these camps, I was teaching a class in "How to Make My Community Better." This class was for Negro women. As we came out of the class one morning, a Negro on whose land oil had just been found in Yazoo County came up to me and said, "Mrs. Johnson, we sho do like the stories you tell, and I got a story I want to tell to you." So we sat down and she began telling me the story. She said:

"You know, right after the Wah between the States, my pa told me that ever'body in the South was mighty poor. The white folks that had been rich was poor, and the Negroes who had been turned a-loose from the rich plantations had nowhere to go. The young ones, some of them, left; said, 'Thank the good Lawd, I'm free, I'm free!' But all the lame ones and the blind ones, they was left on the plantations."

And she said: "My pa told me the story of an old mule. He was blind, an' didn't nobody want him. The white folks didn't want him. An' he was jest turned out to graze where he could and to take keer of hisself. Said ever' mornin', nearly, the folks would find this ol' mule hod bruck into somebody's gyarden or somebody's cawn patch. Said one mornin' that ol' mule had plum' et up a cabbage patch, an' ever'body wanted to git rid of him. But said didn't nobody want to kill the ol' mule. An' said one night he walked across a cistern that had some planks put ocross it. It was an ol' dry cistern. An' said them planks broke, an' the mule fell in the cistern. An' nex' mornin' ever'body was runnin' aroun' tellin' ever'body else about the ol' mule in the cistern, talkin' 'bout how could they git him out. Didn't anybody have a block and tackle that could git that ol' mule out o' that cistern. An' said finally somebody come up with the idea, said, 'Well, he ain't nothin' but a nuisance; so let's cover him up.'

"So they decided to do that. An' those that had one-hoss wagons brought one-hoss wagon-loads o' dirt. An' those that jest had wheelbarrows brought wheelbarrow-loads o' dirt. An' they th'owed 'em in on the ol' mule. An' ever' time they th'owed in a load, that ol' mule he would shake his ol' ears, shake the dirt away, an' he would tromp, tromp, tromp with his feet. An' said then they'd th'ow in some more, an' he'd do that same thing.

"An' finally, to the s'prise of ever'body, that ol' mule walked out o' that cistern."

And she said: "The reason I want to tell you that story is this: We 'preciate you good folks comin' down here heppin' us to hold this good institute, tellin' us how to make our communities better, an' how to make our churches better, our teachers better. We 'preciate all that. But you know, Mrs. Johnson, all white folks don't feel that way. Some o' them feel

like the falks felt about that al' mule. Said, 'Calared falks ain't wuth nothin' ta the cam-munity anyhaw. Jes' kiver 'em up with the dirt an' forgit about 'em.'

"But I want ta tell you what I believe: Mah race is ganna walk aut."

NOTE ON "OLD VIRGINIA NEVER TIRE"

By Jay B. Hubbell

(A distinguished American literature scholar, Dr. Hubbell is living in retirement in Durham. He is a charter member of the North Carolina Folklore Society.)

This *Negra folksang* is taken from the Library of Congress copy of the *Southern Literary Gazette* of Charleston, II (New Series I), 77 (July 1, 1829), at that time edited by William Gilmore Simms. In the section entitled "Critical Notices" Simms hits at the poems of Nathaniel Parker Willis and James Gates Percival. He says that his Negro waiter Cudja could make better verses than same which he has just quoted from Willis. In "The Duel," which is in dialect, he burlesques Percival. He then asks Cudja for "a small Sauthern piece" for "aur friends in Bastan." Cudja, who like Simms's mather is from Virginia, sings:

Old Baginny, nebber tire --
Jump de highest dat you can,
Old Baginny will jump higher,
More dan any udder man.
Old Baginny nebber tire --
Run all day he nebber stap,
If de pine-wood dey on fire,
He will clear um wid a hap.
Ha! far old Baginny,
Hey! for old Baginny,
If de debble came for catch 'em
Old Baginny sure for match 'em.

Old Baginny nebber tire --
Whey you came fram, you dant know,
When in Summer he puspire,
Winter turn e'm (*sic*) into snaw.
Cuss me -- wid he horn and silber call,
Him can take de tree, pull trigger,
Running, fighting, up ta all,
Ha! far ald Baginny,
Hey! for old Baginny,
Gib de hoss, de gun, de nigger,
Ginral Jacksan's self a'nt bigger.

"You are from Virginia yaurself, Cudja, are you not?" asks Simms.

"Dat's a gospel, Mosser."

SANDLAPPERS AND CLAY EATERS

By Francis W. Bradley

(After a long and distinguished career as teacher, scholar, and administrator at the University of South Carolina, Dr. Bradley is living in retirement in Columbia. For many years he has conducted a folklore column in The State, a Columbia daily newspaper.)

The name "Sandlapper," applied to a citizen of the Palmetto State, is now seldom heard, and even more seldom understood. Recently, Professor Havilah Babcock passed to me a request from Mrs. Florence I. Hatcher, of Charleston, who wanted to know if Sandlapper would be a suitable name for a commercial monthly bulletin.

Webster's New International Dictionary simply defines the word as "A lawlander," and describes its usage as "a nickname. Southern U. S. A."

M. M. Mathews, in A Dictionary of Americanisms, quotes several examples of the use of the word: "1836 Sims (sic) Mellichampe, viii. He is some miserable overseer - a sandlapper from Goose Creek. 1903 Outlook 7 Nov. 576. A South Carolinian mentioned that the people of his State were often nicknamed 'sandlappers.' 1942 Kennedy Palmetto Country 65. Before the Civil War, crackers were often called 'sandlappers,' because their children 'contracted the habit of eating dirt.' 1948 Mencken Supp. II. 608. Their State has been called the Rice State, the Iodine State, the Swamp State, and the Sandlapper State."

For clay eating there is a clearer picture. Driving through the country where a clay bank is exposed by the roadside, you will see today holes in the bank of clay where fresh clay has been dug out by hand, especially if the clay is white. A postmaster told me of mailing a bag of clay to a worker in New York.

Clay eaters are as a rule not secretive about their habit. Asked how clay tastes, one of them answered: "You know how the air smells when a hard rain comes after a long dry spell? Well, that is the way clay tastes."

I quote from "A Word-List from South Carolina," Publications of the American Dialect Society, No. 14 (Nov. 1950), p. 20:

"The Encyclopedia Americana says, under 'Geophagy': 'The practice of eating some kind of earthy matter, as clay or chalk, is common among uncivilized people, such as the South American Ottomacs, the Indians of the Hudson Bay country, the West Indian Blacks, the Negroes in some of the United States and among the less civilized whites of the mountain districts of Tennessee and Kentucky. In some cases it may be used to allay hunger, but it is also practiced where the supply of food is sufficient. Among chlorotic young women a similarly depraved appetite is not uncommon. It is likely to terminate fatally as drapsy or dysentery.' Correspondents report that a distended stomach is one of the marked symptoms."

"Dr. Chapman Milling suggests that the practice of geophagy may be an instinctive attempt to supply a calcium deficiency, 'since children with a calcium deficiency have been observed to nibble chalk in school.'"

"Another surmise is that clay eaters suffer from hookworms, and that clay eating is an instinctive counter measure, to scour out the infested intestines. This surmise was made sixty years ago, when the movement to eradicate the hookworm was under way."

"Doctors treat geophagia by substituting block magnesium for the clay. This satisfies the craving without injuring health."

While clay eating is the result of a depraved taste, the lapping or swallowing of sand is never reported as pleasant, but always for the purpose of therapy.

From The State, of Columbia, South Carolina, December 21, 1958, the following is quoted from a letter of Mrs. Pauline Dixon, Timmons ville, S. C.:

"Can the name 'Sandlapper' have originated from the supposed medical effects of lapping sand?

"About the turn of the century, my grandmother became afflicted with carbuncles, and used all the medicine that was prescribed, to no avail. Finally, one of her faithful former slaves told her to get the fine, dusty, white sand from under the eaves of the house and lap some of it daily, and it would cure her carbuncles.

"She did, and it did!"

I personally recall that as a boy, in the nineties, I heard a visitor describe to my father, as a matter of curiosity, how an acquaintance of his daily went out under the eaves of the house and got a spoonful of sand and swallowed it for his health.

In The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, Volume Six, Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina, item 1731 reads: "Coarse sand is good for indigestion if eaten. Julian P. Boyd. Cf. Louisiana: Roberts, No. 427 (sand and charcoal are combined for dyspepsia) -- Nova Scotia: Creighton, 92, No. 42 (before breakfast take a spoonful of gravel that is put in a bird cage, and keep doing this for two years)-Ontario: Waugh, No. 332 (dyspepsia)."

It is evident that the use of sand for certain ills has been practiced. I hesitate to say that there is never any benefit to be derived from this practice. But certainly, with the advance of education it will disappear. So will the other phase of geophagy, clay eating.

It would interest me to know if either is still practiced in North Carolina. Any information from readers of North Carolina Folklore would be appreciated. (My address is 4250 St. Clair Drive, Columbia, South Carolina.)

"MY EYES ARE DIM -- I CANNOT SEE"

In a letter dated August 15, 1964, offering herself as a member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, Mrs. John W. Clark, of Greensboro, added:

"I would like very much to make a request for which I hope you can find the answer.

"I heard one of my parents, in the long ago, recite a poem of which I can remember only two or three lines, and I would like so much to have all of it if you can find it.

"In the days when there were no hymn books, the preacher would read a stanza, after which the congregation would sing. Then he would read the next stanza, and the people would sing that one. And so on until all the stanzas were sung. This is all I can remember:

"Preacher--

'My eyes are dim -- I cannot see.
I did not bring my specs with me.'

The congregation sang this. Then:

"Preacher--

'I did not mean this for a hymn;
I only meant my eyes were dim.'

And the congregation sang this.

"Thus it went on at length -- perfectly delightful. I hope you can find it."

The Library of Congress, Music Division's Check-List of Recorded Songs in the Archive of American Folk-Song to July 1940 lists "My Eyes Are Dim," sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford of North Carolina and others in 1935, record 1829 A 1 and 2. This may or may not be the "poem" Mrs. Clark writes about. A rather extensive search in folksong bibliographies, indexes, and collections has failed to find any listing of the title or any text.

But personal inquiry in Chapel Hill has discovered three people who have heard the first stanza. One informant, a young woman who grew up in the vicinity of Richmond, Virginia, says that she heard it as a group song on hayrides in Virginia, and she sings it. A second, from Asheville, remembers hearing it in that vicinity as a refrain. A third, a matron from Raleigh, recalls hearing it when she was a girl in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. These facts suggest that "My Eyes Are Dim" has had some sort of traditional existence.

Will any readers of this note who know the verses please write down all of them, with information about where, when, and from whom they were heard, and whether they were sung or recited, and send this communication to A. P. Hudson, 710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, N. C.? And will any readers who have seen the verses in print please cite precisely the medium in which they appeared and send this information to the same person and address?

FOLKLORE IN THE TRACK OF THE CAT

By Jack B. Moore

[After graduating from Drew University, Dr. Moore took an M. A. in English at Columbia and a Ph.D. in English at the University of North Carolina. He taught English at West Virginia University, the University of North Carolina, and Washington and Lee and is now teaching English at the University of South Florida, Tampa. He has contributed a number of articles to periodicals, including "The Sleepy Legislator," *North Carolina Folklore*, IX, No. 1 (July 1961), and "Go Ahead, Ma'm: Washington and Lee Student Lore," *ibid.*, No. 2 (December 1961).]

Since Washington Irving first successfully blended native lore and character types with traditional European folk literature to produce a new fiction, recognizably American yet enriched by the timeless interest that standard folk patterns offer, many of our best authors have followed his example. Some, like Longfellow, create a clear story with strong narrative outline and simple character portrayal. Others, such as Hawthorne, concoct a more complex mixture, synthesizing the old and the new to present more complicated issues and more subtle characters. The contemporary American writer Walter Van Tilburg Clark, in his The Track of the Cat (New York: Random House, 1949), reveals himself a follower of Hawthorne and Melville in skillfully combining traditional American lore and types with a substantial element of Old World folk literature to investigate the dark crannies of the American soul.

The Track of the Cat concerns the testing of an American family through the pursuit of an unusually large and malevolent black panther. By implication, the family constitutes a microcosm of Western types, forming a kind of community bearing the onslaught of the beast's attacks. Each member of the community reveals himself-- passes or fails the test of character-- partly through his reaction toward the huge cat. The novel's action relates the exciting and dramatic and the commonplace activities involved in a panther hunt, and in the wait for the hunter's return. Two members of the family are killed by the cat before a third triumphs over it.

Clearly the work belongs to that vast body of world literature focusing upon man's struggle with a monster, a dragon, or an animal of vast and possibly magical powers, in which the creature frequently symbolizes some essential force or evil that man must leave the community to face alone. Examples from older literatures are many and obvious. Theseus, Oedipus, Hercules, Beowulf, Siegfried, and St. George are only a few of the classic heroes who opposed and overcame monsters, dragons, or marvelous beasts. Stories of this variety are so numerous that one naturally looks for some common denominator to explain the relationship among the various struggles. Of course, in each instance the individual hero is being tested without the force of the community behind him: man is thrown back upon his individual resources. Occasionally, in fact, the hero is expiating some communal error. Beowulf's struggles seem to have resulted from a grievous breach of courtesy at Heorot, and both St. George and Theseus must overcome communal weakness and cowardice.

The struggle of man with monster, dragon, or animal also represents the individual's constant fight to subdue the powerful natural forces that surround him, and to combat the always-present forces of evil inherent in man. The recurrent pattern of strife pits man against the evil-- either actively malevolent or blankly indifferent-- of the universe, and against the innate evil that is, along with innate good, an essential component of man. As in the stories of Theseus and the Minotaur, and Oedipus and the Sphinx, the deadly combat also involves some question of great importance to be answered, some particular riddle that relates to the riddle of life. No wonder, then, investigating as it does such timeless problems, and casting the investigation into such thrilling form, that the conflict was played out so often in older literatures.

It is in the company of such stories that The Track of the Cat must be placed. But the work is also in a tradition of American literature. To a large degree, the struggle with the animal is, in contemporary fiction at least, almost exclusively an American form. One would be hard-pressed to list significant European novels that focus primarily on the old combat. In American literature, however, such fictions as Charles Brockden Brown's Edgar Huntly (the hero of which also confronts a panther), Melville's Moby Dick, T. B. Thorpe's "Big Bear of Arkansas," Faulkner's "The Bear," Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea or his "Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and William Humphrey's Home from the Hill (the most significant scene of which is a boar hunt) come quickly to mind.

The reasons for the tale's almost total diffusion are undoubtedly complex, but a few simple explanations seem obvious. The modern novel is basically a realistic form, and clearly magical beasts would present perhaps insuperable difficulties to the serious writer. To maintain verisimilitude, the animal combated must be real and highly dangerous, and must be hunted not simply for its value as food or merely to display the skill of the hunter, or else the hunt might seem trivial. In Continental Europe and England, hunting is far removed from the province of the common man. Only the aristocrat could legally seek out the beasts on his land. In addition, the hunt would ordinarily be carried out only under the best conditions, not, as in The Track of the Cat, during a snowstorm as dangerous as the sought panther. The European common man could not ordinarily become skilled at hunting except as a servant of his lord, and his opportunities to practice the art independently would be restricted. The animals pursued would be, with the exception of the wild boar, generally less ferocious than those common in America, and truly dangerous animals would be fewer in number. If an animal were hunted by a peasant, it would be hunted for practical reasons; if by one of the gentry, normally pride in skill could be the motive: no overwhelming psychological obsession would be involved. Two European legends involving the hunting of real rather than magical animals are those about William Tell and Robin Hood. In both, deer are killed by skilled hunters, but no exciting or dangerous hunt scene is portrayed. In both, the hunt is for strictly practical purposes, is brief, and is incidental to the story.

In America, however, wild, ferocious, large beasts were prevalent, and stories of their being seen and hunted down were common. As Richard Dorson points out in American Folklore (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1959), from the time of our country's discovery, tales of incredible-- and often real-- animals were circulated both in the colonies and in Europe. Since, on this side of the Atlantic, the common man could hunt, he would see beasts of great size and power, and he might create, and circulate with greater credibility, narratives of even more wonderful animals. In other words, the animals were often strange, and dangerous, and yet the age of animal legend was still with us. You could never be sure that some shaggy beast you heard about wasn't real, after all. And the individual man could still be tested, as he was in countless Indian tales, by combat with a creature that both was from the wilderness and was the wilderness itself. Man might see mirrored in that struggle other more abstract battles: man against the universe, against himself.

In size and power and destructiveness, the panther in The Track of the Cat can be placed in the pantheon of mysterious and often real creatures of the New World. He belongs with Audubon's "Devil-Jack-Diamond-Fish," that grew to be ten feet long, armored with large diamond-shaped stone scales obliquely placed, scales that were bullet-proof, that would strike fire with steel when dried. And the powerful, elusive Western panther belongs with such other legends as Mocha Dick; the Western Jet-Black Stallion; the White Deer of the Plains; and the White Steed of the Prairies. Specific influences could be traced: Melville knew of the White Steed, and Moby Dick is one of Clark's four favorite books. But such stories of marvelous creatures are simply a pervasive element of our native culture.

The panther, then, springs from both native and universal lineage. He is once a "private, stalking god" that means "the end of things" (p. 5). As such, he symbolizes death, but also the death of the American Dream. The Nevada mountains and valleys which form the story's locale represent the petering out of frontier wealth and fertility, the place where the sup-

posedly quick and easy riches once within the grasp of men on the frontier ceased to exist. The panther represents also all the destruction of the West, turned upon the destroyers. As does the bear in Faulkner's story, the panther embodies the white man's sin of dispossessing the Indian of his land (p. 54). And he also represents the depredation of the land in the gratification of greed. But now the dispossessors are to be dispossessed, the depredators destroyed. So, as in older literatures, the animal symbolizes man's individual and communal evil. He kills two of his pursuers, and accelerates the family's disintegration.

At the same time, then, the black panther is both "the cause of all the trouble in the world" (p. 81), the "master killer" who destroys wantonly and "for fun," and also a just retribution for the white man's killing and destruction with the object of "trying to clear everybody out of the country" (p. 58). Like Moby Dick, he is all things to all people, for each sees him in the light of his own situation. This magical and yet very real beast, "big as a horse, and you can see through it" (p. 12), this "shadow" that slaughters, is called "an old friend" of one of the hunters, Arthur, and is to others "a saint," a "poor devil," a "damned saint," and a "black devil."

The hunt for this creature is, as has been indicated, in both European and American traditions. In American folklore and formal literature, the hunt has been portrayed both comically and tragically. A work such as Thorpe's "Big Bear of Arkansas" is of course richly comic, yet contains an almost elegiac undercurrent in recounting what appears to be the "creation bear's" self-destruction. Coming into our literature at a time when the free frontier in Thorpe's Arkansas was a thing of the past, when the big game had begun to decline from its once primeval abundance, "The Big Bear of Arkansas" also signals in a way the end of things. The disastrous pursuit of Clark's big black panther also recalls in an inverted manner the comedy of so many native "wonderful hunt" tales. In fact, one of the hunters killed by the panther, Curt, has engaged in one of the comic and fantastic shooting contests so frequent in the folklore of hunting. When thirteen or fourteen, Curt had taken part in a turkey shoot at the farm of a man so poor that his chief crop was rags, "old shirts about three to the bush . . . though pants was rarer" (p. 151). The birds Curt shot at were turkeys crossed with buzzards, with "the buzzard strain getting a little the best of it" (p. 151). During class discussion of the book once, one of my best (city) girl students said quite seriously, "Gee, I think that'd make their meat rather tough." The turkey-buzzards were buried to the neck in barrels, a hundred yards from the shooters, and had just enough room to dodge their heads about: Curt knocked off one head on only his second shot.

This kind of folktale belongs of course to our oldest native traditions. As early as January 13, 1798, in *The Key*, a periodical published in Fredericktown, Maryland, appeared a story or anecdote, that I do not believe has been noted by folklorists, concerning "The Famous Achievements of F ____." Three of F ____'s adventures are retold, and all three have since become recognized folk anecdotes. F ____ skins a wild colt by holding on to its tail; kills a deer around a hill by bending his rifle -- the ball travels three times around a tree before finally hitting its victim; and as his capping feat captures twelve turkeys by splitting the tree limb they stand upon. Clearly then, in details also, Walter Van Tilburg Clark uses native folklore in his tale of a universal pursuit.

Similarly, in general outline, Clark blends native tradition with older motifs. The panther is hunted during the standard three days, and he is pursued by three hunters, all brothers. The first to be killed, the oldest brother, is the good-hearted but weak and dreamy Arthur. Arthur is not evil, for Clark is writing a realistic novel and not following a Märchen formula. None the less, following fairytale tradition, the oldest brother on the quest is ineffectual and is killed first. Arthur understands part but not all of the riddle the cat presents. He recognizes the retributive force of the panther, for instance. "Slaughter for the joy of it," he says, "is a thing comes back on you, in time . . . We've gone from ocean to ocean . . . burning and butchering and cutting down and plowing under, and digging out, and now we're at the end of it . . . where the fat dream winked out" (p. 13). Arthur recognizes the greed for land, and the vast and often senseless destruction that in reality lay behind the

myths of the New Eden, and of the wonderful hunts.

The next son to be killed, to fail in his quest, is the middle son, Curt. Curt is the great hunter, but he is also, like the panther, a killer. Curt is the strongest son and the wisest in wilderness ways, yet the panther's magic-- in reality Curt's own fear, his own killer instinct turned inwards-- finally overcomes him. For all his knowledge, Curt becomes "like a kid on his first time out" (p. 256) when opposed by the beast, which, he feels, actually begins to outthink him. As Curt, once a sort of Daniel Boone among the brothers, becomes aware that "this cat wasn't even the one he had started to track," his self-reliance crumbles. He loses his way, panics, and actually kills himself running from an imagined panther. The once-great American hunter who would "hunt anything, once he got started, if he had to make the tracks himself" (p. 47), the master-shot, had turned into a master killer-- like the panther-- who "wants to kill everything," (p. 173). As such, he destroys himself. In the blinding snow of what he considers an indifferent universe, he cannot propitiate the gods of destruction he has invoked. He cannot escape his private ogre by leaving behind the carved images he finds in his pocket, for he cannot escape himself.

The youngest brother, Harold, together with the Indian servant Joe Sam, finally kills the panther. Neither as idealistic as Arthur nor as strong and vicious as Curt, Harold is the fair brother who triumphs and wins the prize. Part of this prize involves naturally a sort of princess and kingdom-- the pretty neighbor girl Gwen, and the ranch itself, including Arthur's and Curt's shares. He also seeks after Arthur's secret, the meaning of the riddle of the panther, and perhaps finds it. He alone of all the brothers is able to love normally, to feel normal guilt and responsibility, to understand and place in perspective the deaths of his brothers and the reactions of his family toward those deaths. He seems to grasp what life must be like. He knows he must accept guilt and yet go beyond it to build something new. In the midst of death and violence, he is able to dream of what the early American painter Edward Hicks portrayed so many times, a peaceable kingdom with "white deer down in the meadow" with gold hoofs and gold horns, and a "white panther lying on the meadow too, with gold eyes. He wasn't after the deer, just watching as if he was their best friend" (p. 374). If Harold has not completely solved the mystery the black panther represents, he comes closer than his older brothers and is justly rewarded.

Harold is aided in his pursuit of the panther by Joe Sam, a fool and a wise medicine man, the last of his tribe. In Joe Sam, Clark has again combined native American figures with older traditional types. The Indian represents what Joseph Campbell in his Hero with a Thousand Faces (New York: Pantheon Books, 1949) calls the loathly or lowly advocate of the hero: the strange friend who at the crucial moment reveals to the hero the key to victory or understanding (pp. 52-54). The homely, foolish Joe Sam is like Rumpelstiltskin, or like the strange little men who reveal their world to Rip Van Winkle in Irving's story and in its many analogues. As a medicine man, Joe Sam also employs various kinds of black and white magic to help his friends and hinder his enemies. He decorates the body of his friend Arthur in three magical gestures, placing in the coffin five arrowheads on one side of Arthur's head, a red tobacco tin on the other, and across Arthur's skull a thin band of yellow buckskin. Joe Sam does this to help Arthur become a warrior, and to aid him in his trip to the other world. Joe Sam engages in sympathetic magic in attempting to hinder the second brother, Curt. He employs a carved panther to control that beast, and tries to kill a horse he equates with Curt. He uses other Indian rituals-- he even feeds the chickens ritualistically-- to counterbalance the forces opposing Harold. And finally, he helps Harold kill the creature itself. Joe Sam also belongs to two specific native folk types. Early in the novel he is like the foolish Indians examined in Dorson's American Folklore, and in his "Comic Indian Anecdotes," Southern Folklore Quarterly, X (1946), 113-128. He mutters incoherently, falls asleep, nearly starved, at table, thrashes about naked in the snow, and is treated as the dolt he appears to be. As the novel proceeds, however, he grows into the wise Indian figure equally prominent in folklore and formal literature.

And Joe Sam recognizes another fact about the panther that follows tradition. After the beast is shot and killed, Joe Sam and Harold examine it. The animal they have destroyed is of course not the beast. "Not black painter," says the Indian (p. 394). That creature could not really be killed. "It was in the mountains above . . . or it was everywhere . . . but . . . it was not to be talked over dead and empty in a willow thicket" (p. 394). The truly magical beast is like the hero who cannot be killed.

Other elements in Clark's novel involve traditional motifs. Among these are the characters of the three women in the household, who, though sharply individualized, belong to types well established in folklore. The mother is a real and native pioneer woman, victim of too much work and too much panther, but she is the harsh, religiously fanatical matriarch. The daughter is loyal to her "good" brothers and to principles, but she is also the faded and frustrated old maid. The visiting sweetheart has integrity and strength, but she is reminiscent of Cinderella. It is fitting and conventional that Gwen is awarded the prize, Harold.

In employing traditional motifs, Clark reaffirms the patency of age-old and native-old materials. Certainly his rich and exciting narrative is strengthened by the folkloristic strains in it. These strains, belonging as they do to the folk memory of us all -- for even television addicts have in their tubeless youth heard fairy tales and epics (both comic and serious) of the New World -- help clarify what is otherwise a complex and involved narrative. The folkloristic patterns and details aid Clark's presentation of man in a situation demonstrably universal and yet recognizably American. The extent to which Clark succeeds in the dramatization of his difficult theme is, I think, worthy of praise.

BOOK NOTICES

Anglo-Saxon Riddles of the Exeter Book. Translated by Paull F. Baum.
Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1963, Pp. xx, 70. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Archer Taylor

Paul F. Baum and Archer Taylor were graduate students together at Harvard. Professor Baum died in Durham on July 15, 1964. His translation of Anglo-Saxon Riddles of the Exeter Book was the last of a long list of distinguished books by him in many fields, chiefly in English literature, from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century. He was the second general editor of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. In a letter commenting on news of Professor Baum's death, Professor Taylor, a world-famous folklorist, now living in retirement in Berkeley, California, wrote, "We stood side by side on the platform to get the Ph.D. in 1915, and I have often thought of the occasion." Professor Taylor wrote the following review of his friend's book before Professor Baum's death.⁷

This attractive and significant book appears at a time when interest in riddles is growing rapidly. Editions and translations of the Anglo-Saxon riddles are numerous, but there is room for this new one. It contains enough general comment to let a general reader see and understand the difficulties in these very puzzling texts and enough about recent critical and interpretative articles dealing with individual riddles to appeal to a scholar.

Riddles are intended to be puzzling, and the Anglo-Saxon riddles are more difficult than most. The texts are often fragmentary. The language is not always intelligible. The solutions are generally lacking although at times they are suggested by runes that give a hint of the author's intention or are actually contained in the text. The place of these riddles in the history of riddling is equally ambiguous. They are obviously an offshoot of a tradition that continued in Old English, but we do not see precisely why Symphosius's Latin collection of uncertain date should have stimulated the writing of riddles in England when it had no similar effect elsewhere. There are, to be sure, some Icelandic riddles, but they are folk-riddles and differ considerably from the literary Latin and Anglo-Saxon tradition.

Here we meet the first of many distinctions that plague riddle studies. Folk-tradition and literary (learned) tradition or the writing of original compositions after the model of traditional forms appear in every genre of folklore. There are traditional tales and tales written in imitation of them. There are folk-ballads and such literary ballads as Heine's "Die Lorelei" and D. G. Rossetti's "Sister Helen." The Anglo-Saxon riddles are in part folk-riddles (at least, in subject-matter) and in part literary riddles, "often passing from one group to another" (p. ix). The literary riddles on such subjects as hypostatized death (No. 4), the soul and the body (No. 10), or a chalice (No. 15) employ folk-techniques with some modification. It is curious that the egg, which is one of the most popular themes in traditional riddling, does not appear in the collection. Its absence suggests how close and how far away the oral tradition is. On the other hand, the year-riddle (No. 63) of ancient and world-wide currency is probably an invention that oral tradition has accepted and adapted and is here raised again to the level of conscious art and literature.

Two generations ago in the Riddles of the Exeter Book Frederick Tupper made a serious effort to solve these riddles by comparison with oral tradition. He threw a great deal of light on the differences between folk-tradition and literary tradition in riddling, but left many riddles unsolved. Study of the antecedent literary tradition has also not been very profitable. Professor Baum points out (pp. xi-xii) that relatively few Anglo-Saxon riddles show a direct influence of the Latin riddlers from Aldhelm, who acknowledges Symphosius was his model; Tatwine, archbishop of Canterbury; and Eusebius, whose identification is uncertain. The only instances of a direct connection that he points out are Nos. 11 and 12 (Creation) and Aldhelm,

No. 100; 42 (Book-moth) and Symphosius, No. 16; 50 (Coat of Mail) and Aldhelm, No. 33; 61 (One-eyed Garlic Seller) and Symphosius, No. 94; and 62 (Fish and River) and Symphosius, No. 12. Obviously Latin riddles by Englishmen are not important for the Anglo-Saxon texts.

The discussion and comparison of riddles have been much confused by the failure to recognize clearly the varieties of riddles. This is briefly suggested (p. ix) by references to Vedic riddles, which are usually learned questions or questions involving comparisons and in either case are likely to have ritualistic associations; to Samson's riddle (Judges 14: 12-14), which is a very special kind of question as Samson's comment implies, "if ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not guessed my riddle," and to still other kinds of riddles in the English ballads. These and still more varieties should not be lumped together as they often are. It is worth saying, for example, that the riddle about Lot and his two daughters and their two children is the only riddle of this sort in the Anglo-Saxon riddles (No. 64):

He sat at his wine with his two wives
and his two sons and his two daughters,
the beloved sisters, and their two sons,
goodly first born. The father of each
of these noble ones was there and there also
an uncle and a nephew. Five in all,
men and women, were sitting there together.

This is akin to the riddle of the piper and his wife, the tailor and his daughter, who are in all only three persons, and is at the same time a Biblical riddle (Gen. 19: 30-38).

The Anglo-Saxon riddles are exclusively or almost exclusively descriptive riddles, that is to say they are descriptions of objects in confusing terms that must be explained in order to understand the solutions. Perhaps the description of two buckets in a well or possibly a flail (No. 65) will illustrate this as well any other example:

I saw two captives carried in the house
under the hall-roof; sturdy were they both;
companions they were, fast bound together.
Close to one of them was a dark-skinned slave,
She controlled them both by fast fetters.

Whichever of the two solutions that have been proposed we may choose, is immaterial; the scene described is a familiar one. So it is with Humpty Dumpty or Little Nancy Etticoat or "What is a little white house without doors or windows? - An egg." In a literary riddle the author permits himself to name discordant elements that yield no harmonious picture of a scene, although they are pertinent to the solution. It is virtually impossible to guess such riddles. An assembling of contradictions like those in No. 66:

I was a young woman, a fair-headed lady,
and at the same time a peerless warrior;
I flew with the bird and swam in the sea,
dove under the wave, and was dead among fishes,
and I walked on the ground. I had a living soul -

needs a solution, whether it be siren, water, or cyclic metamorphosis (all have been proposed), to make it intelligible or to yield a scene. Professor Baum's success in summarizing neatly disputed discussions of solutions tempts one to pursue study of these riddles. See, for example, the suggestion of the many unsolved problems in the year-riddle (No. 63). We need more books like this.

Archer Taylor

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My First 80 Years. By Clarence Poe. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1963. Pp. xvi, 267. \$4.75.

Reviewed by A. P. Hudson

My First 80 Years is the informal autobiography of Clarence Poe. Mr. Poe's major career was that of editor of The Progressive Farmer, which achieved primacy as an economic and cultural influence upon the life of the South. In his roles as educator, civilizer, prophet, and cultural leader, Mr. Poe touched influentially upon every important aspect of North Carolina and Southern life and upon many phases of the life of the nation. The main story begins with a Chatham County farm boy's enthusiasm over the program of the Farmers' Alliance, and his joining the staff of The Progressive Farmer in 1897 (he became editor in 1899). The most exciting chapter on the main theme, entitled "To Be Young Was Very Heaven," tells freshly the great story of North Carolina's renaissance under the leadership of Aycock, McIver, Josephus Daniels, the Baileys, the Grahams, the Pages, Mims, Alderman, Poe himself, and others who helped make the years from 1900 to 1910 "the ten best years in America and the world since 1900" (p. 107). The theme is continued in "The Ananias Club -- and Other Causes" (mainly reforms), "Governor Aycock as I Knew Him" (Poe married Aycock's daughter), "The Worlds Across the Seas" (travels in the Old World), "A Lifelong Crusade for Better Health," "When the Great Depression Came," and "Presidents I Know." For its treatment of all these personalities, events, and movements, the book merits the highest praise. It is history written by a man who helped make it. Dr. Poe died on October 8, 1964.

The chapters of greatest interest to the folklorist are the early ones, "The County I Was Born in," "Country Kin," and "Doctors and Preachers," and the middle one, "We Fought the Man in the Moon."

The first is an idyl in homespun (with some grim motifs) of life in Chatham County in the 1880's and 1890's, with the charm of rural manners and country scenes -- family visits, the old home of the Poes, the Deep River covered bridge, yarns about panthers and ghosts. Here is the folktale (p. 10) about the man "who refused to do any work and was being carried away to be buried. A benevolent onlooker said, 'Don't do that, I'll give the man a bushel of corn.' The sluggard raised his head and asked, 'Is it shelled?' 'No,' came the answer. The sluggard ordered, 'Then drive on.'" There are sayings (p. 10), "About a very ugly man: 'The Lord made him as ugly as He could, and then jumped at him and scared him.'" "About a very selfish man: 'He doesn't lack anything of being a hog except bristles.'"

"Country Kin" and "Doctors and Preachers" are full of vignettes of and anecdotes about the Chatham County folk -- sturdy, God-fearing, highly individualistic Democrats, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians who impressed themselves upon the imagination and character of the writer. Notable among these are the father, who, with a large family on his hands, transcended financial failure; Great-uncle Jesse Poe, like the hero of the familiar folk poem "Great-Granddad"; Great-aunt Rachel, whom Edgar Lee Masters' "Lucinda Matlock" presents in "an almost perfect picture" (p. 41). Interspersed in these chapters are facts about the mortal incidence of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and other maladies that sometimes swept away all or most of the children in a family. One family lost seven. The writer himself almost died of whooping-cough when he was nine days old. There is a lively account of yellow-fever scares. Sketches of preachers, besides introducing many interesting character-types, are further enlivened by descriptions of the folkways of Sunday schools and religious revivals and remarks on prohibitions against dancing ("hugging set to music"), fiddling, and card-playing (pp. 49-55). The writer's own religious liberalism comes out clearly in these notes.

The chapter entitled "We Fought the Man in the Moon" shows how folklore sometimes handicapped the teachers of the new agriculture in their efforts to raise farm production in the ignorant and poverty-stricken South. "In our crusade to double farm income, we had to fight not only earthly obstacles but the Man in the Moon himself. For at that time a majority

of farmers put more faith in the signs of the moon than in any reports from agricultural experiment stations. They could not plant corn or other crops, kill a hog, or castrate a pig or calf, unless someone checked the almanac and reported, 'The sign is right'" (pp. 130-131). Comments on these and other superstitions lead one to ask how many liabilities are concealed in the 8,569 items included in Popular Beliefs and Superstitions in North Carolina, volumes Six and Seven of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore.

My First 80 Years is a wise and winsome book. It is the record of a humane, many-sided personality, and of the manifold important ways in which it stimulated and enriched life around it. "About Myself," the last chapter, is the modest self-appraisal and creed of a North Carolinian who, largely self-educated, realized himself in useful, and common but none the less noble service to his state, his region, and his country; developed an admirably lucid and lively prose style; and achieved magnanimity, breadth of vision, and serenity. The book gives the reader a thrill of pride in North Carolina and in America.

Dorothy Folk Songs and Ballads of the Eastern Seaboard -- from a Collector's Notebook.

By Frank M. Warner. Eugenia Blount Lamar Lectures Delivered at Wesleyan College on April 22 and 23, 1963. Macon, Georgia: Southern Press, Inc., 1963. Pp. vii, 75.

Reviewed by A. P. Hudson

Frank M. Warner is a big, ruddy, rugged, handsome, and hearty man who loves people and folksongs. He is attractive to both. His profession is that of director of the Y. M. C. A. in two populous counties on Long Island. Since he was a student at Duke under Dr. Frank C. Brown, he has pursued his love of people through his Y. M. C. A. work and his love of folksong and folksingers by spending his vacations (with his wife, Anne, and, latterly, his two sons) singing and gathering folksongs. He appeared in the program of the North Carolina Folklore Society meeting in 1961. Today, he is regarded by many authorities as the best singer of folksongs in America. Last year, he gave the *Dorothy* Blount Lamar Lectures at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia. His Folk Songs and Ballads of the Eastern Seaboard is (except for tune notations, which it lacks) all of these lectures which could be put into print. This little book, with its tone and spirit of a speaker in perfect rapport with his audience, presents a unique record of the man and of a rich and varied body of authentic American folksongs. *Eugenia*

In his first lecture, "From a Collector's Notebook," Mr. Warner moves easily from songs to singers, from backgrounds of the songs to circumstances of collecting. With "The Cowboy's Lament" ("You hum it along with me") and "Johnson Boys" ("Let's sing it"), he informally defines and describes folksong. He tells about his visit with Nathan Hicks, "on top of Beech mountain in western North Carolina" (p. 4), and about the songs he learned there, including "Blackjack Davy" and "Sweet Willie (The Douglas Tragedy)." He recalls his first meeting with Frank Proffitt and his appearance with Mr. Proffitt at the University of Chicago. Along with some autobiography, he introduces the Negro folksongs "Raccoon," "Fresh Peanuts," "The Gray Goose," and "Hold My Hand, Lord Jesus," sketching the singers from whom he learned them and relating the circumstances.

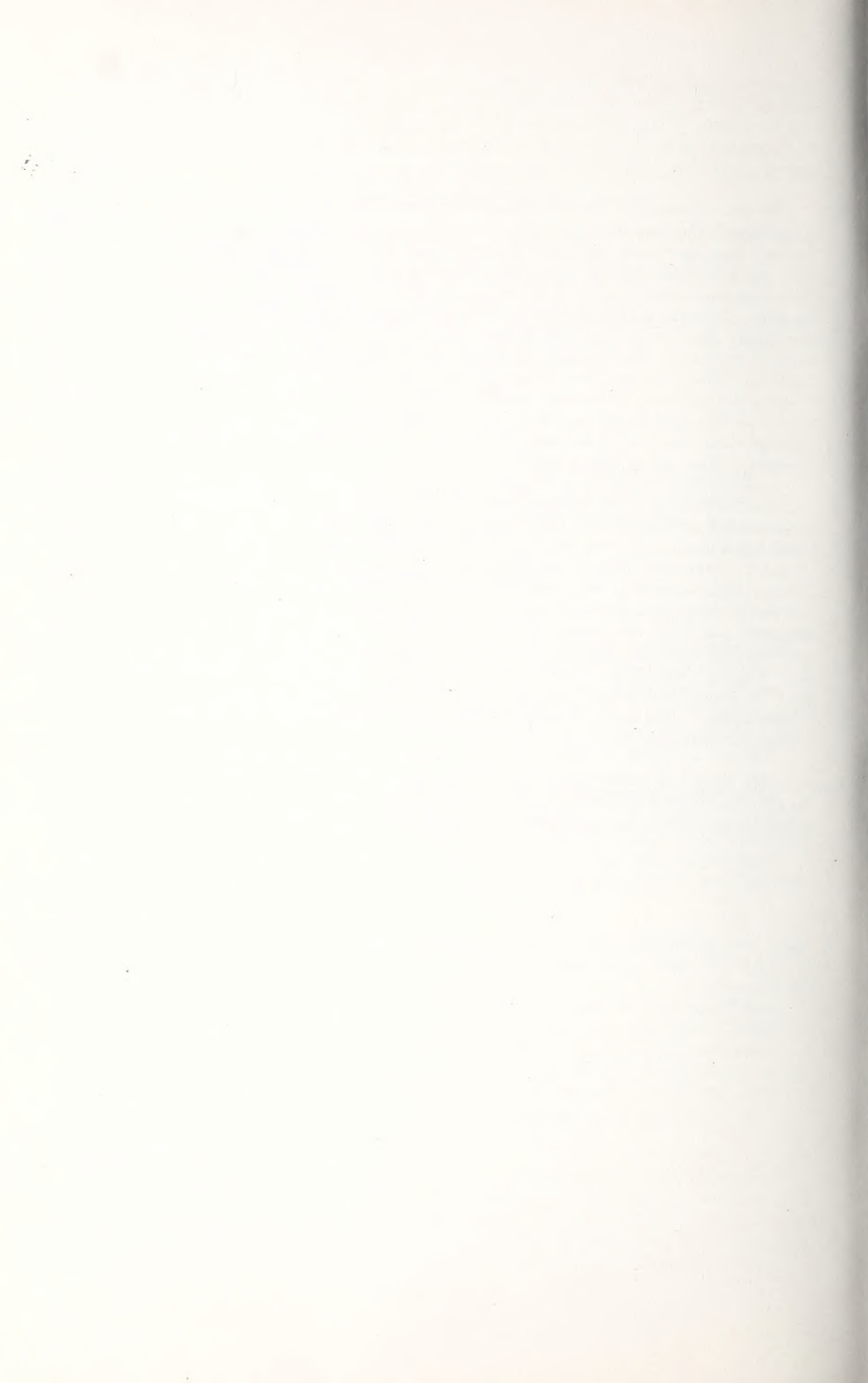
"Let's Sing" begins with Mr. Warner's account of his famous banjo, made by Nathan Hicks, and a brief history of the banjo as a musical instrument. Here he makes a main point: "An instrument adds a good deal, but the song is the thing for me -- the meaning of the song, where it came from, who sang it, why they sang it, what part it has played in American life" (p. 19). The songs that he sang (and doubtless got his audience to help him sing) include

funny ones like "Go 'Lomg Mule," "Old Joe Clark" (with some folklore of the period of the song), and "Betsy from Pike"; two Irish songs, "Gilgarry Mountain" and "The Rattling Bog"; some songs from Yankee John Galusha of the Adirondacks; two sea-chanteys (with an account of the Warner family's participation in the making of the Educational Television's Lyrics and Legends); and "The "E-Ri-E" ("Make it roar!").

The lecture entitled "The Functions of Folk Songs" includes a number of songs illustrative of functional types and also some without special functional relationships. Perhaps Mr. Warner's main point here, unstated (who could state it fully?), is that folksongs amuse, entertain, comfort, cheer, inspire, etc. There are four charming lullabies. These are followed by "One Morning in May," which is charming, but hardly functional in any special capacity. The early "Springfield Mountain" is elegiac; "Fod," Mr. Warner thinks, may be a burlesque derivative. The "best-known song in America" (p. 45) is "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" (with variant names of the aunt). The "best-known song in the English language" (p. 46) is "Frog Went a-Courting." These two are clearly nursery songs. Back on the track of special function, too, is "Asheville Junction, Swannanoa Tunnel." "Lord Lovel" and "The Golden Vanity" are simply two fine old ballads that have served to touch people's hearts for a long time. The noble spiritual "Victory" is certainly functional. As interesting as these songs are Mr. Warner's accounts of them and of their singers.

The last lecture, "Folk Songs and Our American Heritage," exemplifies and discusses a topic touched upon earlier -- "folk songs as documents of history" (p. 58). Especially interesting is the account of "Tom Dooley" as Mr. Warner first heard it from Frank Proffitt and recorded it. "Felix the Soldier" (accompanied by an identification of Granny Fish, of East Jaffray, New Hampshire, from whom Mr. Warner learned it) and "The Ballad of Montcalm and Wolfe" (from John Galusha) relate to the French and Indian War. "The Dying British Sergeant" and "John Paul Jones" (this from Tink Tillett, of Wanchese, North Carolina) connect with the American Revolution. Two Yankee songs of the Civil War, "The Twenty-Third" and "Virginia's Bloody Soil," are balanced by two Confederate songs, "The Old Rebel Soldier" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The death of a lumberjack is commemorated in the naive elegy "Jamie Judge." The lecture closes with a blessing, "Hold My Hand, Lord Jesus," from Sue Thomas, of North Carolina.

Folk Songs and Ballads of the Eastern Seaboard is a delightful informal book about delightful songs and singers by a delightful talker and singer. I know nothing else in print that brings me so close to the body, heart, and soul of American folksong.





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